

PLUTARCH'S

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LIVES:

VOLUME *the* EIGHTH.

CONTAINING

DION.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

ARTAXERXES.

ARATUS.

GALBA.

OTHO.

Translated from the GREEK.



L O N D O N:

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MDCCXLIX.

ALPHABETICALLY

LIVE

VOLUME TWENTY

CONTAINING

THE
LIVES OF
THE
FOLLOWING

PERSONS

WHO DIED

IN

THE YEAR

1845



THE
L I F E
O F
D I O N.

THE *Trojans*, as *Simonides* reports, were not angry with the *Corinthians* for joining their Forces with the other *Greeks* in the Confederate Expedition against them, because *Glaucus* King of *Lycia*, whose Ancestors were originally of *Corinth*, frankly engaged on their side, and brought them Aid to *Troy*: So neither can the *Romans* or *Græcians* be justly displeased with the *Academy*, by which Both of them have been equally favoured, as will appear from this Historical Account of the Lives of *Brutus* and *Dion*. For One of them was contemporary and familiarly conversant with *Plato*, and the Other from his Youth Educated in his Philosophy. So that they had the same Institution, on which they built their great Achievements, and set out (as it were) from the same Lists to run their Race of Honour. Nor need we wonder if by the near Resemblance and Affinity of their Actions, they confirm that Maxim of their beloved Guide in the Ways of Virtue, who saith that without

a mutual concurrence of Power and Success, joined and tempered with Justice and Prudence, nothing great and glorious can be accomplished in the managery of Publick Affairs. For as *Hypponachus* the Wrestler affirmed, he could by their Port distinguish his Scholars at a great distance, tho' they were but carrying Meat from the Shambles; so it is very probable, that the ingenious Sentiments of Those who have had good Education do alike influence their Actions, and create in them a gentle Demeanor, very agreeable and becoming.

Now we may draw a Parallel of the Lives of these two great Men from their Fortunes, wherein Chance, not Design, made them much alike, for they were Both cut off by an untimely Death, not being able to accomplish those Ends which through many Risks and Difficulties they aimed at. But above all, This is most wonderful; that by Divine Permission Both of them had notice given of their approaching Death by a frightful and ominous *Dæmon*, which visibly appeared to them. Altho' there are a sort of Men who utterly deny any such thing, and say, that no Man in his right Wits ever saw a Phantom or Apparition; but that Children only, and silly Women, or Men crazed by some Distemper of their Mind, or Disease of their Body, entertain such idle and absurd Fancies, over-fondly conceiving themselves haunted with Spirits and Goblins. Yet if *Dion* and *Brutus*, Men of great Courage and Learning not easily deluded by Fancy, or discompos'd by any sudden Apprehension, were so disturbed at these Visions, that they forthwith declared to their Friends what they had seen; I know not how we can avoid admitting again That Opinion of the Ancients how absurd soever it may appear, That the Devils and evil Spirits, out of an envious Hatred to good Men, vigorously oppose whatever they do; and by raising Distractions and Terrors in the Mind, endeavour to shake and undermine their Virtue, lest by a steady and unbiassed Perseverance in Goodness, they should after Death obtain a happier Condition of supurity than those wretched Beings can ever hope for. But I shall refer these things to another place, and in this

this Twelfth Book of the Lives of great Men, compared one with another, begin with His who was the elder.

Dionysius the First, having seized on the Government of *Sicily*, took to Wife the Daughter of *Hermocrates* a *Syracusan*. She, in an Insurrection which the Citizens made before the Government was well settled, was abused in such a barbarous and outrageous manner, that for shame thereof she put an end to her own Life. But *Dionysius*, being soon re-established and confirmed in the Throne, married two Wives, One named *Doris* a Native of *Locris*, the Other *Aristomache*, Daughter of *Hyparinus*, a Nobleman of the first Quality in *Syracuse*, and Collegue with *Dionysius* when he was chosen General of the Army. It is said he married them Both in one Day, but Which he enjoyed first is uncertain; ever after he divided his Kindness equally betwixt them, Both accompanying him together at his Table, and in his Bed by turns. Indeed the *Syracusians* were urgent that their own Country-woman might be preferred before the Stranger; but *Doris*, to recompense the Aspersions of being a Foreigner, had the good Fortune to be the Mother of *Dionysius's* eldest Son, whilst *Aristomache* continued a long time without Issue, tho' the King was very desirous to have Children by her, and caused *Doris's* Mother to be put to death, laying to her Charge, that she had bewitched *Aristomache*, to prevent Conception,

Dion was *Aristomache's* Brother, and at first found a very Honourable Reception at Court, for his Sister's sake; but his own Worth and Parts soon procured him a nearer Place in the Prince's Affection, who among other Favours gave special Command to his Treasurers to furnish *Dion* with whatever Money he demanded, enjoining them withal the same Day to give him a particular Account of what they had delivered to him. Now, tho' *Dion* was before reputed a Person of extraordinary Parts, a noble Mind, and daring Courage, yet all these excellent Qualifications received a considerable Improvement by *Plato's* happy Arrival in *Sicily*. It was without doubt

No Human Contrivance, but the Direction of Providence, designing that this remote Cause should hereafter occasion the Recovery of the *Sicilians* lost Liberty, and the Subversion of the Tyrannical Government, which brought the Philosopher out of *Italy*, and settled him at *Syracuse*. *Dion* soon gained his Acquaintance, and became the most considerable among his Scholars, by his wonderful* Disposition to Learning, and Inclination to Virtue, far above what his Years could promise, as *Plato* himself reports of him, and his own Actions sufficiently testify. For tho' he was bred up under the Tyrant in a Condition much below himself, inured to a dissolute and servile kind of Life, under a haughty and imperious Command, glutted with extravagant Pleasures, and a customary regard to nothing but Wealth and Luxury, (the mistaken Happiness of Life;) yet no sooner had he tasted the Sweets of more rational Notions, and was made acquainted with the Precepts of Philosophy, which direct the way to Virtue and true Satisfaction, but his Appetite increased, and his Soul was inflamed with a Desire of more Knowledge, and greater Attainments: Hereupon innocently, tho' not judiciously, concluding from his own ingenuous Disposition, that the same powerful Reasons would work the same Effects upon *Dionysius*, he made it his Business, and at length obtained the Favour of him at a leisure Hour to admit and hear *Plato*. At their meeting, the Subject-matter of their Discourse in general was Virtue, but more particularly they disputed concerning *Fortitude*, which *Plato* proved Tyrants, of all Men, had the least pretence to; and thence proceeding to treat of Justice, he asserted the happy Estate of the Just, and the miserable Condition of the Unjust. Here the King, touched to the quick, and not able to answer his Arguments, would not endure to hear him out, being highly displeased with the rest of the Auditors there present, who with Wonder and Delight had listened to his Discourses. At length exceedingly exasperated, he asked the Philosopher in a great Rage, what Business he had

in Sicily? to which *Plato* answered, *I came hither to seek an honest Man: it seems then, replied Dionysius, you have lost your Labour.* *Dion* conceiving that the King's Displeasure would not rest there, but might possibly be attended with more fatal Consequences, at *Plato's* Request conveyed him suddenly Aboard a Galley, the Captain whereof was named *Pollis*, a *Lacedæmonian*, bound for *Greece*; but *Dionysius* privately pressed *Pollis* by all means to kill *Plato* in the Voyage, or at least to sell him for a Slave; For, said he, *it will be doing Him no Injury, since according to his own Maxims, being a just Man, he will be as happy in a state of Slavery as he can be in a free Condition.* *Pollis* therefore, as it is reported, carried *Plato* to *Ægina*, and there sold him to the *Æginetes*, who were then at War with *Athens*, and had made a Decree, That whatever *Athenian* was taken on their Coasts, should forthwith be exposed to Sale. Notwithstanding all This *Dion* was in no less Favour and Credit with *Dionysius* than formerly, but was intrusted with the most considerable Employments, and sent on an Honourable Embassage to *Carthage*.

This Voyage served very much to raise his Credit and Reputation, and gave him still a greater share in the Friendship and Confidence of *Dionysius*, insomuch that the Tyrant bore very patiently the Liberty he took with him, allowing him to speak his Mind freely, and without any Reserve. Of This we have an instance in the smart Repartee he one day gave *Dionysius*, who ridiculing *Gelo's* Government, and alluding to his Name, said, *Gelo was [Γέλως] the Laughing-stock of Sicily*; while Others seemed to admire and applaud the Quibble, *Dion* very warmly replied, *Sir, you got the Crown, by being trusted for Gelo's sake; but for your sake no Man will ever be trusted hereafter; for indeed Gelo made it appear, that Monarchy was the best of Governments, and You have convinced us that it is the worst.*

Dionysius had three Children by *Doris*, and Four by *Aristomache*, Two of which were Daughters named *Sophrosyne*

Sophrosyne and *Arete*. *Sophrosyne* was married to his eldest Son *Dionysius*, whom he had by *Doris* the *Locrian*, and *Arete* to his Brother *Thearides*; after whose Death, *Dion* took his Neice *Arete* to Wife. Now when *Dionysius* was sick, and like to die, *Dion* endeavoured to discourse with him in behalf of the Children he had by *Aristomache*; but the Physicians, designing thereby to ingratiate themselves with the next Successor, were too quick for him; for as *Timaeus* reports, the Prince having demanded something to make him sleep, they prepared for him so strong a Dose that it soon deprived him of his Senses, and made him sleep his last.

Immediately upon the Death of his Father the young *Dionysius* summoned a Council, consisting of his Friends, and Such as he thought were most in his Interest. There *Dion* discoursed so well upon the present Exigency and State of Affairs, that he made all the rest appear in their Politicks but young Statesmen; and in their Votes, rather Slaves than Counsellors, who timorously and disingenuously advised what would best please the young King, rather than advance his Interest. But That which startled them most, was the Proposal he made to avert the imminent Danger they feared of a War with the *Carthaginians*, undertaking to sail immediately over into *Africa*, and if the King desired it, to conclude a Peace upon honourable Terms; but if he rather inclined to War, that he would fit out and maintain at his own proper Cost and Charges fifty Gallies, ready for the Service. *Dionysius* admired his Gallantry, and received the Frankness of his Offer with great Satisfaction. But the other Courtiers, thinking this Generosity reflected upon Them, and jealous of being lessened by his growing Greatness, from thence took all Occasions by private Insinuations and Slanders to render him obnoxious to the King's Displeasure; as if he designed by his Power at Sea to surprise the Government, and by the help of those Naval Forces confer the supreme Authority upon his Sister *Aristomache's* Children. But indeed the

the most apparent and prime Cause of their invidious and malicious Proceedings against him, was his Reservedness in Conversation, and Singularity in his way of living; for they who had from the beginning by Flatteries and all manner of unworthy Artifices insinuated themselves into the Favour and Familiarity of the Prince, youthful and voluptuously bred, were wholly subservient to his Pleasures, and sought how to entertain him daily with new Amours, and such idle and extravagant Employments, as Wine, Women, and other lewd Diversions: By which means the Tyranny, like Iron softened in the Fire, seemed to the Subject to be more moderate and gentle, and to abate somewhat of its extreme Severity; the Edge thereof being blunted, not by the Clemency, but rather the Sloth and Degeneracy of the young King; whose Dissoluteness gaining Ground daily, and growing upon him, soon weakened and broke those Adamantine Chains, with which his Father *Dionysius* said he had left the Monarchy fastned and secured. It is reported of him, that having begun a drunken Debauch, he continued it ninety Days without Intermission; in all which time no grave Man appeared, no serious Discourse was heard at Court, but Drinking, Singing, Dancing, Buffoonry, and all sorts of licentious Rallery reigned there without Control. Whilst they were thus taken up it may easily be imagined that they could bear any thing rather than the Presence of *Dion*, who never indulged himself in such Diversions and Youthful Frolicks; for which reason they made his very Virtues the Subject of their Calumnies, and nick-named whatever was remarkable in him, *Vice*: They called his Gravity Pride, his Plain-dealing Obstinacy, the good Advice he gave was all construed Reprimand, and he was censured for neglecting and scorning Those whom he would not accompany in their Misdemeanours. And to say the Truth, he was naturally of a haughty Humour, austere, reserved, and unsociable in Conversation, which made his Company unpleasant and disagreeable, not only to the young King, who delighted in none but his smooth-

tongued

tongued Courtiers and Parasites, but many also of *Dion's* intimate Friends, tho' they well approved the Integrity and Generosity of his Temper, yet justly blamed his surly Carriage, as favouring too much of an uncouth and starched Humour, and wanting something of Address and due Civility in the Reception of Those who applied themselves to him; of which *Plato* afterwards wrote to him, and (as it were prophetically) advised him carefully to avoid a surly Demeanour, unless he intended to be abandoned by all Society, and live alone by Himself.

Now, tho' *Dion*, by reason of the present State of Affairs was very considerable and in great Esteem, as being the only Stay and Prop of the Government, which was in a tottering and unsafe Condition; yet he well understood that he owed not his Greatness to the King's Kindness, but to the Necessity of his Concerns; and supposing the prime Cause of This to be his Ignorance and want of Education, he endeavoured to induce him into a Course of ingenuous Studies, and acquaint him with the Precepts of Morality; thereby hoping to take off the Aversion he had to Virtue, and by Degrees inure him to a Complacency in performing good and laudable Actions. *Dionysius* in his own nature was not the worst of Princes, but his Father fearing that if he should come to understand himself better, and converse with wise and learned Men, he might conspire against him, and dispossess him of his Kingdom, kept him in a close Confinement to his Lodgings; where, for want of other Company, and ignorant how to spend his time better, he busied himself in making little Chariots, Candlesticks, Joint-Stools, Tables, and the like wooden Implements. For his Father, *Dionysius* the First, was so diffident and suspicious of all Mankind, and withal so wretchedly fearful, that he would not suffer a Barber to trim his hair with Scissars, but made one of his Artificers with a live Coal sear off his excrescent Hairs. — Neither were his Brother or his Son allowed to come into his Apartment in the Habit they wore, but
They,

They, as all Others, were stript to their Skins by some of the Guard, and put on other Cloaths before they were admitted into the Presence. When on a time his Brother *Leptines* was explaining the Situation of a Place, and took a Javelin from one of the Guard to describe the Plan, he was highly incensed at him, and caused the Soldier that delivered him the Weapon to be put to Death. He declared, the more judicious his Friends were, the more he suspected them; because he knew, that were it in their choice, they would rather command than be subject to a Superior; he slew *Marfyas*, one of his Captains, whom he had preferred to a considerable Command, for dreaming that he killed him; supposing that it was not a roving Fancy, but a previous Thought and resolved Design, which had formed that Idea in his Imagination; so timorous was he, so miserable a Slave to his Fear, yet very angry with *Plato*, because he would not allow him to be the valiantest Man alive.

Dion (as we said before) seeing *Dionysius* the Son defective in his Understanding, and irregular in his Manners, for want of good Education, advised him to set to Study; persuading him earnestly to intreat *Plato*, the greatest Philosopher in the World, to come into *Sicily*; and when he came, to commit himself to his Direction and Advice, by whose Instructions he might learn to lead a virtuous Life, and be conformable to the glorious Idea of that Divine Essence, whose wise Conduct all things obey, and which out of Confusion formed the beautiful Order of the Universe; by which Means he would procure great Happiness to Himself and all his Subjects; who, obliged by his Justice and Moderation, would then willingly pay him Obedience as their Father, which now grudgingly, and upon Necessity, they are forced to yield him as their Lord. For Fear and Force, said he, a great Navy and standing Armies, are not (as your Father said) the Adamantine Chains which secure the Regal Power, but the Love and Affection of Subjects to their Prince, endeared to him by his Clemency and

and Justice; which, tho' they seem more pliant than the stiff and hard Bonds of Severity, are nevertheless the strongest and most durable Ties to fix and establish a settled and lasting Empire: Moreover, it is mean and dishonourable that a Prince glorious in his Equipage, and splendid in the Gallantry and Magnificence of his Court, should not at all excel a Peasant in Discourse and Conversation, nor have his Princely Mind accomplished, as well as his Body adorned, according to his Royal Dignity.

Dion frequently entertaining the King upon this Subject, and as Occasion offered repeating some of the Philosophers learned Arguments, *Dionysius* grew impatiently desirous to have *Plato's* Company, and to hear him discourse: Forthwith therefore he sent divers Letters to him to *Athens*, to which *Dion* added His Intreaties; also several Philosophers of the *Pythagorean* Sect from *Italy* persuaded him to come and manage the pliable Youth of the King, and by his grave and serious Advice restrain the unstable and desultory Efforts of his new-acquired Power and Grandeur. *Plato* (as he says himself) being ashamed to seem busy only in Words, and slothful in Action, hoping withal, that if he could work a Cure upon one Man, the Head and Guide of the rest, he might remedy the Distempers of the whole Kingdom of *Sicily*, yielded to their Requests.

But *Dion's* Enemies fearing an Alteration in *Dionysius*, persuaded him to recal from Banishment one *Philiſtus*, a Learned Man indeed, but very skilful in Tyrannical Policy, whom they designed to set in Opposition to *Plato* and His Philosophy. For *Philiſtus* from the Beginning was a great Instrument to promote the Tyranny, and being Governor of the Castle, kept it a long time for that Faction. There was a Report, that he had criminal commerce with the Mother of *Dionysius* the First, and that the Tyrant himself was not altogether ignorant of it. But *Leptines* having two Daughters by a married Woman whom he had debauched, gave one of them in Marriage to *Philiſtus*, without acquainting the King, who being enraged, put *Leptines's* Mistress

Mistress in Prison, and banished *Philistus*, who thereupon fled to some of his Friends at *Adria*, in which Retirement and Leisure it is probable he composed the greatest Part of his History; for he returned not into his Country during the Reign of that *Dionysius*.

But after his Death, as is before related, *Dion's* Enemies occasioned him to be recalled home, as fitter for their Purpose, and a firm Friend to the arbitrary Government, which he immediately upon his Return endeavoured to abet; and at the same time divers Calumnies and Accusations against *Dion* were by Others brought to the King; as that he held Correspondence with *Thebdotes* and *Heraclides*, to subvert the Monarchy: For indeed it is likely he had Hopes by the coming of *Plato* to take off the unlimited Power of *Dionysius*, and make him moderate and equitable in his Authority; but if he continued averse to That, and were not to be reclaimed, he resolved to depose him, and restore the Commonwealth to the *Syracusians*; not that he approved a Democracy or Popular Government, but thought it preferable to a Tyranny, when a good Aristocracy or Regency of the Grandees could not be procured.

This was the State of Affairs when *Plato* came into *Sicily*. At his first Arrival he was received with wonderful Demonstrations of Kindness and Respect; for one of the King's richest Chariots waited upon him when he came on Shore. *Dionysius* Himself sacrificed to the Gods in thankful Acknowledgment for the great Happiness they had by the Arrival of that Philosopher conferred on his Kingdom. The Citizens also entertained marvellous Hopes of a speedy and thorough Reformation: For that at Court they observed a modest *Decorum* in their Feastings, a grave Composure in their Behaviour, and the King Himself returned kind and obliging Answers to all Petitions and Causes that were brought before him. Men were generally grown very desirous of Learning, and eagerly intent upon the Study of Philosophy; insomuch that all the Apartments in the Court itself were like so many Schools of *Geometricians*

full of the Dust which those Students make use of to describe their Mathematical Figures, so general was the Thirst after Learning and Knowledge.

Not long after, at a solemn Sacrifice in the Castle, according to the Custom of the Country, when the Priest, as he was wont, prayed for the long Continuance of the present Government: *Dionysius* standing by, was heard to say, *What, will you never leave off cursing me?* This sensibly vext *Philistus* and his Party, who conjectured, That if *Plato* by so little Acquaintance had thus transformed and altered the young King's Mind, consequently by longer Converse, and greater Intimacy, he would get such Power and Authority, that it would be impossible to withstand him. They did therefore no longer privately and apart, but jointly and in publick All of them rail at *Dion*, noising it about, that he manifestly charmed and bewitched *Dionysius* by *Plato's* Sophistry; to the End, that when he was persuaded voluntarily to part with the Regency, and throw off his Authority, *Dion* might take it up, and settle it upon his Sister *Aristomache's* Children. Others seemed to take it in great Scorn, that the *Athenians*, who formerly arrived in *Sicily* with a great Fleet, and numerous Land-Army, but were routed and beaten off with great Loss, without being able so much as to take the City of *Syracuse*, should now by means of one Sophister overturn the whole Empire of *Dionysius*; inveigling him to cashier his Guard of ten thousand Lances, dismiss a Navy of four hundred Gallies, disband an Army of ten thousand Horse, and treble the number of Foot, and go seek in the Schools an unknown and imaginary Bliss, and learn from the Academy how to be happy; while in the mean time he resigned the substantial Enjoyments of absolute Power, Riches and Pleasure to *Dion* and his Sister's Children.

By these means at first *Dion* incurred the King's Suspicion, and by degrees his apparent Displeasure and Aversion. A Letter also was intercepted, which *Dion* had writ to the *Carthaginian* Agents, advising them

that

that when they treated with Dionysius concerning a Peace, they should not come to their Audience, unless He were there; and then he would effectually dispatch their Business according to their Minds. When Dionysius had shewed this to *Pbilistus*, and, as *Timæus* relates, consulted with Him about it, he over-reached *Dion* by a feigned Reconciliation, fairly pretending to receive him again to his Favour; but leading him alone one Day to the Sea-side, under the Castle Wall, he shewed him the Letter, and taxed him with Conspiring with the *Carthaginians* against him; when *Dion* essayed to offer something in his own Defence, *Dionysius* refused to hear him, and immediately forced him Aboard a Vessel, which lay there for that purpose, and commanded the Sailors to set him ashore on the Coast of *Italy*, and there leave him.

When This was publicly known, all Men thought it very hard Usage, and a great piece of Cruelty. The Ladies also in the Court mightily lamented *Dion*. But the Citizens of *Syracuse* encouraged themselves, expecting that for His sake some Insurrection would ensue; which together with the Mistrust Others would have of the King, upon this account, might occasion new Measures, and an Alteration in the State; which *Dionysius* perceiving, and being very much concerned at, he endeavoured to pacify the Women, and Others of *Dion's* Friends and Relations; assuring them, that he had not banished, but only sent him out of the way for a time, fearing that if he continued there present upon the Place, Passion might prevail upon him to punish his Obstinacy with greater Severity. At the same time he allowed his Friends two Ships, and gave them Liberty to load on board all his Wealth, and rich Furniture, and transport it to him in *Peloponnesus*. For *Dion* was immensely rich, and little inferior to the King himself in the Splendor and Furniture of his House; which his Friends packed up and conveyed to him; besides many rich Presents, which were sent him by the Ladies and Others of his Acquaintance. Infomuch that the abundance

dance of his Wealth and Treasure gained him great Honour and Regard among the *Græcians*; and this Opulence and Grandeur of a Person who at the best was but a Subject, and was now an Exile, gave them a Specimen of the unlimited Power and Magnificence of the Tyrant.

As soon as *Dion* was packed off the Tyrant removed *Plato* into the Castle, designing under colour of an honourable and kind Reception, to set a Guard upon him, lest he should follow *Dion*, and declare to the World in his Behalf, how injuriously he had been dealt with. But now Time and Conversation (as wild Beasts by use grow tame and tractable) brought *Dionysius* to endure *Plato*'s Company and Discourse; so that he began to love the Philosopher, but with such an Affection, as had something of the Tyrant in it, requiring of *Plato*, that he should, in return of his Kindness, love Him only, and esteem Him above all other Men; being ready to give him the chief Management of Affairs, and even the Government too, upon Condition that he would not prefer *Dion*'s Friendship before His. This extravagant Affection was a great Trouble to *Plato*; for it was accompanied with petulant and jealous Humours, like the fond Passions of Those who are desperately in Love; frequently falling out with him, and presently intreating to be Friends again; for now he was beyond measure desirous to be *Plato*'s Scholar, and to proceed in the Study of Philosophy; yet he seemed still to have some regret, and to be ashamed of himself to Those who endeavoured to pervert him from this Design, as if he were grown degenerate, and like to be spoiled and undone.

But a War about this time breaking out he was obliged to send *Plato* away, but promised him before his Departure to recal *Dion* the next Summer; tho' in This he was not so good as his Word, nevertheless he remitted to him the Product of his Revenues; desiring *Plato* to excuse him for the prefixed time; by reason of the War; but as soon as he had settled a Peace, he would

would immediately send for him; requiring him in the Interim to be quiet, and not raise any Disturbance, nor speak any thing ill of him among the *Græcians*. This *Plato* endeavoured to effect, by keeping *Dion* with him in the *Academy*, and busying him in his Philosophical Studies.

Dion sojourned in the City with *Calippus*, one of his Acquaintance; but for his Diversion, he bought a Seat in the Country, which afterwards, when he went into *Sicily*, he gave to *Speucippus*, the most familiar Companion he had of all his Friends at *Athens*; *Plato* designing by *Speucippus*'s pleasant Conversation, full of reasonable and witty Mirth, to sweeten and divert *Dion*'s austere and melancholy Temper; for *Speucippus* was a very ingenious and merry Droll, as *Timon*, in his Satires, calls him.

Whilst *Dion* was residing at *Athens* it happened to be *Plato*'s turn to exhibit the juvenile Shews, and *Dion* taking upon him the ordering and management thereof, defrayed the whole Expence at his own Charge; *Plato* giving him this Opportunity to oblige the *Athenians*, which was like to procure his Friend more Kindness, than Credit to Himself. *Dion* went also to see several other Cities, and was entertained in their Publick Assemblies by those of the best Quality and Understanding in State Affairs; betraying nothing in his Conversation either rude or unbecoming; neither taking too much State upon him, nor too easily condescending; but in all his Behaviour he shewed a great deal of Modesty, Generosity, and Manly Bravery: And in his Philosophical and Political Discourses, no less Skill and Learning; by which means he gained the Love and Respect of all Men, and in many Cities had publick Honours decreed him; the *Lacedæmonians* making him a Citizen of *Sparta*, without regard to the Displeasure of *Dionysius*, tho' at that time he aided them in their Wars against the *Thebans*.

It is reported, that *Dion*, upon an Invitation, went to the House of *Pteodorus*, the *Megarensian*, who was

a very Potent and Wealthy Man; and when by reason of the great Concourse of People about his Doors, who waited for the dispatch of Business, his Access was troublesom and difficult, turning about to his Friends, who seemed concerned and angry at it, *What reason,* said he, *have We to blame Pteodorus, who ourselves used our Visitants no better when we were at Syracuse?*

Soon after, *Dionysius* envying *Dion*, and withal jealous of the Favour and Interest he had among the *Grecians*, put a stop upon his Incomes; and no longer sent him his Revenues; making his own Commissioners Trustees of the Estate; but endeavouring to obviate the Ill-will and Discredit, which upon *Plato's* account might accrue to him among the Philosophers, he got into his Court Many who were reputed Men of Learning; and ambitiously desiring to surpass them all in their Debates, he was forced (tho' sometimes very impertinently) to make use of what he had occasionally learnt from *Plato*, and now wished for his Company again, repenting he had not made better use of it when he had it, and given no greater heed to his excellent Precepts and Discourses: Like a Tyrant therefore, inconsiderate in his Desires, heady and violent in his Passions, on a sudden he was eagerly bent on the Design of recalling him, and left no Stone unturned, but prevailed with *Archytas* and the other *Pythagorean* Philosophers to stand obliged for the Performances of his Promises, and to persuade him to return into *Sicily*, for it was *Plato* who first brought them acquainted with *Dionysius*, and established the Right of Hospitality between them.

These Philosophers sent *Archidemus* in their Behalf to *Plato*, and at the same time *Dionysius* sent some Gallies, and several of his Friends to importune him to comply with his Request. He likewise wrote to him Himself, telling him in plain Terms, that *Dion* must never look for any Favour or Kindness, if *Plato* would not be prevailed with to come into *Sicily*; but upon his Arrival he might then be assured of whatever he desired.

Dion

Dion also was much solicited by his Sister and his Wife to oblige *Plato* to gratify *Dionysius* in this Request, and pretend no Excuse to the contrary. So that, as *Plato* says of himself, he set Sail the third time for *Sicily*,

Daring once more the terrible Charybdis.

This Arrival brought great Joy to *Dionysius*, and no less Hopes to the *Sicilians*, who were as earnest in their Wishes, as studious in their Endeavours, that *Plato* might get the better of *Philistus*, and Philosophy triumph over Tyranny; Neither was he unbefriended by the Ladies, who upon all Occasions studied to oblige him; but he had from *Dionysius* that peculiar Credit, which no Man else ever obtained, to that degree of confiding, that he might come into his Presence without being examined or searched. When the King offered him a very considerable Sum of Money, and repeated the tender of his Bounty, but *Plato* still refused to accept it, *Aristippus* the *Cyrenian*, then present, said, *That Dionysius was liberal without danger of hurting his Treasury; for to Those who wanted much he gave very little, and offered a great deal to Plato, because he received nothing.*

After the first Compliments of Kindness were over, when *Plato* began to discourse of *Dion*, he was at first diverted by Dilatory Excuses, which soon after begat Feuds and Disgusts, tho' as yet not publickly taken notice of; *Dionysius* endeavouring all he could to conceal them; and by other Civilities and honourable Usage to draw him off from his Kindness to *Dion*. *Plato* for some time did not divulge this perfidious Dealing, and Breach of Promise, but bore with it, and dissembled his Resentment. While Matters stood thus betwixt them, and as they thought they were unobserved and undiscovered, *Helicon* the *Cyzicinian*, one of *Plato's* Followers, foretold an Eclipse of the Sun, which happened according to his Prediction: For which he was much admired by the King, and rewarded with a Talent

lent of Silver. *Aristippus*, drolling with some others of the Philosophers, told them, He also had something extraordinary to Prognosticate; which they intreating him to declare, *I foretel*, said he, *that Dionysius and Plato will in a very little time fall out.*

At length *Dionysius* made Sale of *Dion's* Estate, converted the Money to his own Use, and removed *Plato* from an Apartment he had in the Gardens of the Palace, to Lodgings near Those of the Guards he kept in Pay, who bore *Plato* an old Grudge, and sought Opportunity to make him away; supposing he advised *Dionysius* to lay down the Government, and disband his Soldiers. When *Archytas* understood the Danger *Plato* was in, he immediately sent a Galley with Messengers, to demand him of *Dionysius*; alledging, that he stood engaged for his Safety, upon the Confidence of which *Plato* came for *Sicily*. *Dionysius*, to palliate his secret Hatred, before *Plato* departed, treated him with great Entertainments and all seeming Demonstrations of Kindness; but could not forbear breaking out one Day into such an Expression as This; *No doubt Plato, when you are at home among the Philosophers, your Companions, you will complain of Me, and reckon up a great many of my Faults.* To which *Plato* smiling return'd Answer, *I hope, Sir, we shall never be so put to it in the Academy, for want of Subjects to discourse of, as to talk of You.* Thus, they say, *Plato* was dismissed; but his own Writings do not altogether agree with this Relation.

Dion was very angry at This, and not long after declared himself an open Enemy to *Dionysius*, having received some Intelligence concerning his Wife, about which *Plato* by Letters had held a Correspondence with *Dionysius*; now thus it was. After *Dion's* Banishment, *Dionysius* sending back *Plato*, desired him to ask *Dion* privately, if he would be against his Wife's marrying another Man: (For there went a Report, whether true, or raised by *Dion's* Enemies, was uncertain, that his matrimonial State was not agreeable to him, and that there was a Coolness, and Indifference between Him,

Him, and *Arete*.) Wherefore when *Plato* came to *Athens*, and had discoursed the matter with *Dion*, he writ a Letter to *Dionysius* in which he expressed every thing else plainly and intelligibly; but this Affair in covert and abstruse Terms, that none else but He might understand it; signifying therein, that he had talked with *Dion* about the Business, and that it was evident, he would highly resent the Affront, if *Dionysius* should attempt any such Thing: At that Time therefore, while there were yet any Hopes of an Accomodation, he altered nothing in his Sister's Concerns, suffering her to live with *Dion's* Son; but when Things were come to that Pass, that no Reconciliation could be expected, and that *Plato*, after his second Return, was again sent away in Displeasure, he then forced *Arete* against her Will to marry *Timocrates*, one of his Favourites; in this Action coming short, even of his Father's Justice and Lenity. For when *Philoxenus*, who had married his Sister *Theste*, being in Disgrace, and his declared Enemy, for fear had fled and left *Sicily*, he sent for his Sister, and taxed her, that being privy to her Husband's Flight, she had not declared it to Him: But the Lady, confident and fearless, made him this Reply: *Do you believe me, Brother, so bad a Wife, or so timorous a Woman, that having known my Husband's Flight, I would not have born him Company, and shared the worst of his Fortunes. Alas! I was ignorant of it; for better had it been for me, and more honourable, to be called the Wife of the Exile Philoxenes, than the Sister of the Tyrant Dionysius.* 'Tis said, the King admired her ready and confident Answer; the *Syracusians* also honoured her for her Bravery; insomuch, that she retained her Dignity and Princely Retinue after the Dissolution of the Tyranny; and when she died, the Citizens, by publick Decree, attended the Solemnity of her Funeral. Tho' this be a Digression from the present Purpose, it is not altogether an useless Remark.

From this time *Dion* set his Mind wholly upon a War, tho' *Plato* endeavoured to dissuade him from it, in

in regard to the hospitable Entertainment he had received from *Dionysius*; and also considering the advanced Age of *Dion*: But *Speucippus* and the rest of his Friends assisted and encouraged him to undertake the Deliverance of *Sicily*, which in humble manner, with Hands lifted up, seemed to implore his Help, and stood with open Arms impatient to receive him. For during *Plato's* Sojourn at *Syracuse*, *Speucippus* being oftner than He in Company with the Citizens, throughly understood how they were inclined; at first he was shy of them, and suspected they were set on by the King to trepan him; but at length he gave Ear and Credit to what they said. They generally agreed in their Wishes and Prayers, that *Dion* would undertake the Design, and come, tho' without either Navy, Men, Horse, or Arms: That he would put himself aboard a Ship, and lend the *Sicilians* only his Person and Name against *Dionysius*. This Information from *Speucippus* encouraged *Dion*, who, that he might the better conceal his Design, employed his Friends privately to raise what Men they could. Many great Statesmen and Philosophers were assisting to him; among whom was *Cyprius Endemus*, (on whose Death *Aristotle* writ his Dialogue of the Soul) and *Timonides* the *Leucadian*; they also engaged on his side *Miltas* the *Thessalian*, who was skilful in foretelling Events, and his Fellow-Student in the Academy: Of all that were banished by *Dionysius*, who were not fewer than a thousand, five and twenty only lifted themselves, the rest for fear declining the Undertaking. The general Rendezvous was in the Island *Zacynthus*, whither they marched a small Army, being not in all eight hundred complete; but all of them experienced Men, who had signalized themselves in many and great Engagements; well-disciplined and inured to Hardship; and for Courage and Conduct, the very Flower of all the Soldiery; and such as by their Example would animate and encourage to Action the numerous Force *Dion* hoped to have in *Sicily*. Yet these Men, when they first understood the Expedition was against *Dionysius*, were troubled and dishearten'd, blaming

blaming *Dion*, that hurried on like a mad Man by his Passion and Despair, he rashly threw both Himself and Them into certain Ruin : Nor were they less angry with their Commanders and Muster-masters, that They did not in the Beginning let them know the Design of the War. But when he had in an Oration set forth the unsafe and weak Condition of Arbitrary Government; and declared that he carried them rather for Commanders than Soldiers; the Citizens of *Syracuse*, and the rest of the *Sicilians*, having been long ready for a Revolt : And when *Alcimenés*, a *Græcian* Nobleman of great Quality and Reputation, who accompanied him in the Expedition, had harangued them to the same Effect, they were quiet and contented.

It was now the midst of Summer, and the Winds called *Etesian* then prevailed, the Moon being at the full, when *Dion* prepared a magnificent Sacrifice to *Apolló*, and with great Solemnity marched his Soldiers to the Temple in all their Arms and Accoutrements; after the Sacrifice he feasted them all in the Publick *Cirque* or Place of Exercise of the *Zacynthians*, where he had made Provision for their Entertainment; there seeing with Wonder the Plenty and Richness of Gold and Silver Plate, and the Tables furnished in an extraordinary manner, far exceeding the Fortunes of a private Man, they concluded with themselves, that one of his Age, and Master of so much Treasure, would not engage himself in so hazardous an Enterprize, without good Assurance of Hope, and certain and sufficient Supplies from his Friends. As they were offering Wine to the Gods, and performing their customary Devotions, the Moon was eclipsed, which was no Wonder to *Dion*, who understood the Revolutions of Eclipses, and how the Moon was over-shadowed by the direct Interposition of the Earth between Her and the Sun : But because it was necessary that the Soldiers should be satisfied and encouraged, who were surprised and troubled at it, *Miltas* the Diviner standing up in the midst of the Assembly, bid them be of good Chear, and expect all happy Success;

cess; for that the Gods did foretel something that was at present glorious and resplendent should be eclipsed and obscured. Now, nothing, said he, can be more resplendent than the Grandeur of Dionysius, which however will immediately be extinguished upon your Arrival in Sicily. Thus *Miltas* in publick descanted upon the Accident: But when a Swarm of Bees had settled on the Poop of *Dion's* Ship, he privately told Him and his Friends, that he feared the Actions they were like to perform, tho' in themselves great and glorious, yet would they be but of a short Continuance, and after a sudden and surprizing Blaze would in a Moment be eclipsed, and fall into Decay. It is reported also, that many ill Prodigies hapned to *Dionysius* at that time. An Eagle snatching a Javelin from one of the Guard, carried it aloft, and from thence let it fall into the Sea. The Water of the Sea, that washed the Castle Walls, was for a whole Day sweet and potable; as Many who tasted it experienced. Pigs were farrowed perfect in all their other Parts, but without Ears. The Diviners declared This to portend a Revolt and Rebellion; for that Subjects would no longer give Ear to the Commands of their Superiors. They expounded the Sweetness of the Water to signify to the *Syracusians* a Change from bad and woful Times into better and more happy Circumstances. The Eagle being the Bird of *Jupiter*, and the Spear an Emblem of Power and Command; This Prodigy was to denote, that *Jupiter*, the chief of the Gods, designed the Destruction and Dissolution of the present Government. These things are related by *Theopompus* in his History.

Dion's Soldiers were embarked on board of two Transports, which were tended by a Third somewhat less, and two Gallies of thirty Oars. Besides his Soldiers Arms, he carried two thousand Shields, a very great number of Darts and Lances, and abundant Stores of all manner of Provisions, that there might be no want of any thing in their Voyage; because they resolved to keep out at Sea, and ply in the Main, fearing to come near the Shore, upon Advice that *Philistus* rode at Anchor

chor in the Bay of *Apulia* with a Fleet ready to intercept them. Twelve Days they sailed with a fresh and gentle Gale; the thirteenth they made *Pachinus*, a Fore-land of *Sicily*: There the chief Pilot advised them to land presently; for if they were forced again from Shore, and doubled the Cape, they might run the Risk of being tossed up and down for many days together in Expectation of a Southerly Wind in that Summer Season. But *Dion* fearing a Descent too near his Enemies, and desirous to land at greater distance, and further up in the Country, weathered the Cape. They had not sailed long, before the Wind shifted to the North, and drove them from *Sicily*. At the same time prodigious Storms of Thunder and Lightning burst the Clouds, it being about the rising of *Arcturus*, and were attended with violent Rains, and such tempestuous Weather as put the Mariners at their Wits end, so that they were wholly ignorant what Course they ran; 'till on a sudden they found they were driven to *Circina*, an Island on the Coast of *Africa*, craggy, and full of dangerous Rocks, where they narrowly escaped being forced and staved to pieces; but labouring hard at their Oars, with much Difficulty they kept clear until the Storm ceased. Then lighting by chance on a Vessel, they understood they were upon the beginning of the Flats, called the great *Syrtis*: Being now again disheartned by reason of a sudden Calm, and beating to and fro without making any Way, they had a Southerly Breeze from the Shore, when they least expected the Wind in that Quarter, and scarce believed the happy Change of their Fortune. The Gale increasing, and beginning to blow fresh, they clapp'd on all their Sails, and praying to the Gods, put out again to Sea, steering to rights for *Sicily* from the Coast of *Africa*; and running steady before the Wind, the fifth Day they arrived at *Minoa*, a little Town of *Sicily*, in the Possession of the *Carthaginians*, of which, *Synalus*, an Acquaintance and Friend of *Dion*, happen'd at that time to be Governor; who not knowing it to be *Dion* and his Fleet, endeav-

voured to hinder his Men from landing ; but they made their Descent with their Swords in their Hands, without slaying any of their Opponents, (for That *Dion* had strictly forbidden them, because of the Kindness he had for the Governor) but forced them to retreat ; and following close, pressed in a Body with them into the Place, and took it. As soon as the two Commanders met, they mutually saluted each other ; and *Dion* delivered up the Place again to *Synalus*, without the least damage done to any one therein. *Synalus* quartered and entertained the Soldiers, and supplied *Dion* with what he wanted. They were very much encouraged by the lucky Accident of *Dionysius's* Absence at that nick of time, for he was lately gone with eighty Sail of Ships into *Italy* : Wherefore, when *Dion* persuaded the Soldiers to refresh themselves there, after their tedious and troublesome Voyage, they would not be prevailed with, but earnest to make the best use of that Opportunity, urged *Dion* to lead them straight on to the Capitol. Leaving therefore behind them their Baggage, and as many of their Arms as were then of no Use, to be conveyed to them by *Synalus* upon Occasion, they marched directly to *Syracuse*.

Two hundred Horse of the *Agrigentines*, who inhabit near *Ecnomus*, came in and joined him in his March. These were followed by the Inhabitants of the City of *Gela* ; and the News of his Approach soon reaching to *Syracuse*, *Timocrates*, who had married *Dion's* Wife, the Sister of *Dionysius*, and was left Commander in Chief during his absence, immediately dispatched a Courier to *Dionysius* with Letters containing an Account of *Dion's* Arrival ; while he himself took all possible Care to prevent any Stirs or Tumults that might arise in the City ; where all were in great suspense, but as yet continued quiet, fearing to give too much Credit to what was reported. A very strange Accident happened to the Messenger who was sent with the Letters ; for being arrived in *Italy*, as he travelled through the Country of the *Brutii*, hastening to *Dionysius* at *Caulonia*, he met one

of his Acquaintance, who was carrying home some part of a Sacrifice. The Fellow accepted a piece of the Flesh, which his Friend offered him, and proceeded in his Journey with all speed : But having travelled hard a good part of the Night, and being, through weariness, forced to take a little Rest, he laid himself down in the next convenient Place he came to, which was in a Wood near the Road. A Wolf smelling the Flesh, came and seized it as it was fastned to the Mail wherein were the Letters directed to *Dionysius*, and carried away both That, and the Flesh together. The Man awaking, and missing his Packet, sought for it up and down a great while, and not finding it, resolved not to go to the King without his Letters, but to conceal himself, and keep out of the way. *Dionysius* therefore came to hear of the War in *Sicily* from other Hands, and that a good while after.

As *Dion* proceeded in his March, the *Camarineans* joined his Forces, and many of the Territory of *Syracuse* revolting, came in to him ; the *Leontines* and *Campanians*, who, with *Timocrates*, guarded the *Epipole*, receiving a false Alarm, which was spread on purpose by *Dion*, as if he intended first to attack their Cities, left *Timocrates*, and hasted home to take care of their own Concerns. When this News was brought to *Dion*, where he lay near *Macra*, he raised his Camp by Night, and came to the River *Anapus*, which is distant from the City about ten Furlongs ; there he made a Halt, and sacrificed by the River, directing his Devotions to the rising Sun. The Soothsayers declared, That the Gods promised him Victory ; and They who were present, seeing him assist at the Sacrifice, with a Garland on his Head, one and all crowned themselves with Garlands. There were about five thousand that joined his Forces in their March ; who, tho' but ill provided with such Weapons as came next to Hand, yet by their Briskness and Courage supplied the want of better Arms ; and as if *Dion* were already Conqueror, they ran forward with loud Shouts and Acclamations, encouraging

each other by the Hopes of regaining their long-lost Liberty. The most considerable Men, and better sort of the Citizens of *Syracuse*, clad all in White, met him at the Gates. The Mobile set upon all that were of *Dionysius's* Party, and principally searched for those they call *Setters* or *Informers*; a Parcel of wicked Atheistical Wretches, who made it their Business to go up and down the City, thrusting themselves into all Companies; that they might inform *Dionysius* what Men said, and how they stood affected. These Varlets were the first who suffered, being drubb'd and knocked on the Head by the Rabble as they light upon them.

Timocrates, not being able to force his way to the Garrison who kept the Castle, taking Horse, fled out of the City; and by his Flight filled the Places where he came with Fear and Confusion, magnifying all he could *Dion's* Forces, lest he should seem upon a slight Apprehension to have deserted the City. By this time *Dion* was come up, and appeared in the sight of the People. He marched first in a rich Suit of Armour, having his Brother *Megacles* on one Hand, and on the other *Calippus* the *Athenian*, Both of them crowned with Garlands. He was followed by a hundred foreign Soldiers, all of them Men well made, and appointed for his Body Guard; next to these marched the rest of the Army in a decent regular Order, under the Command of their respective Officers. The *Syracusians* looked on this martial Cavalcade as a sacred Procession, and Restoration of Liberty, and the Authority of the People after an Eight and Forty Years Exile, and Deprivation.

He was no sooner entered the *Menetide* Gate but he caused the Trumpets to sound, in order to compose the Tumult, and quiet the People. As soon as Silence was made, a Herald proclaimed, *that Dion and Megacles, who were come to abolish the Tyranny, declared the Syracusians and all other Sicilians to be free from Slavery and Arbitrary Power.* And being desirous to Address himself in a Speech to the People, he marched up through that Part of the City called *Acbradina*. All the way as

he

he passed along the People on each side of the Streets set out their Cupboards and Tables, prepared their Victims, and as he came before the Doors flung Fruit and Flowers upon him, and offered up Prayers to him as to their tutelary Diety.

There was at the Foot of the Castle, and under the Place called *Pentapyla*, a lofty and stately Sun-dial which *Dionysius* had set up; from the Top of That *Dion* made an Oration to the People, persuading them to maintain and defend their Liberty; who, with great Expressions of Joy and Acknowledgment, created *Dion* and *Megacles* Lieutenant-Generals, choosing, at their Request and Desire, twenty other of the most considerable Citizens for their Collegues, of which Number Half consisted of such as had been banished by the Tyrant, and were now restored by *Dion*.

At first the Soothsayers looked on it as a happy Omen that *Dion*, when he made his Oration to the People, had under his Feet, as a sign of Subjection, that stately Monument which *Dionysius* at his own Expence had erected. But because it was a Sun-dial on which he stood when he was declared General, they expressed some Fears, that the great Actions he had performed might be subject to decline, and admit a sudden change of Fortune.

After this *Dion* taking the Castle of *Epipole*, released all the Prisoners who lay confined there, and surrounded it with a strong Wall. Seven Days after *Dionysius* arrived from *Italy*, and entered the Citadel from the Sea. About the same time *Dion* received the Carriages, with the Arms and Ammunition which he had left with *Synalus*, and distributed them among the Citizens; the rest that wanted furnished themselves as well as they could, and expressed great Courage and Readiness for the Service. *Dionysius* sent Agents at first privately to *Dion*, to try what Terms they could make with him. But he declaring, that what Overtures they had to make must be in publick, the *Syracusians* being no longer in Subjection, but at Liberty to manage their own Affairs; They then addressed themselves to the Citizens, with fair Words

and specious Promises, assuring them, that they should have Abatement of their Tributes and Taxes, and not be compelled to serve in the Wars, tho' undertaken by their own Approbation and Consent. The *Syracusians* laugh'd at these Offers, and *Dion* returned their Answer, *That Dionysius must not think to treat with them upon any other Terms, but resigning the Government; which, if he would actually do, he would not forget how nearly he was related to him, or be wanting to assist him in whatever was just and reasonable.* *Dionysius* seemed to consent to This, and sent his Agents again, desiring some of the *Syracusians* to come into the Citadel, and consult with him for the Good of the Publick, being ready to make fair Propositions, which he believed they could not but yield to, and He was equally willing to accept such as They had to offer Him. Some therefore were deputed, such as *Dion* approved of; and the general News from the Castle was, *That Dionysius* would voluntarily resign his Authority, and that he did it out of Choice rather than Compulsion. But This was only a feigned Device, and crafty Trick to amuse the *Syracusians*; for he imprisoned the Deputies that were sent to him, and the next Morning by Day-break, having distributed Wine among his Mercenaries to encourage them, he ordered them to sally out, and attack the Wall that had been made by *Dion*. The Alarm being unexpected, and the Action carried on with a great deal of Courage and Resolution by the Barbarians, they broke through the Works, and with loud Shouts assailed the *Syracusians* so furiously, that they all quitted their Post except *Dion's* foreign Troops, who taking the Alarm, hastened to their Relief; tho' at first they knew not what to do, nor how to employ the Aid they brought, by reason of the Noise and Tumult of the *Syracusians*, who in their precipitate Flight pressed in upon them, and put their Ranks in Disorder. Wherefore *Dion* perceiving, that his Orders could not be heard instructed them by his Example, and charged into the thickest of the Enemy; The Fight near his Person was fierce and bloody; for he being signally known, as well

by

by the Enemy as his own Party, they ran with great Noise and Fury to the Quarter where he fought. Tho' by reason of his Age he was unfit for such a brisk Engagement, yet with great Vigour and Courage he charged all he met, cutting in Pieces several of the Enemy that withstood him, 'till he was wounded in the Hand with a Lance; his Armour also being very much batter'd in this close Fight, and scarce any longer serviceable, and having many Hurts through his Shield by the Arrows and Darts, wherewith they galled him at a Distance, at length he fell to the Ground; but was immediately rescued, and carried off by his Soldiers. He left the Command to *Timonides*, and mounting his Horse, rid about the City, rallied Those that fled, and commanding a Detachment of the foreign Soldiers out of *Acbradina*, where he had posted them to guard that Place, he brought them as a fresh Reserve upon the Enemy, who were tired with the Heat of the Action, and well nigh ready to give over their Design; for having Hopes at their first Salley to have retaken the City, when beyond their Expectation they found such brave Resistance, they retreated into the Castle: As soon as they gave Ground, the *Greek* Soldiers pressed hard upon them, and pursued them to the very Walls. There were lost in this Action of *Dion's* Men seventy four, and a very great Number of the Enemy. This being a signal Victory, and principally obtain'd by the Valour of the foreign Soldiers, the *Syracusians* rewarded each of them with a hundred *Mina*, and the Soldiers themselves presented *Dion* with a Crown of Gold.

Soon after This there came Messengers from *Dionysius*, bringing *Dion* Letters from the Ladies his Relations; and one was superscribed, *Hipparinus to his Father Dion*: This was the Name of *Dion's* Son, tho' *Timæus* says, he was from his Mother *Arete's* Name, called *Areteus*; but I think Credit is rather to be given to *Timonides's* Report, who was his Fellow-Soldier and Confident. The rest of the Letters were opened and read in the Presence of the *Syracusians*, containing many Solicitations and humble Requests of the Ladies; but the People out of Respect to
Dion

Dion not suffering That which came from his Son to be unsealed, He insisted upon it, so That Letter likewise was opened, and read publickly. It proved to be from *Dionysius* himself, addressed in Words to *Dion*, but in Substance to the *Syracusians*, being couched in such artful Terms that under a plausible Justification of Himself, and civil Requests to Him, he conveyed such a Meaning as might easily serve to make him suspected to the People. He reminded him of the good Service he had formerly done to his Government, and how vigorous an Asserter he had been of the Prerogative. This was accompanied with terrible Menaces against Those who were most dear to him, against his Sister, his Son, and his Wife; conjuring him in the most passionate and moving Expressions to have regard to their Safeties. But that which touched *Dion* most, was, he earnestly intreated him, That he would not destroy the Government, but take it upon Himself, and not put the Power into the Hands of those Men who always hated him, and would never forget their old Piques and Quarrels, but keep it in his Own, and thereby secure from Injuries and Violence Himself, his Friends and Dependents.

When this Letter was read, the People did not (as they ought in Justice) pay a due Deference to the unmoveable Constancy and Bravery of *Dion*, who withstood all his most pressing Concerns, to be true to his Virtue and his Honour; but from hence took Occasion to fear and suspect that he lay under invincible Obligations to be favourable to *Dionysius*; and therefore began already to be hankering after a new General; and the rather, because to their great Joy they received the News of *Heraclides's* Arrival. This *Heraclides* was one of those whom *Dionysius* had banished, a very good Soldier, and of great Note for the considerable Commands he had formerly under the King; yet a Man of no constant Resolution, but of a fickle Temper, and least of all steady and unbiaised when he had either a Rival or a Colleague in any honourable Command. He had a Difference formerly with *Dion* in *Peloponnesus*, and thereupon resolved upon his own Fund,

with

with what Ships and Soldiers he had, to make War upon *Dionysius*. When he arrived at *Syracuse* with seven Gallies and three Ships, he found *Dionysius* already close besieged, and the *Syracusians* high and proud of their Victories. Forthwith therefore he endeavoured by all ways to make himself popular; and indeed he had in him naturally something that was very insinuating and taking with the People, who loved to be courted and cajoled. He gained his End also the easier, and drew the People over to his side, because they were angry with *Dion*, and disliked his Gravity as too majestic, stately, and not enough condescending; for Success had made them headstrong and insolent, so that they now thought fit to be treated with, and harangued as a free People, before they had in Reality obtained their Freedom. Getting therefore together in a riotous Assembly, they chose *Heraclides* their Admiral; but when *Dion* came and complained, That conferring this Trust upon *Heraclides*, was in Effect to cancel what they had formerly granted to Him, (for he was no longer their Generalissimo if another had the Command of the Navy) they repealed their Order, and, tho' sore against their Wills, cancelled his Commission. When this Business was over, *Dion* invited *Heraclides* to his House, and gave him a gentle Reprimand, That he did not well, nor advisedly, to stand with him upon a Punctilio of Honour at a time when the least false Step might be the Ruin of their whole Design; then calling an Assembly of the People, he himself named *Heraclides* Admiral, and prevailed with the Citizens to allow him such a Guard, as they had before granted to *Dion*.

Heraclides openly pretended much Observance for *Dion*, and made him great Acknowledgments for this Favour, attending him with all Submission, as ready to receive his Commands; but underhand he corrupted the People and excited the factious, so that he involved *Dion* in perpetual Disturbances, and created him much Perplexity and Disquiet; for if he advised to give *Dionysius* a Pass-port to leave the Castle, he was censured, as designing to deliver and protect him: If, to avoid giving the People any Trouble

Trouble or Suspicion, he continued the Siege, they cried out, He protracted the War the longer to keep his Command of General, and over-awe the Citizens. There was one *Sofis*, notorious in the Clty for a bold and wicked Villain, yet in Shew a great Strickler for the Liberty and Property of the Subject; especially for That which consists in the uncontrollable Freedom of their Tongues. This Fellow plotting against *Dion*, stood up one Day in an Assembly, and having sufficiently railed at the Citizens, as a Parcel of Sots and Blockheads, who could not see how they had made an Exchange of a dissolute and drunken Tyrant, for a sober and crafty Master, publickly declared, he was absolutely against *Dion* and Arbitrary Government; and so he took his Leave of the Company. The next Day he was seen running through the Streets (as if he fled from Some that pursued him) almost stark naked, wounded in the Head, and bloody all over: In this Pickle getting the Rabble about him, he told them, that he was barbarously assaulted by *Dion's* Men; and to confirm what he said, shewed them the Wounds he had received in his Head. The People in general took his Part, raging and railing against *Dion*, as cruel and tyrannical, who took such Arbitrary Courses to stop the Mouths of the People. Just as they were in this seditious and tumultuous Hurly-burly, *Dion* came to vindicate himself, and made it appear, That this *Sofis* was Brother to one of *Dionysius's* Guard; and that he was set on by Him to embroil the City in Tumult and Confusion: *Dionysius* having now no way left for his Security, but to make his Advantage of their Dissensions and Distractions. The Chirurgeons also having searched the Wound, found it was rather razed, than cut with a downright Blow; for the Wounds made with a Weapon are most commonly deepest in the middle, but this was very slight, and all along of an equal Depth; that it was not one continued Wound, as if cut at once, but several Incisions, in all probability, made at several times, as he was best able to endure the Pain. There were some too who knew him, who brought a Razor, and shewed it openly to the Company,

pany, declaring, That they met *Sofis* running in the Street all bloody, who told them, That he had narrowly escaped with his Life from *Dion's* Soldiers, who had sorely wounded, and were still in pursuit of him. They hastening to take the Pursuers, could meet with no Man, but spied this Razor lying under a hollow Stone near the Place from which they observed he came. All these Circumstances made strong against *Sofis*. But when, to back all This, his own Servants came in and gave Evidence, That he came out of his own House alone before Break of Day, with a Razor in his Hand, *Dion's* Accusers sneaked away, and the People, by a general Vote, condemned *Sofis* to die, being once again well satisfied with *Dion*, and his Proceedings.

Yet they were still no less jealous of his Soldiers, and the rather because the War was now carried on principally by Sea; for that *Philistus* was come from *Apulia* with a great Fleet to *Dionysius's* Assistance; they supposed therefore that there would be no longer need of the *Greek* Soldiers, who were all Land-men, and arm'd accordingly, and rather in a Condition to be protected by Them, who were skilful Sea-men, and depended at present chiefly upon the Strength of their Shipping. They grew also more haughty and self-conceited, by the Advantage they got in an Engagement by Sea, in which they took *Philistus* Prisoner, and used him in a most barbarous and cruel manner. *Euphorus* relates, That when he saw his Ship was taken he slew himself. But *Timonides*, who from the beginning of the War was with *Dion* in all the considerable Actions, writing to *Speucippus* the Philosopher, relates the Story, that *Philistus's* Galley running aground, he was taken Prisoner alive, and first disarmed, then stripped, and exposed stark naked, tho' an old Man, to all sorts of Scorn and Contumely; afterward they cut off his Head, and gave the Rabble his Body, who dragged it along the *Achradina*, and then threw it into a Common-shore. *Timæus* carries the Indignity still farther, and adds, That the Boys tied him by his lame Leg, and so drew him through the Streets of the City, while the *Syracusians*

Syracusians insulted over his Carcase, to see Him tied by the Leg, who had said, *It would not become Dionysius to be beholden to the Swiftneſs of his Horſe to fly from his Throne, but to be dragged from thence by the Heels rather than quit it*; tho' *Philiftus* relates, that This was ſaid to *Dionysius* by Another, and not by Himſelf. But *Timæus* takes this Occaſion, and truly a juſt one, from his zealous and conſtant Adherence to the Tyranny, to vent his own Spleen and Malice againſt him. They indeed who were injured by him are the more excuſable, if they expreſſed their Reſentment in Indignities to his dead Body; but They who wrote his Hiſtory after his Death, and were no way wronged by him in his Life-time, but have had the Advantage of his learned Writings, in Honour ought not with opprobrious and ſcurrilous Language to upbraid him for thoſe Miſfortunes, which many times by unhappy Accidents have befallen even the beſt of Men. On the other ſide, *Ephorus* is as much out of the way in the laſh Encomiums he beſtows on *Philiftus*; for tho' he is very good at diſguiſing baſe and unworthy Actions with fair and colourable Pretences, and in his Expreſſions is very florid and rhetorical, yet when he has done his beſt, he can never acquit him of the Imputation he lies under, of being of all Mankind the moſt zealous Aſſerter of Arbitrary Government; and that no Man ever more induſtriouſly promoted, or fondly admired the Luxury, Power, Riches and Alliances of ſuch as made themſelves abſolute Princes. But between both theſe Extremes, He that neither praises *Philiftus* for his Faults, nor insults over his Miſfortunes, ſeems to me beſt to conſult his own Credit, and perform the part of an Hiſtorian.

After *Philiftus's* Death, *Dionysius* ſent to *Dion*, offering to ſurrender the Caſtle, all the Arms, Proviſions, and Garriſon-Soldiers, with full Pay for them for five Months, demanding, That he might have a Paſſ-port to go unmoleſted into *Italy*, and there to continue, and alſo enjoy the Seigniory of *Gyatā*, a large and fruitful Territory in the Precinct of *Syracufe*, reaching from
the

the Sea-side to the middle of the Country. *Dion* rejected these Proposals, and referred him wholly to the *Syracusians* to treat with Them. And They hoping in a short time to take *Dionysius* alive, dismissed his Ambassadors without Audience; which he understanding, lest his eldest Son *Apollocrates* to defend the Castle; and putting aboard Those he loved best of his Friends, and the richest of his Goods and Treasure, took the Opportunity of a fair Wind, and made his Escape without being discovered by *Heracles* the Admiral.

The Citizens loudly exclaimed against *Heracles* for His Neglect, and were ready to mutiny against him; but He, in order to divert and appease them, set up one *Hippon*, a great Man with the Populacy, and a notable Haranguer, to propose to them an equal Division of the Lands and Revenues of the Country, alledging, That the Beginning of Liberty was Equality, and that Poverty and Slavery were inseparable Companions. *Heracles* sided with him in this levelling Project, and encouraged the Faction against *Dion*, who rigorously opposed it; in fine he persuaded the People to ratify This by their Vote, and pass it into a Law; and farther to decree, That the foreign Soldiers Pay should be stopped, That they would proceed to the Election of new Commanders, take away *Dion's* Commission, and no longer be subject to his severe and imperious Discipline. The People eagerly desirous to shake off all at once their Yoke of Slavery, which, as a Disease, had long hung upon them, began to do things at random, and like wilful and lawless Men, inconsiderately destroyed what they endeavoured to set up; hating *Dion*, who, like a good Physician, endeavoured to keep the City, by a sparing and regular Diet, in a due and lasting Temperament of Health.

The Assembly therefore being summoned for the Election of new Officers, in the midst of Summer, there happened all on a sudden unusual and terrible Thunders, with other dreadful Prodigies which remained for fifteen Days together. These Prodigies terrified the People, who were seized with a religious Fear which hindred

them from choosing those Officers. But some few days after when the Weather grew more temperate, the Orators were for making the best of that Calm, and proceeding to an Election : but they had scarce began when a draught-Ox, tho' used to the Crowd and Noise of the Streets, without any Provocation grew unruly to his Driver, and breaking his Yoke, ran furiously into the Theatre where they were assembled, driving out the People before him in great Disorder and Confusion : From thence running with all his force, and throwing down all that stood in his way, he rambled over that part of the City of which the Enemies afterwards made themselves Masters. Nevertheless, the *Syracusians* not regarding all this, elected five and twenty Captains, and among the rest *Heraclides* ; and underhand tampered with *Dion's* Men, promising, if they would desert him, and list themselves in their Service, to make them Citizens of *Syracuse*, and invest them with all the Privileges and Immunities of the Natives. But They, to shew their Fidelity and Courage, with their Swords in their Hands, placing *Dion* for his Security in the midst of their Battalion, marched out of the City, not offering Violence to any one, but openly upbraiding all they met with their Baseness and Ingratitude. The Citizens who slighted them, because they were but few in Number, and because they did not first assail them, supposing they might with ease overpower and cut them all off, before they got out of the City, fell upon them in the Rear : Here *Dion* was in a great Strait, being necessitated either to fight against his own Countrymen, or tamely suffer Himself and his faithful Soldiers to be cut in pieces. He therefore used many Intreaties to the *Syracusians*, stretching out his Hands towards the Castle, wherein was a strong Garrison, and shewing them the Enemy, who in great Numbers appeared on the Walls to be Spectators of this Action. But no Persuasions could stop the impetuous Torrent of the Multitude, who like Waves in a Storm were blown up by the seditious Breath of their busy-Incendiaries. He commanded his
Men

Men therefore not to charge them, but to advance with Shouts and clashing of their Arms ; which when the *Syracusians* saw, not a Man of them durst stand their Ground, but fled incessantly through the Streets, tho' nothing but their own Fears pursued them, for *Dion* immediately commanded his Men to face about, and led them into the Territories of the *Leontines*.

The very Women laughed at the new Captains for this cowardly Retreat ; who to redeem their Credit, ordering the Citizens to stand to their Arms, followed *Dion*, and came up with him as he was passing a River. Some of the light Horse began to skirmish ; but when they saw *Dion* no more tame and calm, no signs in his Face of his Fatherly Tenderneſs towards his Countrymen, but with a stern Look, and full of Fury, as resolved not to suffer their Indignities any longer, ordering his Battalia, and ready to give the Onset, they presently turned their Backs more cowardly and basely than before, and fled to the City, with the loss of some few of their Men.

The *Leontines* received *Dion* very honourably, rewarded his Men, and made them free of their City ; sending Envoys to the *Syracusians*, to require them to do the Soldiers Justice, and give them their Pay ; who in return, sent back other Agents to accuse *Dion*. But when in a full Assembly of the *Leontines* the Matter was heard and debated, the *Syracusians* appeared plainly to be in Fault ; but they refused to stand to the Award of their Confederates, behaving insolently and disdainingly to hearken to any thing but what their cajoling Leaders and popular Sycophants advised them.

About this time *Dionysius* sent a Fleet under the Command of *Nyſſus* the *Neopolitan*, with Provisions and Pay for the Garrison. The *Syracusians* fought him, had the better, and took four of his Ships ; but they made very ill use of their Success ; and for want of good Discipline, to express their Joy, fell to Drinking and Feasting in an extravagant manner, with so little Regard to their main Concern, that when they thought them-

themselves sure of taking the Castle, they were very near losing their City. *Nyffius* seeing all the Citizens in this Disorder, spending Day and Night in their Drunken Revels and Debauches, and their Commanders well pleased with the Frolick, or at least not daring to contradict the riotous Crew, who were Pot-valliant, and not to be controlled; taking Advantage of this Opportunity, made a Descent, and stormed their Works, which having gained and ruined, he attacked the City, leaving the Ravage of it to the Will and Mercy of his Soldiers.

The *Syracusians* quickly saw their Folly and Misfortune, but could not in the Distraction they were in, so soon redress it. The Soldiers made miserable Havock in the City, putting the Men to the Sword, demolishing the Fortifications, dragging the Women and Children with lamentable Shrieks and Cries Prisoners into the Castle. The Commanders giving all for lost, were not able to put the Citizens in any tolerable posture of Defence, who were confusedly mixed with the Enemy. While they were in this Condition, and the *Acbradina* in danger to be taken, the only Man in whom all their Hopes were placed, and who alone they all knew to be their last Resort, was *Dion*, but not a Man of them had the Courage to name him, so much were they ashamed of the Ingratitude with which they had rewarded his Services, and of their folly in driving him out of the City. They were at last forced upon it by Necessity, and some of the Auxiliary Troops cried out, *Send for Dion and his Peloponnesians from the Leontines, or we are utterly undone*. No sooner had they the Confidence to mention his Name, and it was heard among the People, but they gave a Shout for Joy, and with Tears in their Eyes wished him there, that they might once again see that Hero at the Head of them, whose Courage and Bravery in the worst of Dangers they could never forget; remembering not only with what undaunted Gallantry he always behaved himself, but also what Courage and Confidence he inspired them with when he led them against the Enemy. They immediately therefore dispatched *Archonides* and *Telefides* of the

the Auxiliaries, and *Hellanicus*, with five more of the Horse; who posting with all the Speed they could make, reached the City of the *Leontines* in the close of the Evening. The first thing they did, was to leap from their Horses, and fall at *Dion's* Feet, with Tears relating the sad Condition the *Syracusians* were in. Many of the *Leontines* and *Peloponnesians* began to throng about them, guessing by their Speed, and the manner of their Address, that there was something extraordinary in the Business.

Dion presently called an Assembly, and the People being gathered together in a very little time, *Archonides* and *Hellanicus* came in among them, and in short declared the Misery and Distress of the *Syracusians*; begging the Foreign Soldiers to forget the Injuries they had received, and assist the distressed, who had suffered more for the Wrong they had done, than They Themselves who received it would (had it been in their Power) have inflicted upon them. When they had made an end, there was a profound Silence in the Theatre; *Dion* then stood up, and began to speak, but a flood of Tears stopt his Words: His Soldiers were sensibly troubled at his Grief, praying him to moderate his Passion, and proceed: When he had therefore recovered himself a little, *Gentlemen* (says he) *and Fellow-Soldiers, Peloponnesians, and Confederates, I have called you here together to consult upon your own Affairs, for it will ill become me to hesitate, or consider what is fit for Me to do if Syracuse be lost; which tho' I cannot save from Destruction, I will nevertheless hasten thither, and be buried in the Ruins of my Country; but if you can find in your Hearts to assist us, the most inconsiderate and unfortunate of Men, in this Exigency, you may to your eternal Honour again retrieve this unhappy City. But if the Displeasure and Indignation you have justly conceived against the Syracusians will no longer suffer you to pity and relieve them, may the Gods reward you for what you have already done for them, and for your constant Fidelity and Kindness to Dion; who, you must remember, as he did not desert You when you were injured and abused*

by his Fellow-Citizens, so he cannot now forsake and abandon his Fellow-Citizens in their Afflictions and Misfortunes.

Before he had well ended his Speech, the Soldiers with a great Shout testified their readiness for the Service, crying out to march immediately to the Relief of the City. The Syracusan Courtiers hugged and embraced them, praying the Gods to shower down Blessings upon Dion and his valiant Peloponnesians. When the Noise was pretty well over, Dion gave Orders that all should go to their Quarters, to prepare for their March, and having refreshed themselves, come completely armed to their Rendezvous in the very place they now were; resolving that very Night to hasten to their Succour.

Now, at Syracuse, Dionysius's Soldiers, as long as Day continued, ransacked the City, and did all the Mischief they could; but when Night came on, they retired into the Castle, having lost some of their Number. This small Respite restored Courage and Confidence to the factious Demagogues of the City, who flattering themselves with Hopes that the Enemy would rest content with what they had done, and make no further Attempt upon them, persuaded the People again to reject Dion, and if he came with the Foreign Soldiers, not to admit him; advising them not to yield, as inferior to Them in point of Honour and Courage; but to save their City Themselves, and defend their Liberties and Properties with their own Swords. The Populacy therefore and their Leaders sent new Messengers to Dion, to forbid him to advance; but the Nobility and the Horse sent Others to him, to desire him to hasten his March. For this reason he slackened his Pace, and came forward but slowly. When Night came on the Faction that was against him set a Guard upon the Gates of the City to hinder him from coming in.

In that very instant Nyssus made another Sally out of the Castle with a far greater Number of Men than before, who quite ruined as much of the Rampart as was left standing, and fell in pell-mell to sack and ravage the City. The Slaughter was now very great, not only of the Men, but

but of the Women also and Children; for they regarded not so much the Plunder, as to destroy and kill all they met. For *Dionysius* despairing to regain the Kingdom, and mortally hating the *Syracusians*, resolved to bury his lost Empire in the utter Ruin and Desolation of *Syracuse*. The Enemy therefore, to prevent *Dion's* Succours, resolved upon the most terrible and ready way of Destruction, to lay the City in Ashes; firing all at hand with Torches and other Combustibles; and at distance with flaming Arrows, and other Fire-works, shot from their Bows and Engines. The Citizens in great Distraction fled every way before them. They who to avoid the Fire forsook their Houses, were taken in the Streets, and put to the Sword: They who betook themselves for Refuge into the Houses, were forced out again by the Flames. Many were burnt, and many killed by the Fall of Houses and Ruins of Walls and Towers. This fresh Misfortune by general Consent opened the Gates for *Dion*. It happened that he made no extraordinary Haste when he received Advice that the Enemies were retreated into the Castle; but early in the Morning some Horse brought him the News of another Assault; and soon after some of those who before opposed his coming, fled now to him, to intreat him to hasten to their Relief. The Fire and Desolation increasing, *Heraclides* sent his Brother, and after Him his Uncle *Theodotes*, to beg him to help them, for that now they were not able to make any longer Opposition; that He Himself was wounded, and the greatest part of the City was either in Ashes, or in Flames.

Dion met this sad News, at about sixty Furlongs distant from the City. When he had acquainted the Soldiers with the exigency, and exhorted them to behave themselves like Men; the Army no longer marched, but ran forwards, and by the way were met by several who begged them to quicken their Pace. By the wonderful Eagerness of the Soldiers, and their extraordinary Speed, *Dion* quickly came to the City, and entered at the Gate *Hecatompodon*, sending his Vanguard immediately to charge the Enemy; that upon the sight of Them, the

Syracusians

Syracusians might take Courage. In the mean time he drew up in good Order his main Body, and as many of the Citizens as came in and joined him; forming his Battalions long, and setting over them double Officers, that he might, as occasion required, make Detachments, and amuse and terrify the Enemy, by attacking them in several Quarters at once. As he appeared in the Streets advancing at the Head of his Men to engage the Enemy, a confused Noise of Shouts, Congratulations, Vows, and Prayers were raised by the *Syracusians*, who now called *Dion* their Deliverer, their Tutelar-Deity, and his Soldiers their Friends, Brethren, and Fellow-Citizens. In this time of general Danger and Confusion, there was not One among them, who was not more solicitous for *Dion's* Safety than his Own, or That of all his Fellow-Citizens put together. So daringly did he march before them to meet the Danger, through Blood and Fire, and over heaps of dead Bodies that lay in his way.

And indeed the Posture of the Enemy was in appearance very terrible; for they were animated by Rage and Despair, and had posted themselves very advantageously along the demolished Works, which made the Approach to them very hazardous and difficult: Yet That which discouraged *Dion's* Men most was the apprehension they were in of the Fire, which made their March very troublesome and difficult; for the Houses being in Flames on all sides, they were surrounded with them, and treading upon burning Ruins, every Minute in danger of being overwhelmed with falling Houses, through Clouds of Ashes and Smoke they laboured hard to keep their Order, and maintain their Ranks. When they came near to the Enemy, by reason of the Advantage of their Post, and the Inconvenience of a Defile they were to pass, few of them only could engage at a time; but at length fighting with great Bravery, and the *Syracusians* with Shouts encouraging their Party, *Nypsius's* Men were beaten off and routed: Most of them escaped into the Castle, which was near at hand; as many of them as could not get in, were

were pursued, and picked up here and there by the Soldiers, and put to the Sword.

The present Exigence did not suffer the Citizens to reap the Benefit of their Conquest in such mutual Congratulations and Expressions of Joy as become the Victorious; for now all were busily employed to save what Houses were left standing, labouring hard all Night, and could scarce master the Fire. The next Day not one of the Popular Haranguers durst stay in the City, but all of them, knowing their own Guilt, by their Flight confessed it, and secured their Lives. Only *Heraclides* and *Theodotus* voluntarily surrendered themselves to *Dion*, acknowledging that they had wronged him, and begging he would be kinder to Them than they had been just to Him; adding, how much it would be for his Honour, who was Master of so many excellent Accomplishments, to moderate his Anger, and be generously compassionate to the Ungrateful; confessing, that They who were formerly his professed Enemies, were now absolutely overcome by his Virtue. Tho' they did in this manner most humbly address themselves to him, his Friends advised him not to pardon such turbulent and ill-natured Men, but to leave them to the Mercy of his Soldiers, and utterly root out of the Commonwealth the ambitious Affectation of Populacy; a Disease more pestilent and pernicious than the most licentious Tyranny. *Dion* endeavoured to satisfy them, telling them, That other Generals employed their Thoughts and Designs chiefly about Warlike Achievements; but that he had long studied in the Academy how to conquer his Passions, and not let Emulation and Envy conquer Him. That to do This, it is not sufficient that a Man be obliging and kind to his Friends, and Those who have deserved well of him; but also indulgent and favourable to Them also from whom he has received Injuries and Affronts. That he was resolved to let the World see, that he valued not himself so much upon excelling *Heraclides* in Ability and Conduct, as he did in out-doing him in Justice and Clemency; wherein to have the Advantage is to excel indeed. The Honour of Victory in War is never entire; for Fortune will be sure to claim

claim Her share, tho' no Man pretend to rival the Conqueror. What if Heraclides be perfidious, malicious, and base, must Dion therefore sully his Honour, or injure his Virtue by a passionate Resentment? For tho' the Laws determine it juster to revenge, than do an Injury; yet it is evident, that Both originally proceed from the same Deficiency and Weakness of Human Nature: The malicious Humour of Men, tho' perverse and refractory, is not so savage and invincible, but it may be wrought upon by Kindness, and habitually altered by repeated Obligations. Dion making use of these Arguments, pardoned Heraclides and dismissed him.

And now resolving to repair the Blockade about the Castle, he commanded all the *Syracusians* to cut Palisadoes and bring them to the Works; and then dismissing them to refresh themselves, and take their Rest, he employed his own Men all Night, and by Morning had finished his Line of Circumvallation, and fortified his Trenches. Both the Enemy and the Citizens next Day wondered to see the Works so far advanced in so short a time.

As soon as these Works were finished he buried the Dead, redeemed the Prisoners who were near two thousand in Number, and called a Publick Assembly. There *Heraclides* made a Motion, That *Dion* should be declared General at Land and Sea. The Nobility approved well of it, and desired the Commonalty to assent. But the Sailors and Handicraftsmen would not consent that *Heraclides* should be deprived of his Command of the Navy; and tho' they knew him to be otherwise an ill Man, yet they believed he would be more compliant with the Populacy than *Dion*, and readier to serve their Ends. *Dion* therefore submitted to them in This, and consented that *Heraclides* should continue Admiral. But when they began to press the levelling Project of an equal Distribution of Lands and Estates, he not only opposed it, but repealed all the Votes they had formerly made upon that Account, which most sensibly vexed them. *Heraclides* took his Advantage

Advantage of This, and being at *Messana*, he harangued the Soldiers and Ships Crews that failed with him, accusing *Dion*, That he had a Design to make himself absolute: And at the same time he held a private Correspondence with *Dionysius* by means of his Confident *Pbarax*, a *Spartan*. Which when the Nobility of *Syracuse* had Intimation of, there arose a Sedition in the Army, and the City was reduced to that Extremity, that they were almost famished for want of Provision. *Dion* now knew not what Course to take, being blamed by all his Friends, for that he had encouraged against Himself such a troublesom, malicious, and perverse Man as *Heracles*.

Pbarax at this time lay encamped at *Neopolis*. *Dion* therefore drew out the *Syracusians*, but with an intent not to engage him, 'till he saw a fit Opportunity. But *Heracles* and his Sea-men exclaimed against him, saying, *That he delayed Fighting on purpose, that he might the longer continue his Command*; so that, tho' much against his Will, he was forced to an Engagement, and was beaten. His Loss indeed was inconsiderable, and his Defeat was owing more to the Misunderstanding in his own Army than the Courage of the Enemy; so that he resolved upon a second Engagement, and rallying his Men, and encouraging them to redeem their Credit, he drew them up accordingly. But in the Evening he received Advice, that *Heracles* with his Fleet were under Sail for *Syracuse*, with a Resolution to possess himself of the City, and shut Him out. Upon this Intelligence, he made a Draught of the most Forward and Determined in the Cavalry, and marched all Night with such Diligence, that he got thither by Nine the next Morning after a March of seven hundred Furlongs. *Heracles*, tho' he strove to make all the Sail he could, yet coming too late, tacked about and stood out again to Sea. Whilst he was unresolved what Course to steer, he accidentally met *Gæsyas* the *Spartan*, who told him that he was sent from *Sparta* to command in Chief in *Sicily*,

as *Gylippus* had done heretofore. Upon this Declaration *Heraclides* readily joined with him, and bragged to his Sailors, That Now he had a Counter-balance to weigh down *Dion's Ambition*. Hereupon he sent a Herald to *Syracuse* to summon them to accept a Spartan General: *Dion* returned Answer, That the *Syracusians* had Generals enow amongst them, and that if it was necessary to their Affairs that a Spartan should command them, he could supply that Office, having the Honour Himself to be a Citizen of Sparta. When *Gæsyas* saw he had lost his Hopes of being Generalissimo, he landed, and reconciled *Heraclides* to *Dion*, making *Heraclides* swear the most solemn Oaths to perform what he engaged, for which *Gæsyas* himself undertook to be Guarrantee.

The *Syracusians* then laid up their Navy, which was at present a great Charge, and of little use to them, but rather an occasion of Differences and Dissensions among the Generals; at the same time they continued the Siege, and finished another Breast-work, with which they invested the Castle. The Besieged seeing no hopes of Succours, and their Provisions failing, began to Mutiny; so that *Apollocrates*, in despair of holding longer out for his Father, capitulated and articted with *Dion* to deliver up the Castle, with all the Garrison-Soldiers and Ammunition, to have five Gallies and safe Pass-port for Himself, his Mother, and Sisters, which *Dion* granted, and he sailed with them to *Dionysius*. There was scarce a Man in the City but went to behold the joyful Sight, calling upon Those who were absent to come and see that happy Day, and be Witnesses how gloriously the Sun now shined upon the *Syracusians*, who were enfranchised and delivered from all their Slavery and Oppression. This Flight of *Dionysius*, being one of the greatest and most remarkable Examples of Fortune's Inconstancy, that any History mentions, how extraordinary may we imagine their Joy to be? How intire their Satisfaction, after they had totally subverted the most potent Tyranny that ever was, and That by means so slight and inconsiderable?

When

When *Apollicrates* was under Sail, and *Dion* going to take possession of the Castle, the Ladies could not stay while he made his Entry, but ran to meet him at the Gate. *Aristomache* led *Dion's* Son, and *Arete* followed after weeping, fearful and dubious how to salute, or address her Husband, because she had so long accompanied with another Man. *Dion* first caressed his Sister, then his Son; when *Aristomache* bringing *Arete* to him, O *Dion* (said she) your Banishment made us all equally miserable, your Return and Victory has raised our drooping Heads, and cancelled all our Sorrows, excepting this poor Lady's, whom I, to my great Unhappiness, saw compelled to be Another's, while You were yet alive. Fortune has now given you the sole Disposal of us; how will you determine concerning Her in these her necessitous Circumstances? Or in what Relation must she salute you, as her Uncle, or her Husband? This Speech of *Aristomache's* forced Tears from *Dion*, who with great Tenderness and Affection embraced his Wife, gave her his Son, and desired her to retire to his own House, where he intended to reside, when he had delivered up the Castle to the *Syracusians*. For tho' all things now succeeded to his Wish, yet he resolved not to enjoy any present Advantage of his good Fortune before he had gratified his Friends, rewarded his Allies, and bestowed upon his Fellow-Citizens and Foreign Soldiers some special Mark of Favour and Honour; his Generosity herein exceeding his Ability, being content himself with a very frugal and moderate Competency; for which he was much admired. That when, not only *Sicily* and *Carthage*, but all *Greece* looked upon him as extremely happy, and no Man living greater than He, no General more renowned for Valour and Success: Yet in his Garb, his Attendance, and Table, he seemed as if he rather communed with *Plato* in the Academy, than lived among his Soldiers and Officers, who love to be jolly, enjoy themselves plentifully every Day, and cheer their Hearts after the Toils of War, and Dangers they have past. *Plato* indeed writ to him, that the Eyes of all Men were now

upon Him ; but 'tis evident that He Himself had fixed His Eye upon one particular Place, the Academy ; and considered, That the Inquisitive and Judicious there regarded not his great Actions, his Courage, or his Fortune, but watched to see how temperately and humbly he could bear his Prosperity ; with what Moderation and Unconcern he could behave himself in that honourable and happy Condition. Neither did he remit any thing of his wonted Reservedness in Conversation, or Majestical Carriage to the People ; notwithstanding a little Condescension and obliging Civility was very necessary for his present Affairs. And *Plato*, as we said before, advised him to avoid a surly Demeanor, unless he intended to be abandoned by all Company, and live alone by Himself. But certainly he was naturally an Enemy to Complaisance ; and besides, he had a Design to reform the *Syracusians*, and make them more grave and stayed, who were grown very dissolute, and humourfom.

Heraclides began again to set up against him, and being sent for one Day by *Dion* to Council, he sent word he could not come to Council, or consult otherwise than as a private Citizen, and in a publick Assembly. Soon after he impeached *Dion*, because he had not demolish'd the Citadel, and because he had hindred the People from throwing down *Dionysius's* Tomb, and doing despite to the Dead ; moreover, he accused him for sending to *Corinth* for Counsellors and Assistants in the Government, and thereby neglecting and slighting his Fellow-Citizens. And indeed he had prevailed with some *Corinthians* to come to him, hoping by their Means and Presence the better to settle that Government he intended ; for he designed to restrain the unlimited Power of the People ; which indeed is not a Government, but (as *Plato* calls it) a Shop or Warehouse of all Sorts of Governments, and to establish a Constitution composed of the *Lacedæmonian* and *Cretan* Plan, wherein *Aristocracy* would always prevail, and preside in Affairs of the greatest Importance ; for he saw the *Corinthians*

were

were chiefly governed by the Grandees, and that the People were but little concerned in publick Business.

Now, knowing that *Heraclides* would be his most considerable Adversary, and that he was always a turbulent, fickle, and factious Man; he gave way to Some, whom he had formerly prevented from putting the like Design in Execution, and allowed them to kill him. Accordingly they broke into his House, and murdered him. His Death was much repented by the Citizens: But when they saw *Dion* make him a splendid Funeral, follow his Herse with all his Soldiers, and pronounce an Oration to the People, they were mollified, and forgave him, for they perceived that it would have been impossible to have kept the City quiet, as long as *Dion* and *Heraclides* were Competitors in the Government.

Dion had a Friend, called *Calippus*, an *Athenian*, who, *Plato* says, grew familiar with him, and his Confident not upon the Merit of his Learning, but because he was introduced by him into some Mysterious Ceremonies of their Religion, and so contracted an accidental Acquaintance. This Man was all along with him in the Army in great Honour and Esteem; being the first of his Friends, who marched by his side into *Syracuse* with a Garland upon his Head, for that he had behaved himself very well in the Action, and was become remarkable for his Courage and Gallantry. He finding that *Dion's* principal and most considerable Friends were cut off in the War, *Heraclides* now dead, and the People without a Leader, and that the Soldiers had a great Kindness for Him, like a perfidious and wicked Villain, in Hopes to get the chief Command of *Sicily*, by the Ruin of his Friend and Benefactor; and, as some say, being bribed by the Enemy with twenty Talents to destroy *Dion*, inveigled and engaged several of the Soldiers into a Conspiracy against him, contriving his execrable Plot in the manner following. He daily informed *Dion* of what he heard, or what he feigned the Soldiers said against him; whereby he gained that Credit and

Confidence, that he was allowed by *Dion* to concert privately with whom he would, and talk freely against him in any Company, that he might discover who were his secret and factious Malignants. By this means *Calippus* in a short time got together a Cabal of all the seditious Discontented in the City; and if any one who would not be drawn in informed *Dion* that he had been tampered with, he was not troubled or concerned at it; believing *Calippus* did it in Compliance with his Directions.

While this Conspiracy was afoot, a strange and dreadful Apparition was seen by *Dion*. As he sat one Evening in a Gallery in his House melancholy and thoughtful, hearing a sudden Noise, he turned about, and saw at the End of the Room, by clear Day-light, a tall Woman, in her Countenance and Garb like one of the Tragical Furies, with a Broom in her Hand sweeping the Floor; being amazed and terribly affrighted, he sent for some of his Friends, and told them what he had seen; intreating them to stay with him, and keep him Company all Night; for he was greatly astonished and perplexed, fearing that if he were left alone, the Spectre would again appear to him: But he saw it no more. A few Days after, his only Son, being almost grown up to Man's Estate, upon some Displeasure and Pet he had taken on a childish and frivolous Occasion, threw himself headlong from the Top of the House, and broke his Neck.

While *Dion* was under this Affliction, *Calippus* drove on his Conspiracy, and spread a Rumour among the *Syracusians*, That *Dion* being now Childless, was resolved to send for *Dionysius's* Son, *Apollocrates*, who was his Wife's Nephew, and Sister's Grand-Son, and make Him his Heir and Successor. By this time, *Dion*, his Wife and Sister began to suspect what was doing, and were from all Hands confirmed in the Belief of the Plot. *Dion*, as 'tis probable, being troubled for *Heraclides's* Murder, which was like to be a Blot and Stain upon his Honour, and

and the glorious Actions of his Life, in great Anxiety and Disquiet declared, he had rather die a thousand times, and open his Breast himself to the Assassine, than live not only in Fear of his Enemies, but Suspicion of his Friends.

Calippus seeing the Ladies very inquisitive to search the Bottom of the Business, and fearing the Event, came to them, utterly denying it with Tears in his Eyes; and offering to give them whatsoever Assurances of his Fidelity they desired: They required, that he would take the great Test and solemn Oath, which was after this Manner: The Juror went into the Temple of *Ceres* and *Proserpine*; after the Performance of some Ceremonies, he was clad in the purple Vestment of the Goddess, and holding a lighted Torch in his Hand, took his Oath. *Calippus* did as they required, and forswore the Fact. But he so little valued those Goddesses, that he stayed 'till the Festival of *Proserpine*, by whom he had sworn, and then committed his intended Murder; not that the Solemnity of the Day could add any thing to his Crime, for the Goddess would have been as highly offended at his Impiety had he murdered *Dion* on any other Day, especially since He was the Person who first introduced, and initiated him in the holy Mysteries.

There were a great many in the Conspiracy; and as *Dion* was at home with several of his Friends in his Entertaining-Room, some of the Conspirators beset the House round, others secured the Doors and Windows. The Assassines were *Zacynthians*, who went in to him in their ordinary Habit unarmed. They who were without shut the Doors and kept all fast. The Murderers fell upon him, endeavouring to stifle him; but when That could not be effected, they called for a Sword in order to dispatch him, but none durst open the Door. There were a great many within with *Dion*, but every one was for securing himself; supposing, that by letting Him lose his Life, he should save his Own; and

therefore no Man ventured to assist him. When they had waited a good while, at length *Lycon* a *Syracusan* reached a short Sword in at the Window to one of the *Zacintbians*, and stunned and almost senseless as he was, like a Sacrifice at the Altar, they cut *Dion's* Throat.

After this detestable Murder they confined his Sister, and Wife, who was then big with Child. The unhappy Lady fell in Labour in the Prison, and was delivered of a Son, whom they Both undertook to preserve, having first gained the Guards to that Effect, which was no difficult Point, because *Calippus* began already to be embroil'd in Troubles.

At first after the Murder of *Dion*, He was the only Man that was looked upon, and had the sole Government of *Syracuse* in his Hands. Nay, he presumed to write even to *Athens*, whom of all the Cities he ought most to have dreaded next to the immortal Gods, polluted as he was with so black a Murder. But it may be truly said of that City, *That the good Men she breeds are the most Excellent, and the Bad the most Notorious*; as the Soil of *Attica* produces the most delicious Honey, and the most deadly Poison. *Calippus* did not long continue to scandalize Fortune, and upbraid the Gods with his Prosperity, who seemed to wink at, and bear with that wretched Man, while he purchased Riches and Power by the most hainous and enormous Impieties; but he quickly received the Punishment he deserved; for going to take *Catana*, he lost *Syracuse*; whereupon they report he said, *He had lost a City, and got a Cheese-Grater*. Then attempting *Messene*, he had most of his Men cut off, and among the rest, *Dion's* Murderers. When no City in *Sicily* would admit him, but all hated and abhorred him, he went into *Italy*, and took *Rbegium*; there being necessitous, and not able to maintain his Soldiers, he was killed by *Leptines* and *Polyperchon*, and (as Fortune would have it) with the same Sword with which *Dion* had been assassinated, for it

was known by the Size, being but short, as the *Spartan* Swords commonly are, and by the Workmanship which was very curious and artificial. Thus *Calippus* received the Reward of his Villanies.

When *Aristomache* and *Arete* were released out of Prison, *Iceles*, one of *Dion's* Friends, took them to his House, and for a while entertained them well, and like a faithful Friend; afterwards being persuaded by *Dion's* Enemies, he provided a Ship, and pretended to send them into *Peloponnesus*, but commanded the Sailors, when they came out to Sea, to kill them, and throw them overboard. Others say, that They and the little Boy were thrown alive into the Sea. This Man also escaped not the due Recompence of his Wickedness, for he was taken by *Timoleon*, and put to Death; and the *Syracusians*, to revenge *Dion*, slew his two Daughters; of which I have discoursed more particularly in the Life of *Timoleon*.





THE L I F E O F MARCUS BRUTUS.



Arcus Brutus was descended from that *Junius Brutus*, to whom the ancient *Romans* erected a Statue of Brass in the Capitol, among the Images of their Kings, with a drawn Sword in his Hand, in remembrance of his Courage and Resolution in expelling the *Tarquins*, and destroying the Monarchy. But that ancient *Brutus* was of a severe and inflexible Nature, (like Steel of too hard a Temper) and not at all softened by Study or Education; nay he suffered himself to be so far transported with his Rage and Hatred against Tyrants, that for conspiring with them, he proceeded to the Execution even of his own Sons. But this *Brutus* whose Life we now write, having to the Goodness of his Disposition added the Improvements of Learning, and Study of Philosophy, and having quickned his natural Parts, of themselves grave and gentle, to qualify himself for Business and publick Affairs, seems to have been of a Temper exactly

actly framed for Virtue; insomuch that They who were most his Enemies, upon the account of his Conspiracy against *Cæsar*, if in that whole Affair there was any honourable or generous Action done, refer it wholly to *Brutus*, and lay whatever was barbarous and cruel to the Charge of *Cassius*, *Brutus*'s most intimate and familiar Friend, but not at all like him in Honesty and Virtue. His Mother *Servilia* was of the Family of *Servilius Hala*, who, when *Spurius Manlius* had worked the People into a Rebellion, and designed to have made Himself King, taking a Dagger under his Arm, went forth into the Market-place, and upon pretence of having some private Business with him, came up close to him, and as he bent his Head to hear what he had to say, stuck him with his Dagger, and slew him. And thus much, as it concerns his Descent by the Mother's side, is confessed by all; but as for his Father's Family, They who for *Cæsar*'s Murder bore any Hatred or Ill-will to *Brutus* will not allow his Descent from that *Brutus* who expelled the *Tarquins*, there being none of his Race left, after the Execution of his two Sons; but that he was a *Plebeian*, descended from one *Brutus*, some Nobleman's Steward, of a mean Family, which but very lately was raised to any Office or Dignity in the Commonwealth. But *Posidonius* the Philosopher writes, that it is true indeed what History relates, that two of the Sons of *Brutus*, who were of Mens Estate, were put to Death, but that a Third, yet an Infant, was left alive, from whom the Family was propagated down to *Marcus Brutus*; and further, that there were several famous Persons of this House in His Time, and of his own Acquaintance, whose Looks very much resembled the Statue of *Junius Brutus*. But of this Subject enough.

Cato the Philosopher was Brother to *Servilia*, the Mother of *Brutus*, and He it was whom of all the *Romans* his Nephew most admired, and studied to imitate, and afterwards married his Daughter *Porcia*. But of all the Sects of the *Greek* Philosophers, tho' there was none

none of which he had not been a Hearer, and in which he had not made some Proficiency, yet he chiefly esteemed the *Platonists*. He had no great Opinion either of the New, or Middle Academy, but applied himself wholly to the Study of the Ancient. For this Reason He was all his Life-time a great Admirer of *Antiochus*, of the City of *Ascalon*, and took his Brother *Ariston* into his own House for his Friend and Companion, a Man for his Learning inferior indeed to many of the Philosophers, but for the evenness of his Temper, and sweetness of Conversation, equal to the Best. As for *Empylus*, of whom He Himself and his Friends made often mention in their Epistles, as of one who constantly lived with *Brutus*, he was an Orator, and has left behind him a short but well-penned History of the Death of *Cæsar*, entitled *Brutus*.

In *Latin* he was a good Speaker, and had by constant Exercise attained a sufficient Excellency in making publick Orations, and pleading Causes: But in *Greek* he was remarkable for affecting the sententious and short *Laconick* way of speaking; in his Epistles especially, as when in the beginning of the War he writ thus to the *Pergamenians*; *I bear you have given Dolabella Money; if you gave it willingly, you must own you have injured Me; if unwillingly, shew it, by giving willingly to Me.* And another time to the *Samians*: *Your Deliberations are tedious, your Actions slow; what think ye will be the end?* And of the *Patareans* thus: *The Xanthians, suspecting my Kindness, have made their Country a Grave of Despair; the Patareans, trusting themselves to me, have lost nothing of their former Liberty; it is in your Power to choose the Judgment of the Patareans, or the Fortune of the Xanthians.* And this is the Style wherein his most remarkable Letters were usually writ.

When he was but a very young Man, he accompanied his Uncle *Cato* to *Cyprus*, whither he was sent with an Army against *Ptolemy*. But as soon as *Ptolemy* had killed himself, *Cato* Himself being detained by some necessary Business in the Isle of *Rhodes*, sent one of his
Friends

Friends named *Caninius*, to take into his Care and Keeping the Treasure of the King; but afterwards suspecting his Fidelity, he writ to *Brutus* to sail immediately to *Cyprus*, out of *Pamphylia*, where he then stayed to refresh himself, being but newly recovered of a Fit of Sickneſs. He obeyed his Orders, but with a great deal of unwillingneſs, as well out of Reſpect to *Caninius*, who was thrown out of this Employment by *Cato* with ſo much Diſgrace; as alſo becauſe he eſteemed ſuch a Commiſſion too mean for a Gentleman, and not at all becoming Him, who was in the prime of his Youth, and given to Books and Learning. Nevertheless, applying himſelf to this Buſineſs, he behaved himſelf ſo well in it, that he was highly commended by *Cato*, and having turned all the Goods of *Ptolemy* into ready Money, brought the greateſt part of it in his own Ship to *Rome*.

About this time the State began to be embroiled, when *Pompey* and *Cæſar* taking up Arms againſt one another, the whole Government was turned into Confuſion. In this Conjunction, it was generally believed that he would have taken *Cæſar's* ſide; for his Father not long before had been put to Death by *Pompey*. But He thinking it his Duty to prefer the Intereſt of the Publick before his own private Reſentments, and judging *Pompey's* to be the better Cauſe, took part with Him; tho' formerly he uſed not ſo much as to ſalute or take any notice of *Pompey*, if he happened to meet him, eſteeming it a great Crime to have the leaſt Converſation with the Murderer of his Father. But now looking upon him as the General of his Country, he liſted himſelf under his Command, and ſet Sail for *Sicily*, in Quality of Lieutenant to *Seſtius*, who had the Government of that Iſland. But finding no Opportunity there-of ſhewing himſelf in any great Action, and hearing that *Pompey* and *Cæſar* were encamped near one another, and were preparing to begin the Battle, upon which the whole Empire depended, he came of his own accord to *Macedonia* to partake in the Danger. At his coming,

coming, it is said, that *Pompey* was so surpris'd, and at the same time so pleas'd, that rising from his Chair, in the sight of all his Guards, he saluted and embraced him, as one of the chiefeſt Men of his Party. All the time that he was in the Camp, excepting That which he ſpent in *Pompey's* Company, he employ'd in Reading and in Study, which he did not neglect even the Day before the great Battle of *Pharſalia*. It was the middle of Summer, and the Heat was very great, and the Camp ſuſtained many Inconveniencies, by being lodged in a marſhy Ground, and They who carried *Brutus's* Tent did not come up till very late. Yet tho' upon all theſe Accounts he was extremely haraſſed, and out of Order, had forbore anointing himſelf 'till towards the middle of the Day, and eaten very ſparingly, whilſt the reſt were aſleep, or taken up with the Thoughts of to-morrow's Action, He ſpent his whole time 'till the Evening in writing an Epitome of *Polybius*. It is ſaid, that *Cæſar* had ſo great a Regard for him, that he order'd his Commanders by no means to kill *Brutus* in the Battle, but to ſpare him, if poſſible, and bring him ſafe to Him, if he would willingly ſurrender himſelf; but if he made any Reſiſtance, to ſuffer him to eſcape, rather than to do him any Violence. And This he is believ'd to have done out of Tenderneſs to *Servilia*, the Mother of *Brutus*; for *Cæſar* had, it ſeems, in his Youth, been very intimate with her, and ſhe paſſionately in Love with Him: And conſidering that *Brutus* was born about that time, in which their Loves were at the higheſt, *Cæſar* had ſome Reaſon to believe that he was begot by Him. There goes a Report too, that when ſome great and weighty Matters, concerning the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*, which had like to have been the Deſtruction of the Commonwealth, were debating in the Senate; *Cato* and *Cæſar*, tho' differing in their Opinions, were placed near to one another: In the middle of the Debate a little Note was deliver'd to *Cæſar* from without, which he took and read ſilently to Himſelf. Upon This *Cato* cried out aloud,

aloud, and accused *Cæsar* for bolding Correspondence, and receiving Letters from the Enemies of the Commonwealth: Many of the Senators being much concerned, and the House in an Uproar, *Cæsar* delivered the Note, as he had received it, to *Cato*, who reading it, found it to be a lewd Letter from his own Sister *Servilia*, and threw it back again in Rage to *Cæsar*, with these Words, *Keep it to yourself, you Sot*; and then went on upon the publick Business. So notorious was *Servilia's* Love to *Cæsar*.

After the great Overthrow at *Pharsalia*, *Pompey* himself having made his Escape by Sea, whilst *Cæsar's* Army was storming the Camp, *Brutus* stole privately out of one of the Gates, to a marshy Place full of Water, and covered with Reeds, from whence venturing out in the Night, he got safe to *Larissa*. From *Larissa* he writ to *Cæsar*, who expressed a great deal of Joy to hear that he was safe, and having sent for him, not only forgave him freely, but honoured and esteemed him, equal at least to his chiefest Friends. Now when no Body could give any certain Account which Way *Pompey* had taken his Flight, *Cæsar* walked for some time alone with *Brutus*, to try to find out what was his Opinion therein, and perceiving by his way of reasoning that he knew more of his Motions than any one else, he gave into his Opinion, and bent his March towards *Ægypt*. But *Pompey*, who had indeed taken that very Course, as *Brutus* had conjectured, having reached *Ægypt*, was there barbarously murdered.

Brutus had so much Power with *Cæsar*, that he pacified and reconciled him to his Friend *Cassius*, and spoke likewise in behalf of the King of *Africa*. It is true many things were charged against him, some of a high and dangerous Nature, notwithstanding which his Eloquence was so prevalent that he preserved to him a great Part of his Kingdom. It is said that at his first entrance and opening of the Cause *Cæsar* said to his Friends, *I know not what this young Man intends, but whatever he intends, he intends it vehemently*. For his

natural Firmness of Mind, not easily yielding or complying in Favour of every one that intreated him, when it was set on work by the Motives of right Reason, and the Principles of Honesty, which way soever it turned itself, moved with great Vigour and Impetuosity, and generally effected its Designs. No Flattery could ever prevail with him to listen to unjust Petitions; and he reckoned, that to be overcome by the frontless Importunities of Suiters, tho' some compliment it with the Name of Modesty and a shame to refuse, was the foulest Disgrace a great Man could suffer. And he used to say, *That he shrewdly suspected, that They who could deny nothing, had not very honestly employed the Flower of their Youth.*

Cæsar being about to take an Expedition into *Africa* against *Cato* and *Scipio*, committed to *Brutus* the Government of *Gallia Cisalpina*, to the great Happiness and Advantage of that Province. For while Those of other Provinces laboured under the Violence and Avarice of their Governors, and suffered as much Oppression, as if they had been Slaves and Captives of War, *Brutus* put an End to all such Insolencies there, and by his easy Government made them amends for all their former Calamities, and reconciled and fixed all their Affections to *Cæsar*; insomuch that it was a most welcome and pleasant Spectacle to *Cæsar*, when in his Return he passed through *Italy*, to see the Cities that were under *Brutus's* Command, and *Brutus* Himself increasing his Train and Honour, and most obligingly attending him in his Progress.

Now several Prætorships being void, it was all Mens Opinion, that That of the chiefest Dignity, which is called the Prætorship of the City, would be conferred either upon *Brutus* or *Cassius*; and Some say, that there having been some little Difference upon former Accounts between them, this Competition set them much more at Variance, tho' they were allied, *Cassius* having married *Julius*, the Sister of *Brutus*. Others say, that this Contention was raised between them by *Cæsar's* means,

means, who had privately given each of them such Hopes of his favouring their Pretensions, as made them break out into this open Competition and Trial of their Interest. *Brutus* had only the Reputation of his Honour and Virtue to oppose to the many and gallant Actions performed by *Cassius* in his Youth against the *Partians*. But *Cæsar* having heard each Side, and deliberating about the Matter among his Friends, said, *Cassius* indeed has most right to it, but *Brutus* must have the first *Prætorship*. So another *Prætorship* was given to *Cassius*; but the gaining of This could not so much oblige him, as he was incensed for the Loss of the Other. And in all other Things *Brutus* was Partaker of *Cæsar*'s Power as much as he desired; for he might, if he had pleased, been the chief of all his Friends, and had Authority and Command beyond them All, but *Cassius* by his Conversation drew him off from *Cæsar*, and turned him to Himself. Indeed he was not yet wholly reconciled to *Cassius*, since that Competition which had been between them; but yet he gave Ear to *Cassius*'s Friends, who were perpetually advising him *not to be so blind, as to suffer himself to be softened and won upon by Cæsar, but to shun the Kindness and Favours of a Tyrant, which, they intimated, Cæsar shewed him, not to express any Honour to his Merit or Virtue, but to unbend his Strength, and slacken the Vigour of his Mind.* Neither was *Cæsar* wholly without Suspicion of him, nor wanted Informers that accused *Brutus* to him; but he feared indeed the high Spirit, and the great Authority, and the many Friends which he had, but thought himself secure in his Honesty and Virtue. When it was told him first, that *Antony* and *Dolabella* designed some Disturbance, *It is not,* said he, *the fat and the long-haired Men that I fear, but the pale and the lean:* meaning *Brutus* and *Cassius*. Afterwards when Some accused *Brutus* to him, and advised him to beware of him, laying his Hand upon his Breast, he said, *What, do you think that Brutus will not wait out the time of this little Body?* As if he thought None fit to succeed

him in so great Power but only *Brutus*. And indeed it seems to be without doubt, that *Brutus* might have been the first Man in the Commonwealth, if he could have had Patience but a little time to be Second to *Cæsar*; if he would have suffered his Power insensibly to decay after it was come to its highest Pitch, and the Fame of his great Actions to die and wither away by Degrees. But *Cassius*, a Man of a fierce Disposition, and one who out of private Malice, rather than Love of the Publick, hated *Cæsar*, not the Tyrant, continually fired him and stirred him up; upon which Occasion it was said, *That Brutus could not endure the Imperial Power, but Cassius hated the Emperor*. *Cassius* pretended to have received many Hardships and Injuries from *Cæsar*. Among other things he complained of his having taken his Lions from him; for when *Cassius* was designed for *Ædile*, he had caused many of them to be taken, and conducted to *Megara*, to be made use of in the Shews he was by virtue of his Office to exhibit to the People, but *Cæsar* finding them in *Megara*, when that City was taken by *Calanus*, he seized them to Himself. It is said that these Lions proved very fatal to the *Megarians*, for when the City was given over for lost, they broke open their Dens, pulled off their Chains, and let them loose, to the end they might put a stop to the Impetuosity of the Enemy, who were then entering the City; but They, instead of falling upon the Enemy, turned upon the poor Inhabitants Themselves, and as they fled up and down naked and defenceless tore great Numbers of them to Pieces, so that their very Enemies could not behold so miserable a Spectacle without Horror, and Compassion. This, Some say, was the chief Provocation that stirred up *Cassius* to conspire against *Cæsar*; but they are much in the wrong: For *Cassius* had from his Youth a natural Hatred and Rancour against the whole Race of Tyrants, which he shewed when he was but a Boy, and went to the same School with *Fausus*, the Son of *Sylla*; for He speaking great Words amongst the Boys, and extolling the unlimited

MARCUS BRUTUS. 65

unlimited Command of his Father, *Cassius* rose up, and struck him two or three Boxes on the Ear: which when the Tutors and Relations of *Faustus* designed to enquire into, and to prosecute, *Pompey* forbad them, and sending for both the Boys together, examined the Matter Himself. And *Cassius* then is reported to have said thus, *Come on, Faustus, dare to speak before This Man those Words that provoked me, that I may strike thee again as I did before.* Such was the Disposition of *Cassius*.

But *Brutus* by many Persuasions of his familiar Friends, and many Letters from unknown Citizens, was roused up and pushed on to this Undertaking. For under the Statue of his Ancestor *Brutus*, who overthrew the Kingly Government, they writ these Words, *O that we had a Brutus now!* And, *O that Brutus were alive!* And *Brutus's* own Tribunal, on which he sat as Prætor, was filled each Morning with such Inscriptions as these, *You are asleep, Brutus;* and *You are not a true Brutus.* Now the Flatterers of *Cæsar* were the Occasion of all This, for among other invidious Honours which they strove to fasten upon *Cæsar*, they crowned his Statues by Night, with a design to stir up the People to salute him King instead of Dictator. But the quite contrary came to pass, as I have more particularly shewn in the Life of *Cæsar*.

When *Cassius* solicited Friends to engage in this Design against *Cæsar*, all readily consented upon Condition *Brutus* would be Head of the Conspiracy; for their Opinion was, that for this Enterprize they wanted not Hands or Resolution, but the Reputation and Authority of a Man, such as He was, to lead them on, and by his Presence justify the Undertaking: That without Him they should go about this Action with less Heart, and should lie under greater Suspicions when they had done it; because they knew all the World would think that if the Action were just and honourable, they were sure *Brutus* would not refuse to engage in it.

Cassius having considered these things with himself, went to *Brutus*, and made him the first Visit after their

falling out; and after the Compliments of Reconciliation passed, and former Kindnesses renewed between them, he asked him, *if he designed to be present at the Senate on the Calends of March, for it was discoursed, he said, that Cæsar's Friends intended then to move that he might be made King.* When Brutus answered, That he would not be there: *But what, says Cassius, if they should send for us? It is my Business then, replied Brutus, not to hold my Peace, but to stand up boldly, and die for the Liberty of my Country.* To which Cassius, with some Concern, answered, *But what Roman will suffer you to die? What, do you not know yourself, Brutus? Or do you think that those Inscriptions that you find upon your Prætor's Seat, were put there by Artisans, or the vile Rabble, and not by the first and most powerful Men of Rome? From other Prætors indeed they expect Largesses and Shows and Gladiators, but from You they claim, as an hereditary Debt, the Extirpation of Tyranny; they are all ready to suffer any thing on your account, if you will but shew yourself such as they think you are, and expect you should be.* Which said, he fell upon Brutus, and embraced him; and after This they parted, each to their several Friends.

Among those of Pompey's Faction there was one Caius Ligarius, whom Cæsar had pardoned, tho' accused for having been in Arms against him. This Man, not being so thankful for having been forgiven, as stomaching that Power which made him need a Pardon, hated Cæsar, but was one of Brutus his most intimate Friends. Brutus visiting him one day and finding him sick, O Ligarius, says he, *what a time have you found out to be sick in?* At which Words Ligarius raising himself, and leaning on his Elbow, took Brutus by the Hand, and said, *But, O Brutus, if you are on any Design worthy of yourself I am well.* From this time they tried the Inclinations of all their Acquaintance that they durst trust, and communicated the Secret to them, and took also into the Conspiracy not only their familiar Friends, but as many as they believed bold and brave, and Despisers

of Death. For which Reason they concealed the Plot from *Cicero*, tho' he was very much trusted, and as well beloved by them All, left to his own Disposition, which was naturally timorous, adding the Wariness and Caution of old Age, and weighing every Particular, that he might not make one Step without the greatest Security, he should blunt the Edge of their Forwardness and Resolution, in a Business which required all the Dispatch imaginable.

There were also two Others who were Companions of *Brutus*; *Statilius* the *Epicurean*, and *Favonius* a Follower of *Cato*, whom he left out of the Conspiracy, for this Reason: As he was discoursing one Day with them at a distance, and proposing some Questions to be disputed of as among the Philosophers, to try what Opinion they were of, *Favonius* declared his Judgment to be, That a Civil War was worse than the most unjust Tyranny: And *Statilius* held, That to bring himself into Troubles and Danger, upon the Account of evil or foolish Men, did not become a Man who had any Wisdom or Discretion. But *Labeo* who was present, contradicted them Both; and *Brutus*, as if it had been an intricate Dispute, and difficult to be decided, held his Peace for that time; but afterwards discovered the whole Design to *Labeo*, who readily undertaking it, the next thing that was thought convenient, was to gain the other *Brutus*, fir-named *Albinus*, a Man of himself of no great Bravery or Courage, but considerable for the Number of Gladiators which he bred up for the publick Shews, and the great Confidence *Cæsar* put in him. When *Cassius* and *Labeo* discoursed with him concerning this Matter, he gave them no Answer: but meeting *Brutus* Himself alone, and finding that He was their Chief, he readily consented to partake in the Action; and the very Name of *Brutus* brought many Others, and Those of the best Quality, over to the Conspirators: Who tho' they neither gave or took any Oath of Secrecy, nor used any other sacred Rite, to assure their Fidelity to each other, yet all of them kept their

their Design so close, were so wary, and managed it so silently among themselves, that tho' by Prophecies, by wonderful Apparitions and Prodigies, and by the Entrails of sacrificed Beasts, the Gods gave Warning of the Conspiracy, yet could it not be believed.

Now *Brutus* considering that the greatest Men of all *Rome* for Virtue, Birth or Courage, depended wholly upon Him, and surveying with Himself all the Dangers they were to encounter, strove as much as possible, when abroad, to keep his Uneasiness of Mind to Himself, and compose his unquiet Thoughts; but at home, and especially at Night, he was not the same Man, but sometimes his working care would make him start out of his Sleep, and other times he was so taken up with Thoughts, and so perplexed in his Mind, that his Wife, who lay by him, could not choose but take notice that he was full of unusual Trouble, and had some dangerous and difficult Affair in Agitation. *Porcia*, as was said before, was the Daughter of *Cato*; and *Brutus*, tho' her Cousin-german, had married her very young, tho' not a Maid, but after the Death of her former Husband, by whom she had one Son named *Bibulus* after his Father; and there is a little Book of his still extant, called *The Memoirs of Brutus*. This *Porcia* being addicted to Philosophy, a great Lover of her Husband, and full of Courage and Prudence, resolved not to inquire into *Brutus* his Secrets, before she had made this Trial of her Patience and Resolution. She turned all her Attendants out of her Chamber, and taking a little Knife, such as they use to cut Nails with, she gave herself a deep Gash in the Thigh, upon which followed a great Flux of Blood, and soon after violent Pains, and a dangerous Fever, occasioned by the Anguish of the Wound. Now when *Brutus* was mightily afflicted for her, she in the height of all her Pain spoke thus to him: *I, Brutus, being the Daughter of Cato, was given to you in Marriage, not like a Concubine, to partake only in the common Civilities of Bed and Board, but to bear a part in all your good*
and

MARCUS BRUTUS. 69

and all your evil Fortunes : And for my part, when I look upon you, I find no Reason to repent the Match ; but from Me, what Evidence of my Love, what Satisfaction can you receive, if I may not share with you in bearing your most hidden Grievs, nor be admitted to any of your Counsels that require Secrecy and Trust ? I know very well that Women seem to be of too weak a Nature to be trusted with Secrets ; but certainly, Brutus, a virtuous Birth and Education, and a Conversation with the Good and Honourable, are of some force to the forming our Manners, and strengthening our natural Weakness. And I can boast that I am the Daughter of Cato, and the Wife of Brutus ; in which two great Titles, tho' before I put too little Confidence, yet now I have try'd myself, and find, that even against Grief and Pain itself I am invincible. Which Words having spoke, she shewed him her Wound, and related to him the whole Trial that she had made of her own Constancy : At which, being astonished, he lifted up his Hands to Heaven, and begged the Assistance of the Gods in his Enterprize, that he might live to be a Husband worthy of such a Wife as Porcia. So having ordered the Wound to be dressed he comforted his Wife and left her.

A Meeting of the Senate being appointed, at which it was generally believed that Cæsar would be present, the Conspirators agreed to make use of that Opportunity : For then they might appear all together without Suspicion ; and besides they had Hopes that all the most noble and leading Men of the Commonwealth who would be then assembled, as soon as the Deed was done, would immediately appear for them, and assert the common Liberty. The very Place too where the Senate was to meet, seemed to be, by Divine Appointment, favourable to their Purpose : It was a Porch that had one Nich towards the Theatre, in which there stood a Statue of Pompey, erected to him by the Commonwealth, when it adorned that part of the City with the Porticos and the Theatre. To this Place it was that the Senate was called on the Ides of March ; so that some

some God seemed to Them to bring *Cæsar* thither, to revenge upon him the Death of *Pompey*.

As soon as it was Day, *Brutus* taking with him a Dagger, which none but his Wife knew of, went abroad: The rest met together at *Cassius* his House, and brought forth his Son, that was that Day to put on the *Manly Gown*, as it was called, into the *Forum*; and from thence going all to *Pompey's* Porch, stayed there, and expected the coming of *Cæsar* to the Senate. Here it was chiefly that any one who had known what they had purposed, would have admired the unconcerned Temper, and the steady resolution of these Men, in the most dangerous Undertaking; for many of them being *Prætors*, and by their Office obliged to judge and determine Causes, did not only hear calmly all who made any Application to them, or had any Suits depending before them, as if they were free from all other Thoughts, but decided Causes with as much Accuracy and Judgment, as they had heard them with Attention and Patience. And when a certain Person refused to stand to the Award of *Brutus*, and with great Clamour protesting against the Sentence appealed to *Cæsar*, *Brutus* looking round about him upon Those who were present, said, *Cæsar does not hinder me, nor shall He hinder me from doing according to the Laws*. Yet there were many unusual Accidents that disturbed them, and by meer chance were thrown in their way: The first and chiefest was, The long Stay of *Cæsar*, tho' the Day was far spent, he being detained at home by his Wife, and forbidden by the Soothsayers to go forth upon some Defect that appeared in his Sacrifice. Another was This, There came a Man up to *Casca*, one of the Conspirators, and taking him by the Hand, *You concealed*, said he, *the Secret from Me, but Brutus has told me all*. At which Words when *Casca* was surpris'd, the other said laughing, *How come you to be so rich of a sudden as to stand to be chosen Ædile?* So near was *Casca* to have discovered the Secret, Being deceived by the Ambiguity of the other's Discourse. Then *Popilius Læna*, a Senator,

tor, having saluted *Brutus* and *Cassius* very obligingly, whispered them softly in the Ear, and said, *My Wishes are with you, that you may accomplish what you design, and I advise you to make no delay, for the thing is now no Secret.* This said, he parted, and left them in a great Consternation, suspecting that the Design had taken Vent. In the mean while there came one in all haste from *Brutus* his House, and brought him News that his Wife was dead: For *Porcia* being extremely disturbed with the Expectation of this Event, and not able to bear the greatness of her Cares, could scarce keep herself within Doors; and at every little Noise or Voice she heard, leaping forth, and starting suddenly, like one of the mad Priestesses of *Bacchus*, asked every one that came from the *Forum*, *What Brutus was doing?* and continually sent one Messenger after Another to enquire. At last, after long Expectation, the Strength of her Body could hold out no longer, but overcome with her Doubts and Fears, she fainted away. She had not time to betake herself to her Chamber, for as she was sitting amongst her Women, a sudden Want of Spirits, and a great Weakness seized her, her Colour changed, and her Speech failed her. At this Sight her Women made a great and lamentable Outcry, and many of the Neighbours running to *Brutus* his House, to know what was the Matter, the Report was soon spread abroad that *Porcia* was dead; tho' she recovered in a little while, and came to herself again. When *Brutus* received this News, he was extremely troubled, nor without Reason, yet was he not so carried away by his private Grief, as to neglect the publick Concern: For now News was brought that *Cæsar* was coming, carried in a Sedan; for being discouraged by the ill Omens that attended his Sacrifices, he had determined to undertake no Affairs of any great Importance that Day, but to defer them 'till another time, pretending that he was sick. As soon as he came out of his Sedan, *Pompius Læna*, He who but a little before had wished *Brutus* good Success in his Undertaking, coming up to him, discoursed

discoursed a great while with him, *Cæsar* standing still all the while, and seeming to be very attentive. The Conspirators not being able to hear what he said, but guessing, by what Themselves were conscious of, that this Conference was the Discovery of their Treason, were strangely dejected, and looking upon one another, agreed from each other's Countenances, that they should not stay to be taken, but should all kill themselves. And now when *Cassius* and some others were laying Hands upon their Daggers under their Robes, and were drawing them out, *Brutus* viewing narrowly the Looks and Gestures of *Lana*, and finding that he was earnestly petitioning, and not accusing, said nothing, because there were many Strangers to the Conspiracy mingled amongst them, but with a chearful Countenance encouraged *Cassius*. And after a little while *Lana* having kissed *Cæsar's* Hand, went away, shewing plainly, that all his Discourse was about some particular Business relating to Himself.

Now when the Senate was gone in to the Place where they were to sit, some of the Conspirators got close to *Cæsar's* Chair, pretending they had some Suit to make to him, and *Cassius* turning his Face to *Pompey's* Statue, is said to have invoked it, as if it had been sensible of his Prayers. *Trebonius* in the mean while drew *Antony* towards the Door, and kept him in Talk without the Court. *Cæsar* now entered, and the whole Senate rose up to him: As soon as he was sat down, they all seemingly very officious crowded round about him, and set *Tullius Cimber*, one of their own Number, to intercede in behalf of his Brother who was banished; they all joined their Prayers with His, and took *Cæsar* by the Hand, and kissed his Head and his Breast. But he rejecting at first their Supplications, and afterwards, when he saw they would not desist, violently rising up, *Tullius* with both Hands caught hold of his Robe, and pulled it off from his Shoulders, and *Casca*, who stood behind him, drawing his Dagger, gave him the first, but a slight Wound, near the Shoulder, *Cæsar* presently catching

catching hold of the Handle of the Dagger, and crying out aloud in *Latin*, *Villain Casca what dost thou?* He in *Greek* calling to his Brother, bad him come and help him. Now being wounded by a great many Hands, and looking round about him to see if there was any way to escape, as soon as ever he spied *Brutus* with his Dagger drawn against him he let go *Casca's* Hand, and covering his Head with his Robe, gave up his Body to the barbarous Murderers. They so eagerly pressed towards the Body, and so many Daggers were hacking together, that the Conspirators cut one another; *Brutus* particularly received a Wound in his Hand, and All of them were besmeared with Blood.

Cæsar being thus slain, *Brutus* stepping forth into the middle of the Senate-house, intended to have made a Speech, and called back, and encouraged the Senators to stay; but they all frightened, ran away in great Disorder, and there was a great Confusion and Press of People about the Gate, tho' None pursued or followed; for they had firmly resolved to kill no Body besides *Cæsar*, but to call and invite all the rest to Liberty. It was indeed the Opinion of all the Others, when they consulted about the Execution of their Design, that it was necessary to cut off *Antony* with *Cæsar*, looking upon Him as an insolent Man, an Affecter of Monarchy, and one who had gained a powerful Interest by his Conversation and Acquaintance in the Army. And This they urged the rather, because at that time, to the natural Ambition and Haughtiness of his Temper, there was added the Dignity of being Consul and Colleague to *Cæsar*. But *Brutus* opposed this Counsel, insisting first upon the Injustice of it, and afterwards giving them Hopes that a great Change might be worked in *Antony*. For he did not despair, but that *Cæsar* being taken off, so honourable a Man and such a Lover of Glory as *Antony*, stirred up with Emulation of their great Attempt, would lay hold of this Occasion to be joint Restorer with Them of the Liberty of his Country. Thus did *Brutus* save *Antony's* life, but He in the general Consternation put himself

into a *Plebeian* Habit and fled. *Brutus* and his Party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their way shewing their Hands all bloody, and their naked Swords, proclaimed Liberty to the People. At the first all Places were filled with Lamentation; and the wild running to and fro, occasioned by the sudden Surprise and Passion that every one was in, made a great Tumult in the City. But no other Murder following, and no Man being spoiled of his Goods, the Senators and many of the People took Courage, and went up to the Conspirators in the Capitol. *Brutus* made an Oration to them very Popular, and proper for the State Affairs were then in. Therefore when they applauded his Speech, and cried out to him to come down, they all took Confidence, and descended into the *Forum*; the rest were promiscuously mingled with one another; but many of the most eminent Quality attended *Brutus*, conducted him between them with great Splendor from the Capitol, and placed him in the *Rostrum*. At the Sight of *Brutus* the Rabble, though consisting of a confused Mixture, and all disposed to make a Tumult, were struck with Reverence, and expected what he would say, with Order and with Silence; and when he began to speak, heard him with all imaginable Quiet and Attention. But they all made it appear soon after how much they were displeased at the Action; for when *Cinna* began to speak, and accuse *Cæsar*, they broke out into a sudden Rage, and railed at him in such opprobrious Language, that the Conspirators thought fit again to withdraw to the Capitol, and *Brutus* expecting to be besieged, dismissed the most Eminent of those who had accompanied them thither, not thinking it just that They who were not Partakers of the Fact should share in the Danger. But the next Day the Senate being assembled in the Temple of *Tellus*, and *Antony* and *Plancus* and *Cicero* having made Orations, to move the People to forget what was past, and to be mutually reconciled, it was decreed, That the Conspirators should not only be put out of all Fear or Danger, but that the Consuls should take care of what

Honours

Honours and Dignities were proper to be conferred upon them. When This was done, the Senate broke up, and *Antony* having sent his Son as an Hostage to the Capitol, *Brutus* and his Accomplices came down, and mutual Salutes and Invitations past between them. *Antony* invited *Cassius* to Supper, *Lepidus* did the same by *Brutus*, and the rest were invited and treated by Others, as each of them had either Acquaintance or Friends among them.

As soon as it was Day, the Senate ordered Thanks to *Antony*, for having stified the beginning of a Civil War; afterwards *Brutus* and his Associates present received likewise the Thanks of the Senate, and had Provinces assigned, and distributed among them. *Crete* was allotted to *Brutus*, *Africa* to *Cassius*, *Asia* to *Trebonius*, *Bithynia* to *Cimber*, and to the other *Brutus* that part of *Gallia* which lies about the *Po*. After these things, they began to consider of *Cæsar*'s Will, and the ordering of his Funeral; *Antony* desired that the Will might be read, and that the Body should not have a private or dishonourable Interment, lest That should further exasperate the People. This *Cassius* violently opposed, but *Brutus* yielded to it, in which he seems to have a second time miscarried: For as before in sparing the Life of *Antony*, he could not be without some blame from his Party, in preserving a Person who was a violent Enemy to the Conspiracy; so now in suffering him to have the ordering of the Funeral, he fell into a total and irrecoverable Error. For first, it appearing by the Will, that *Cæsar* had bequeathed to the Roman People three hundred Sesterces a Man, and given to the Publick his Gardens beyond *Tiber* (where now the Temple of *Fortune* stands) the whole City was fired with a wonderful Affection for him, and a passionate Sense of the loss of him. And afterwards when the Body was brought forth into the *Forum*, *Antony*, as the Custom was, making a Funeral Oration in the Praise of *Cæsar*, and finding the Multitude moved with his Speech, to stir them up yet farther to Compassion, he unfolded the bloody Garment of *Cæsar*, shewed them in how many

places it was pierced, and exposed to their view the number of his Wounds. Hereupon there was nothing to be seen but Confusion, Some cried out to kill the Murderers, Others (as was formerly done in the Case of *Clodius* that Firebrand of Sedition) tore away the Benches and Tables out of the Shops round about, and heaping them all together, raised a great Funeral Pile, and having put the Body of *Cæsar* upon it, set it on Fire. The place wherein This was done, was furrounded with a great many Temples and other consecrated Houses, so that they seemed to burn the Body in a kind of sacred Solemnity: As soon as the Fire flamed out, the Multitude flocking in, Some from one part, and Some from Another, snatched the Brands that were half burnt out of the Pile, and ran about the City to fire the Houses of the Conspirators. But They having before-hand well fortified themselves, escaped the Danger.

There was a certain Poet, called *Cinna*, not at all concerned in the Guilt of the Conspiracy, but on the contrary one of *Cæsar*'s Friends: This Man dreamt that he was invited to Supper by *Cæsar*, and that he denied to go, but that the Emperor intreated, and prest him to it very earnestly; and at last taking him by the Hand led him into a very deep and dark place, whither he was forced against his Will to follow, in great Consternation and Amazement. After this Vision he had a Fever the most part of the Night, nevertheless in the Morning hearing that the Body of *Cæsar* was to be carried forth to be Interred, he was ashamed not to be present at the Solemnity; but came abroad, and mingled himself with the People after they had been thus stirred up, and enraged by the Speech of *Antony*. The Multitude perceiving him, and taking him not for that *Cinna*, (who indeed he was) but for Him who a little before in a Speech to the People had reproached and inveighed against *Cæsar*, fell upon him and tore him to pieces. This Action chiefly, and the Alteration that *Antony* had wrought, so alarmed *Brutus* and his Party, that for their Safety they retired from the City: The first stay
they

they made was at *Antium*, with a Design to return again as soon as the Fury of the People had spent itself and was abated, which they expected would soon and easily come to pass, in an unsettled Multitude, apt to be carried away with such sudden and impetuous gusts of Passion, especially since they had the Senate so favourable to them: Which though they took no notice of those who had torn *Cinna* to pieces, yet made a strict search, and apprehended in order to Punishment such as had assaulted the Houses of the Conspirators. By this time also the People began to be dissatisfied with *Antony*, who they perceived was setting up a kind of Monarchy for Himself; they longed for the return of *Brutus*, whose Presence they expected, and hoped for at the Games, and Spectacles, which He, as *Prætor*, was to exhibit to the Publick. But He having Intelligence that many of the old Soldiers who had born Arms under *Cæsar*, by Whom they had had Lands and Colonies given them, lay in wait for him, and by small Parties at a time had stolen into the City, would not venture to come Himself; however in his Absence, there were most magnificent and costly Shows exhibited to the People; for having bought up a great number of all sorts of wild Beasts, he gave positive Order, that not any of them should be given away, or saved, but that they should be all used in those Spectacles. He went in Person as far as *Naples*, to procure a considerable number of *Comedians*; and hearing of one *Canutius* who was very much cried up for his Acting upon the Stage, he writ to his Friends, to use all their Intreaties to bring him to *Rome*, (for being a *Græcian*, he could not be compelled;) he writ also to *Cicero*, begging him by no means to omit being present at the Publick Shews.

This was the Posture of Affairs, when another sudden Alteration was made, upon *Octavius* his Arrival at *Rome*; he was Son to the Sister of *Cæsar*, who adopted him, and left him Heir by his Will. At the time when the Murder was committed, he was following his Studies at *Apollonia*, where he staid expecting to meet

Cæsar, in the Expedition he had designed against the *Partians*; but hearing of his Death he immediately came to *Rome*, and to ingratiate himself with the People, taking upon Himself the Name of *Cæsar*, and punctually distributing among the Citizens the Money that had been left them by the Will, he soon got the better of *Antony*; and by his Largeſſies, which he liberally diſperſed amongſt the Soldiers, gathered together and brought over to his Party, a great number of Thoſe who had ſerved under *Cæſar*. *Cicero* Himſelf, out of the Hatred which he bore to *Antony*, ſided with *Oſtavius*; which *Brutus* took ſo ill, that he treated with him very ſharply in his Letters, telling him, *That he perceived Cicero could well enough endure a Tyrant, but was afraid that He who hated him ſhould be the Man; that in writing and ſpeaking ſo well of Oſtavius, he ſhewed that his only aim was to enjoy an eaſy and gentle Slavery: But our Forefathers (ſaid Brutus) could not brook even gentle Maſters. Further he added, That for his own part he had not as yet fully reſolved, whether he ſhould make War or Peace: But that as to one point he was fixed and ſettled, which was never to be a Slave; that he wondered Cicero ſhould fear the danger of a Civil War, and not be much more afraid of a diſhonourable and infamous Peace: That all he could hope for in deſtroying the Tyranny of Antony, was to make Oſtavius the Tyrant.* And This is the Subſtance of *Brutus's* firſt Letters to *Cicero*.

The City being now divided into two Factions, Some betaking themſelves to *Cæſar*, and Others to *Antony*, the Soldiers ſelling themſelves, as it were, by publick Outcry, and going over to Him who would give them moſt, *Brutus* began to deſpair of any good Event of ſuch Proceedings, and reſolving to leave *Italy*, paſſed by Land through *Lycania*, and came to *Elea* which is ſituated on the Sea-side. From hence it was thought convenient, that *Porcia* ſhould return to *Rome*; ſhe was overcome with Grief to part from *Brutus*, but ſtrove as much as was poſſible to conceal it; yet in ſpite of all her Melancholy

MARCUS BRUTUS. 79

ly Resolutions, a Picture which she found there accidentally betrayed it. The Story of it was that Parting of *Hector* from *Andromache*, when he went to engage the *Greeks*, giving his young Son *Asfyanax* into her Arms, and *Andromache* fixing her Eyes upon him, with an earnest and affectionate Look. As soon as she espied this Piece; the Resemblance it bore to her own Concern made her burst out into Tears, and several times a Day she walked where that Picture hung to gaze at it, and weep before it. Upon this occasion, when *Acilius*, one of *Brutus's* Friends, repeated out of *Homer* these Verses, wherein *Andromache* saith,

*Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My Father, Mother, Brethren, all in Thee.* Pope.

Brutus replied with a Smile, *But I must not answer Porcia, as Hector did Andromache,*

—— *hasten to thy Tasks at home,
There guide the Spindle, and direct the Loom.* Pope.

For though the natural Weakness of her Body binders her from acting what only the Strength of Men can perform, yet she has a Mind as valiant, and as active for the good of her Country, as the Best of us. This Relation is in the Memoirs of Brutus, written by Bibulus, the Son of Porcia.

Brutus took Ship from thence, and sailed to *Athens*; where he was received by the People with great Demonstrations of Kindness, which they expressed in their loud Acclamations, and the Honours decreed him by the Publick. He lived there with one who had been formerly his Guest, and was a constant Auditor of *Theomnestus* the *Academick*, and *Cratippus* the *Peripatetick*, with whom he was so engaged in a Philosophical Conversation, that he seemed to have laid aside all thoughts of publick Business, that he might be wholly at leisure for Study and Philosophy. But all this while being
unsuspected

unsuspected he was secretly making Preparation for War; in order to which he sent *Herostrates* into *Macedonia*, to bring over the Commanders that were there to his side, and He Himself caressed and won upon the Affections of all the young *Roman* Gentlemen, who were then Students at *Athens*. Of this Number was *Cicero's* Son, whom he every where highly extolled, and said, that *whether sleeping or waking, he could not choose but admire a young Man of so great a Spirit, and such a Hater of Tyrants.*

At length he began to act openly, and to appear in publick Business; and being informed, that there were several *Roman* Ships very richly laden, that in their Course from *Asia* were to touch at *Athens*, and that they were commanded by one of his Friends, he went and met him near *Carystus*, a City of *Eubæa*. There entering into a Conference with him he persuaded him to deliver up the Ships to Him, and made him a very splendid Entertainment, for it happen'd to be his Birthday. Now when they came to drink somewhat briskly, and were making Libations for Victory to *Brutus*, and Liberty to *Rome*; *Brutus*, to animate them the more, called for a larger Bowl, and holding it in his Hand, upon no Occasion or Fore-thought on a sudden pronounced aloud this Verse,

Fate and Apollo against me conspire.

Some Historians write, that in the last Battle which he fought at *Philippi*, the Word that he gave to the Soldiers was *Apollo*, and from thence conclude, that this sudden unaccountable Exclamation of His was a Presage of the great Overthrow that he suffered there.

Antistius, the Commander of these Ships, at his Parting gave him five hundred thousand Sesterces of the Money that he was conveying to *Italy*. And all the Remains of *Pompey's* Army, which after their General's Defeat wandred about *Thessaly*, readily and joyfully joined themselves to *Brutus*. Besides This he took from

Cinna

Cinna five hundred Horse which he was leading to *Dolabella* in *Asia*. After that he sailed to *Demetrias*, and there seized a great Quantity of Arms, which had been provided by the Command of *Julius Caesar* for the *Parthian* War, and were now designed to be sent to *Antony*. Then was *Macedonia* put into his Hands, and delivered up by *Hortensius* the Prætor, and all the Kings and Potentates round about willingly offered themselves to join with him. When News was brought that *Caius*, the Brother of *Antony*, having passed through *Italy*, was marched on directly to join the Forces that *Gabinus* commanded in *Dyrrachium* and *Apollonia*, *Brutus* designed to prevent him, and to seize them first, and in all haste moved forwards with as many as he had about him; his March was very difficult, through rugged Places, and in a great Snow, but so swift, that he had left Those who were to bring his Provisions a great Way behind. And now being very near to *Dyrrachium*, with Weariness and Cold, he fell into a Distemper called *Bulimia*, or Violent Hunger: This is a Disease which seizes both Men and Cattle, after much Labour, and especially in a great Snow: Whether it is caused by the natural Heat, which, when the Body is seized with Cold, is forced all inwards, and suddenly consumes all the Nourishment laid in; or whether the sharp and subtile Vapour, which comes from the Snow as it dissolves, penetrates the Body, as it were, and destroys the Heat which is thence dispersed through the Pores; for the Sweatings, which are frequent in this Distemper, seem to arise from the Heat meeting with the Cold, and being quenched by it in the Superficies of the Body. But of This I have discoursed more at large in another place. *Brutus* growing very faint, and there being none in the whole Army who had any thing for him to eat, his Servants were forced to have Recourse to the Enemy, and going as far as to the very Gates of the City, begged Bread of the Centinels that were upon Duty. As soon as they heard of the sad Estate of *Brutus*, they came Themselves, and brought both Meat and Drink along with

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with them ; for which Act of Humanity *Brutus*, when he took the City, shewed all Kindness and Civility, not to Them only, but to all the rest of the Inhabitants for their Sakes.

Caius Antonius being now arrived at *Apollonia*, summoned all the Soldiers that were quartered near that City to join him there ; but finding that they nevertheless went all to *Brutus*, and suspecting that even Those of *Apollonia* were inclined to the same Party, he quitted that City, and came to *Butbrotus* ; having first lost three Companies of his Men, who in their March thither were cut to Pieces by *Brutus*. After This attempting to make himself Master of some strong Places about *Byllis*, which the Enemy had first seized, he was overcome in a set Battle by young *Cicero*, to whom *Brutus* gave the Command of the Army that Day, and whose Conduct he made use of often, and with great Success. *Caius Antonius* was surprised in a marshy Place, from whence he could not retire ; and *Brutus* having him in his Power, would not suffer his own Soldiers to fall upon Those of the Enemy ; but encompassing them with his Horse, gave Command that none of them should be killed, for that in a little time they would All be of his side ; which accordingly came to pass, for they surrendered both Themselves and their General : So that *Brutus* had by this time a very great and considerable Army. He shewed all Marks of Honour and Esteem to *Caius Antonius* for a long time, nor took away any of his Titles or Dignities, tho' as Some report, he had several Letters from *Rome*, and particularly from *Cicero*, advising him to put him to Death. But at last *Brutus* perceiving that he began to hold private Consults, and corrupt his Officers, and was raising a Sedition amongst the Soldiers, he put him aboard a Ship, and kept him close Prisoner. In the mean time, the Soldiers who had been corrupted by him were retired to *Apollonia*, from whence they sent *Brutus* Word that if he would come thither to them they would return to their Duty. He answered, *That*
This

This was not the Custom of the Romans, but that it became Those who had offended to come Themselves to their General, and beg Forgiveness of their Crimes, which they did, and accordingly received their Pardon.

As he was preparing to pass into *Asia*, there was an Account brought to him of the Alteration that had happened at *Rome*, where the young *Cæsar* assisted by the Senate, in Opposition to *Antony*, was got into great Power. And having now thrown his Competitor out of *Italy*, began Himself to be very formidable; Suing for the Consulship contrary to Law, and maintaining a great Army, of which the Commonwealth had no manner of Need. At length perceiving that the Senate, dissatisfied with his Proceedings, began to cast their Eyes abroad upon *Brutus*, and decreed and confirmed the Government of several Provinces to Him, he was in some Apprehension of Danger. Therefore dispatching Messengers to *Antony*, he desired that there might be a Reconciliation, and a strict Friendship between them. Then drawing all his Forces about the City he in a manner forced them to choose him Consul, tho' he was but very young, being scarce twenty Years old, as He Himself writes in his Commentaries. At his first Entry upon the Consulship he immediately ordered a Judicial Process to be issued out against *Brutus* and his Accomplices, for having murdered the greatest Man, and the highest Magistrate of *Rome*, without being heard or condemned; and appointed *L. Cornificius* to accuse *Brutus*, and *M. Agrippa* to accuse *Cassius*. None appearing to plead their Cause, the Judges were forced to pass Sentence and condemn them Both. It is reported, that when the Crier (as the Custom was) with a loud Voice cited *Brutus* to appear, the People could not keep in their Sighs, and Those of the best Quality hung down their Heads for Grief. *Publius Silicius* was seen to burst out into Tears, which was the Cause that not long after he was put down in the List of Those who were proscribed. Now the *Triumviri*, *Cæsar*, *Antony* and *Lepidus*, being perfectly reconciled, shared the Provinces among Themselves,

selves, and made up that black List or Proscription of two hundred Roman Citizens, who had a Price set upon their Heads, and were doomed to die, in which Number was Cicero, who was slain on that Occasion. This News being brought to Brutus in Macedonia, he was forced to send Orders to Hortensius, that he should kill Caius Antonius, in Revenge of the Death of Cicero his Friend, and Decius Brutus his near Kinsman, who also was proscribed and slain. Upon this Account it was that Antony, having afterwards taken Hortensius in the Battle of Philippi, slew him upon his Brother's Tomb. Brutus declared openly that he was more ashamed for the Cause of Cicero's Death, than grieved for the Misfortune of it, and could not help accusing his Friends at Rome, who were Slaves more through their own Fault, than of Those who Lorded it over them: and could see and be present, and yet suffer those things, which even to hear related, ought to have been insupportable.

Brutus having caused his Army, which was already very considerable, to pass into Asia; ordered a Fleet to be made ready in Bithynia and Cyzicum for them to embark in: But himself going the Way by Land, took care to settle and confirm to Himself all the Cities, and gave Audience to the Prince of the Parts through which he passed; and sent Orders to Cassius in Syria to come to him, and leave his intended Journey into Ægypt; letting him understand, that it was not to gain an Empire for Themselves, but to free their Country, that they had got an Army together; that they were not to run wandering up and down, but remembering what they had undertaken, and persevering in their first Intentions, they ought not to be too far from Italy, but to make what haste they could thither, and endeavour to relieve their Fellow-Citizens.

Cassius obeyed his Summons, and set out to join him. At the same time Brutus went to meet him, and their first Interview was at Smyrna. This was the first time they had seen one another since they parted at Piræus in Athens; One for Syria, and the Other for Macedonia.

They

They were Both overjoyed, and raised to the highest Degree of Confidence of their Success, from the Forces that each of them had got together: for whereas when they left *Italy* they were forced in a manner to fly from it like despicable Exiles, without Money, without Arms, without a Ship, a Soldier, or City to rely on, they were now notwithstanding in so short a space met together, so well furnished with Shipping and Money, and an Army both of Horse and Foot, that they were in a Condition to contend for the Empire of *Rome*. *Cassius* was desirous to shew as much Respect and Honour to *Brutus*, as *Brutus* did to Him: But *Brutus* still prevented him, for the most part coming to Him, both because he was the elder Man, and of a more weakly Constitution than Himself. Men generally reckoned *Cassius* a very expert Soldier, but of a harsh and angry Nature, and one who desired to Command rather by Fear than Love; though on the other side among his familiar Acquaintance he was given to scurrilous Jestings, and loved to play the Buffoon. But *Brutus*, for the sake of his Virtue, was esteemed by the People, beloved by his Friends, admired by all good Men, and hated by none, no, not even his very Enemies: For he was of an extraordinary mild Nature, great Magnanimity, insensible of the Passions of Anger, Pleasure, or Covetousness; steady and inflexible in his Opinion, and zealous for whatever he thought Just and Honest. And that which gained him the greatest Credit and Reputation among the People, was their inviolable Opinion of his Uprightness, and Integrity in all his Undertakings. Whereas no Man ever imagined that *Pompey* even *Pompey* the Great Himself, if He had overcome *Cæsar*, would have submitted his Power to the Laws, but would have retained the Sovereign Authority in his own Hands under the specious Name of Consul or Dictator, or some other mild and more popular Title, with which he would have soothed and cajoled the People. As for *Cassius*, a Man inclined to Passion, and carried often by his covetous Humour beyond the Bounds of Justice, they well knew that He

endured all these Hardships of War, and Travel, and Danger, rather to obtain Dominion to Himself, than Liberty to the People. And as for the former Disturbers of the Peace of Rome, whether a *Cinna*, a *Marius*, or a *Carbo*, it is manifest that They having set their Country as a Stake for Him that should win, did almost own in expresse terms, that they fought for Empire. But even the Enemies of *Brutus* can't lay this Accusation to his Charge: Nay, many have heard *Antony* Himself say, *That Brutus was the only Man who conspired against Cæsar, out of a Sense of the Glory and Justice of the Action; but that all the rest rose up against the MAN, and not the TYRANT, from their own private Malice and Envy.* And it is plain, that *Brutus* (by what he writes himself) did not so much rely upon his Forces, as upon his own Virtue: For thus he speaks in his Epistle to *Atticus*, immediately before he was to engage with the Enemy. *That his Affairs were in the best state of Fortune that he could wish; for that either he should overcome, and restore Liberty to the People of Rome, or die, and be Himself free from Slavery. That all things else were in a fixed and settled Condition, and that only one thing still remained doubtful and uncertain, which was whether they were to live or die Free Men.* He adds further, *That Mark Antony had received a just Punishment for his Folly, who when he might have been numbred with the Brutii, Cassii, and Catos, chose rather to join himself with Octavius, and if they were not Both defeated in the ensuing Battle, they would very soon fall out between Themselves.* And in This he seems to have been no ill Prophet. Now, when they were at *Smyrna*, *Brutus* desired *Cassius* that he might have part of the great Treasure that He had heaped up, because all his Own was expended in furnishing out such a Fleet of Ships as was sufficient to keep the Sea in their Power. But the Friends of *Cassius* dissuaded him from This; for, said they, it is not just that the Money which You with so much Parsimony have saved, or got with so much Envy, should be given to Him, to be disposed of in making

making Himself popular, and gain the Favour of the Soldiers. Notwithstanding which, Cassius gave him a third part of all that he had; and then they parted each to their several Commands. Cassius having taken Rhodes, behaved himself there with great Cruelty; though at his first Entry, when Some had called him their King and Master, he answered, *that he was neither King nor Master, but the Destroyer of Him who would have been their King and Master.* Brutus, on the other part, sent to the Lycians, to demand from them a Supply of Money and Men; but Naucrates, a popular Man among them, persuaded the City to rebel; so that some of the Country possessed themselves of several little Mountains and Hills, with a Design to hinder Brutus's Passage: Brutus, at first, sent out a Party of Horse, which surprising them at Dinner, killed six hundred of them; and afterwards, having taken all their small Towns and Villages round about, he set all his Prisoners free without Ransom; hoping to win the whole Nation by his Clemency. But they continued obstinate; filled with Anger for what they had suffered, and despising his Goodness and Humanity; 'till having forced the most Warlike of them into the City of Xanthus, he besieged them there. Several endeavoured to make their Escape by Swimming and Diving under the River, but were taken by Nets for that purpose let down, which had little Bells at the top, to give present notice when Any were taken in them. The Xanthians after that made a Sally in the Night, and seizing several of the Battering Engines, set them on Fire; but being soon perceived by the Romans, were beaten back to their Wall; and there being a very violent Wind, it forced the Flames to the Battlements of the City with such fierceness, that several of the adjoining Houses took Fire. Brutus, fearing lest the whole City should be destroyed, commanded his own Soldiers to assist Those of the City, and to quench it. But the Lycians were on a sudden possessed with a strange and incredible Despair; such a Frenzy which cannot be better exprest, than by calling it a violent

Desire to die; for both Women and Children, the Bond-men and the Free, Persons of all Ages, and of all Conditions, strove to force away the Soldiers, who came in to their Assistance, from the Walls; and Themselves gathering together Reeds, and Wood, and other combustible Matter, spread the Fire over the whole City, feeding it with whatever Fuel they could get, and by all possible means exciting its Fury; so that the Flame having dispersed itself, and incircled the whole City, blazed out in so terrible a manner, that *Brutus* being extremely afflicted at their Calamity, got himself on Horseback, and rid round the Walls, earnestly desirous to preserve the City; and stretching forth his Hands to the *Xanthians*, begged of them, that they would spare Themselves, and save their Town. Yet none regarded his Intreaties, but by all manner of ways hastened their own Destruction; not only Men and Women, but even Boys and little Children, with a hideous Out-cry leaped into the Fire, Others threw themselves from the Walls, Others fell upon their Parents Swords, opening their Breasts, and desiring to be slain.

When almost the whole City was reduced to Ashes there was found a Woman who had hanged herself, with her young Child fastened to her Neck, and the Torch in her Hand, with which she had fired her own House: It was so Tragical a sight, that *Brutus* could not endure to see it; but wept at the very Relation of it; and proclaimed a Reward to any Soldier that could save a *Xanthian*. And it is said, that an hundred and fifty only were preserved, and even They against their Wills. Thus the *Xanthians*, after a long space of Years, the fatal Period of their Destruction being, as it were, accomplished, by their desperate Courage, revived the Memory of the Calamity of their Forefathers, who after the very same manner in the *Persian* War had fired their City, and destroyed themselves.

Brutus, after This, finding the *Patrians* resolved to make resistance, and hold out their City against him, was very unwilling to Besiege it; and was in great perplexity

MARCUS BRUTUS. 89

plexity left the same Frenzy might seize Them too. But having in his Power some of their Women Captives, he dismissed them all without any Ransom; and They returning, and giving an account to their Husbands and Fathers, who were of the greatest Quality, what an excellent Man *Brutus* was; how Sober, how Temperate, and how Just, persuaded them to yield themselves, and put their City into his Hands. From this time, all the Cities round about came into his Power, submitting themselves to him, and found him gracious and merciful, even beyond their Hopes and Expectations. For though *Cassius* at the same time had compelled every *Rhodian* to bring in all the Silver and Gold he was Master of; by which means he raised a Sum of eight thousand Talents, and besides That, condemned the Publick to pay the Sum of five hundred Talents more; *Brutus* without taking above a hundred and fifty Talents from the *Lycians*, and without doing them any other Injury, parted from thence with his Army to *Ionia*. Through the whole Course of this Expedition, *Brutus* did many memorable Acts of Justice, in dispensing Rewards and Punishments to Such as had deserved Either: One of which I will relate, because He Himself and every honest *Roman*, were in a particular manner pleased with it. When *Pompey* the Great, being overthrown by *Cæsar*, had fled to *Ægypt*, and landed near *Pelusium*, the Protectors of the young King consulted among themselves what was fit to be done on that Occasion, nor could they all agree in the same Opinion; Some being for receiving him, Others for driving him from *Ægypt*: But *Theodotus*, a *Chian* by Birth, and a Mercenary Teacher of Rhetorick, then attending upon the King, and, for want of better Men, being admitted into the Council, undertook to convince them, that both Parties were in the wrong; as well They who counselled to receive *Pompey*, as They who advised to send him away: That in their present Case, the thing only was necessary, to seize him, and to slay him; and ended his Speech with the Proverb, *That*

dead Men don't bite. The Council agreed to his Opinion, and *Pompey* the Great (an Example of incredible and unforeseen Events) was slain; and slain by the Rhetoric and Eloquence of *Theodotus*, as that Sophister Himself had the Impudence to boast. Not long after, when *Cæsar* came to *Ægypt*, some of the Murderers received their just Reward, and were put to Death as they deserved. But *Theodotus*, though he had gained from Fortune a little time for a poor despicable and wandering Life, yet could not lie hid from *Brutus*, as he passed through *Asia*; but being seized by him and executed, became more memorable by his Death than from any Transaction in the whole Course of his Life.

About this time *Brutus* sent to *Cassius*, to come to him at the City of *Sardis*; and when he was on his Journey, went forth with his Friends to meet him; and the whole Army being in Array, saluted each of them with the Name of Emperor. Now (as it usually happens in Business of great Concern, and wherein many Friends, and many Commanders are engaged) several Jealousies of each other, and private Accusations having passed between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, they resolved before they entered upon any other Business, immediately to withdraw into some private Apartment; where the Door being shut, and They two alone, they began first to expostulate, then to dispute hotly, and accuse each other; after That from the Liberty of Speech and hard Words, that passed between them, they were transported into Passion, and at last burst out into Tears. Their Friends, who stood without, were amazed, hearing them loud and angry, and feared lest some Mischief might follow, but yet durst not interrupt them, having been commanded not to enter the Room. But *Marcus Favonius*, one who had been a Follower of *Cato*, and not so much for his Reason or Wisdom, as for his wild and frantick Carriage, would pass for a Philosopher was rushing in upon them, but was hindred by the Attendants; but it was a hard Matter to stop *Favonius* where-ever his Wildness hurried him; for he was fierc

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and violent in all his Behaviour: And tho' he was a Senator, yet thinking That one of the least of his Excellencies, he valued himself more upon a sort of *Cynical* Liberty of speaking what he pleased; which sometimes was diverting enough to those who could bear with his impertinent Scurrility. This *Favonius* breaking by Force through Those who kept the Doors, entered into the Chamber, and with a mimical Voice pronounced this Verse which *Homer* puts in the Mouth of *Nestor*,

Be ruled, for I am elder than you both.

This made *Cassius* laugh; but *Brutus* thrust him out, calling him a *very Dog and counterfeit Cynick*; but yet for the present This put an End to their Dispute, and they Both parted. *Cassius* made a Supper that Night, and *Brutus* invited his Friends thither; when they were sat down, *Favonius* having bathed came in among them; *Brutus* called out aloud, and told him, he was not invited, and bid him go sit at the lower End of the Table: But He violently thrust himself in, and sat down in the Middle. The Entertainment was seasoned with a Conversation neither void of Wit nor Learning. The following Day, upon the Accusation of the *Sardinians*, *Brutus* publicly disgraced and condemned *Lucius Pella*, One who had been *Censor* of *Rome*, and been employed in Offices of Trust by Himself, for having embezzelled the Publick Money. This Action did not a little vex *Cassius*; for, but a few Days before, Two of his own Friends being accused of the same Crime, He only in private admonished them, but in publick absolved, and continued them in their Office. Upon this Occasion he accused *Brutus* of too much Rigour and Severity of Justice, in a time which required them to use more Gentleness and Favour. In Answer to This, "*Brutus* bid him remember the *Ides of March*, (the Day when they killed *Cæsar*) who himself did neither vex nor grieve Mankind, but was only the Support and
"Strength

“ Strength of such as did. He bid him consider, that
 “ if there was any Colour for Justice to be neglected,
 “ it had been better to have suffered the Injustice of
 “ *Cæsar’s* Friends, than give Impunity to their Own;
 “ for then, said he, we could have been accused of
 “ Cowardise only; whereas now if we connive at the
 “ Injustice of Others we make ourselves liable to the
 “ same Accusation, and as we share with them in the
 “ Guilt, so likewise shall we partake with them in the
 “ Pains, and the Hazards that attend it.” By which
 we may perceive what was *Brutus’s* Purpose, and the
 Rule of all his Actions.

About the time that they had designed to pass out
 of *Asia* into *Europe*, it was said, that a wonderful Ap-
 parition was seen by *Brutus*. He was naturally given to
 much Watching, and being used to great Moderation in
 his Diet, and having perpetual Employment, he al-
 lowed but a very small Portion of time for Sleep: He
 never slept in the Day-time, and in the Night then
 only when all his Business was finished, and when every
 one else being gone to Rest, he had no Body left to dis-
 course with him. But at this time the War being be-
 gun, having the whole State of it to consider, and be-
 ing very careful and solicitous of the Event, after his
 first Sleep, which he took moderately just after Supper,
 he spent all the rest of the Night in managing his most
 urgent Affairs; which if he had dispatched in time, he
 employed himself in Reading, ’till the third Watch;
 at which time the Centurions and Tribunes were used
 to come to him for Orders. Thus one Night, before
 he passed out of *Asia*, he was very late all alone in his
 Tent, with a dim Light burning by him, all the rest of
 the Army being hush’d and silent; and musing with him-
 self, and very thoughtful, as he turned his Eye to the
 Door, he saw a terrible and strange Appearance of a
 prodigious and frightful Body coming towards him with-
 out speaking. *Brutus* boldly asked it, *What art thou?*
Man or God? Or, upon what Business dost thou come to
 us? The Spirit answered, *I am thy Evil Genius, Bru-*
tus:

us: *Thou shalt see me at Philippi.* To which Brutus, not at all disturbed, replied, *Then I will see thee.*

As soon as the Apparition vanished, he called his Servants to him, who all told him, that they had neither heard any Voice, nor seen any Vision: From that time he continued watching, 'till the Morning; and then went to Cassius, and related to him the Apparition he had seen. He being bred up in the Principles of Epicurus's Philosophy, and being often used to dispute with Brutus concerning Matters of this Nature, spoke to him thus upon this Occasion; Brutus, *It is the Opinion of our Sect, that all that we feel or see, is not real and true; but that our Senses being apt to receive all sorts of Impressions are very treacherous; and the Imagination which is more quick and subtile, moves and varies them into all manner of Ideas, which have no real Existence in Nature, as readily as we imprint any Form upon Wax; so that it is easy for the Soul of Man, which has in itself both That which forms, and That which is formed, to vary it into what Shapes it pleases. This is evident from the sudden Changes of our Dreams, in which the Imagination upon very slight Principles, represents to us all sorts of Passions of the Soul, and Appearances of Things; for it is the Nature of the Mind to be in perpetual Motion, and that Motion is our Imagination and Thought: But besides all This, in your case, the Body being tired and worn out with continual Labours and Cares, naturally works upon the Mind, and keeps it in Suspence and Trouble. But that there should be any such thing as Dæmons or Spirits, or if there were, that they should have human Shape, or Voice, or Power, that can reach to Us, is altogether improbable; though I confess I could wish that there were such Beings, that we might not rely upon our Arms only, -and our Horses, and our Navy, all which are so great and powerful, but might be confident of the Assistance of the Gods also, in this our most Sacred and Honourable Attempt.*

With such Discourses as These, Cassius in some manner settled and composed the Mind of Brutus.

As soon as the Army began to march from whence they were encamped, two Eagles flew to them, and lighted on the two first Ensigns, and continually followed the Soldiers, and were fed by them 'till they came to *Philippi*, and there, but one Day before the Fight, they Both flew away. *Brutus* had already reduced most of the Places and People of these Parts, but he marched on as far as to the Coasts of *Thassos*, that if there were any City, or Man of Power, that yet stood out, he might force them all to Subjection. In these Parts *Norbanus* was encamped, in a Place called *The Straits*, near *Symbolon*: Him they surrounded in such Sort, as they forced him to dislodge and quit the Place; and *Norbanus* narrowly escaped losing his whole Army; *Cæsar*, by reason of his Sickness being left behind: For he had certainly been lost, had not *Antony* arrived to his Relief with such wonderful Swiftnes, that *Brutus* could not believe he was come. *Cæsar* came up to the Army ten Days after. *Brutus* was encamped over-against him, and *Cassius* over-against *Antony*. The Space between the two Armies is called by the *Romans* the Plains of *Pbilibpi*. Never did two so great *Roman* Armies appear together ready to engage each other. The Army of *Brutus* was somewhat less in Number than That of *Cæsar*: But in the Splendides of their Arms, and Richness of their Equipage, it did wonderfully exceed it; for most of their Arms were of Gold and Silver, which *Brutus* had lavishly bestowed among them: For though in other Things *Brutus* had accustomed his Commanders to use all Frugality and Moderation, yet he thought that the Riches which Soldiers carried about them in their Hands, and on their Bodies, would stir up the Ambition of Those who were desirous of Glory; and make Them who were covetous, and Lovers of Gain, fight the more valiantly to preserve their Arms, which were their Estate.

Cæsar made a View and Lustration of his Army within his Trenches, and distributed only a little Corn, and but five Drachmas to each Soldier for the Sacrifice.

But

But *Brutus*, either pitying this Poverty, or disdaining this Meanness of Spirit in *Cæsar*, first, as the Custom was, made a general Muster and Lustration of his Army in the open Field, and then distributed a great number of Beasts for Sacrifice to every Band, and fifty Drachmas to every Soldier: So that in the Love of his Soldiers, and their readiness to fight for him, *Brutus* had much the Advantage of *Cæsar*. At the time of Lustration, it is reported, that an unlucky Omen happened to *Cassius*; for one of his Officers presenting him with a Garland that he was to wear at the Sacrifice, gave it him with the Inside outward: Farther, it is said, That some time before, at a certain solemn Procession, the Golden Image of Victory, which was carried before *Cassius*, fell down by a slip of Him that bore it. Besides This, there appeared many Birds of Prey daily about the Camp, and several Swarms of Bees were seen in a Place within the Trenches, which Place the Soothsayers ordered to be shut out from the Camp, to remove the Superstition which insensibly began to prevail even with *Cassius* Himself, in spite of his *Epicurean* Philosophy, but had wholly infected and subdued the Soldiers: From whence it was that *Cassius* was very unwilling to put all to the hazard of a present Battle, but advised rather to draw out the War 'till farther time; considering that they were stronger in Money and Provisions, but in the Number of Men inferior. But *Brutus*, on the contrary, was still, as formerly, desirous to come with all speed to the Decision of a Battle; that so he might either restore his Country to her Liberty, or else deliver from their Misery all those Men who were harass'd with the Expences, Troubles and Dangers of the War. And finding also his Light-Horse, in several Skirmishes, still to have had the better, he was the more encouraged and resolved: And some of the Soldiers having deserted, and gone to the Enemy, and others beginning to accuse and suspect one another, many of *Cassius's* Friends in the Council changed their Opinions to That of *Brutus*. But there was one of *Brutus's* Party, named *Atellius*, who

who opposed his Resolution, advising rather that they should tarry 'till the next Winter. And when Brutus asked him, *In how much better a Condition he hoped to be a Year after ?* His Answer was, *If I gain nothing else, yet I shall live so much the longer.*

Cassius was much displeased at this Answer ; as were all the Officers present, and they all resolved to give Battle the next Day. Brutus that Night at Supper shewed himself very chearful and full of Hope ; and entertained his Guests with Reasonings and Discourses of Philosophy, and afterwards went to his Rest. But Messala says, that Cassius supped privately with a few of his nearest Acquaintance ; and that he appeared thoughtful and silent, contrary to his usual Temper and Custom. After Supper he took him by the Hand, and pressing it close as his Custom was, in Token of Good-will, he said to him in Greek, *Bear witness for me, Messala, that I am brought into the same-Necessity, as Pompey the Great was before me, of hazarding the Liberty of my Country upon one Battle: Yet ought we to be of Courage, relying on our good Fortune, which it were unjust to mistrust, though we have taken evil Counsels.* These, Messala says, were the last Words that Cassius spake before he bid him farewell ; and that He invited Cassius to sup with Him the next Night, being his Birth-day.

The next Morning as soon as it was light, the Signal of Battle, being a Scarlet Coat of Arms, was exposed in the Camps of Brutus and Cassius, and They themselves met in the middle space between their two Armies: There Cassius spoke thus to Brutus, *The Gods grant, O Brutus, that we may now overcome, and pass the rest of our Days in Repose and Prosperity. But since the greatest of human Concerns are the most uncertain, and since it will be very difficult for us ever to see one another again, if the Battle should go against us, tell me, what is your Resolution concerning Flight and Death ?* Brutus answered, *When I was young, Cassius, and unskilful in Affairs, I was engaged, I know not how, into an Opinion of Philosophy, which made me accuse Cato for killing himself, as being an*
irreligious

irreligious Act in itself, and unworthy a Man to quit the Post in which Providence hath placed him, and fly with Ignominy upon the first Provocation. But the Situation I am in at present has made me alter my Opinion; so that if Providence shall not dispose what we now undertake according to our Wishes, I resolve to try no farther Hopes, nor make any more Preparations for War, but will die contented with my Fortune. For I gave up my Life to the Service of my Country on the Ides of March; in Recompence for which I have ever since lived with Liberty and Honour.

Cassius at these Words smiled, and embracing Brutus, said, With these Resolutions let us go on upon the Enemy; for either We ourselves shall conquer, or have no cause to fear Those who do. After This they discoursed among their Friends about the Ordering of the Battle: And Brutus desired of Cassius, that he might command the Right Wing, though it was thought a Post more fit for Cassius, in regard both of his Age, and his Experience: Yet even in This Cassius complied with Brutus, and placed Messala with the most valiant of all his Legions, in the same Wing. Brutus immediately drew out his Horse, excellently well equipped, and took the same Care of bringing up his Foot after them. Now Antony's Soldiers were casting a Trench from the Marsh by which they were encamped, to cut off Cassius his Passage to the Sea. Cæsar was at a distance in his Tent, not being able to be present Himself, by reason of his Sickness. And his Soldiers not expecting the Enemy would come to a set Battle, but only make some Excursions with their Darts and light Arms to disturb Those who were working in the Trenches, and not taking enough notice of Them, who were coming directly upon them, were amazed when they heard the confused Out-cry that came from the Trenches. In the mean while Brutus sent to all the Commanders Tickets, in which was the Word of Battle; and Himself riding through the Ranks exhorted his Soldiers to do their Duty. There were but few of them who had Patience to stay for the Word, the greatest Part running, before it could be given, with loud Shouts upon

the Enemy. This Disorder caused a great Confusion in the Army, and the Legions were scattered and dispersed one from another: That of *Messala* first, and afterwards the next went beyond the left Wing of *Cæsar*; and without doing much more than putting some of the farthest Ranks in disorder, and killing a few of their Men, fell directly into *Cæsar*'s Camp. *Octavius* Himself (as his own *Commentaries* shew) had but just before been conveyed away, upon the Persuasion of *Artorius*, one of his Friends, who dream'd that he saw a Vision, which commanded *Cæsar* to be carried out of the Camp. This made it believed for some time that he was slain; for the Soldiers had pierced his Litter, which was left empty, in many Places with their Darts and Pikes. There was a great Slaughter in the Camp, and two Thousand *Lacedæmonians* who were newly come to the Assistance of *Cæsar*, were cut off. The rest of the Army that had not gone round by the left Wing of *Cæsar*, but had engaged his Front, easily overthrew them, being in great Consternation for the Loss of their Camp, and slew upon the place three Legions; and being carried on with the stream of Victory, pursuing Those, who fled, fell into the Camp with the Runaways, *Brutus* himself being among them. But the Conquered took the Advantage of what was unperceived by the Conquerors. They observed the left Wing of the Enemy, where *Cassius* commanded, to be naked, and separated from the Right, which had engaged too far in the Pursuit; wherefore they fell in great Fury upon the Flank, which was left open, and unguarded; so that tho' notwithstanding all their Efforts, they could make no Impression upon the main Body; which received them with great Courage and Resolution, they soon routed that Wing, as well by reason of the Disorder into which it fell, as from their Ignorance of what had passed in the Right under the Command of *Brutus*. The Enemy pursued them so close that they entered with them into their Camps, which they pillaged and destroyed, though neither of their Generals were present. For *Antony*, as they say, to avoid the

Fury

Fury of the first Onset, had retired into the Marsh that was hard by; and *Cæsar*, who by reason of his Sicknes had been conveyed out of the Camp, was no where to be found. This induced some of the Soldiers to present themselves to *Brutus*, and tell him that They had killed *Cæsar*, in Confirmation of which they shewed him their Swords all bloody, and described to him his Age, and Person.

The main Body of the Army where *Brutus* commanded had routed all Those who opposed them, so that he was evidently Conqueror on his side at the same time that *Cassius* was vanquished on the Other. And this one Mistake was the Ruin of their Affairs, That *Brutus* did not come to the Relief of *Cassius*, thinking that He, as well as Himself, was Conqueror; and that *Cassius* did not expect the Relief of *Brutus*, thinking that He too was overcome. For a Proof that the Victory was on *Brutus's* side, *Messala* urges his taking of three Eagles, and many Ensigns of the Enemy, without losing Any of his own. *Brutus* now returning from the Pursuit, after having destroyed *Cæsar's* Camp, wondered that he could not see the Tent of *Cassius*, standing high, as it was wont, and appearing above the rest, nor any of the Others round about it. For they were most of them overturned, and pillaged by the Enemy upon their first falling into the *Cassius* Camp. But Some who had a more quick and discerning Sight than the rest, acquainted *Brutus* that they saw a great deal of shining Armour, and Silver Targets moving to and fro about *Cassius's* Tents; they thought, that by their Number and their Armour, they could not be Those they had left to guard the Camp; but yet, there did not appear so great a number of dead Bodies thereabouts, as is probable would have been after the Defeat of so many Legions. This first made *Brutus* suspect *Cassius's* Misfortune; and leaving a sufficient Guard in the Enemies Camp, he called back Those who were in the Pursuit, rallied them together, and led them to the Relief of *Cassius*, who was now in this condition: First, he was angry at the first Onset that *Brutus* his Soldiers

made without the Word of Battle, or Command to charge. Then, after they had overcome, he was as much displeased to see them all rush on to the Plunder and Spoil, and neglect to surround and encompass the rest of the Enemy. Besides This, by his own Delay and Slowness, more than by the Briskness and Conduct of the Captains of the other side, he found himself hemmed in by the Right Wing of the Enemy, and all his Horse making with all haste their Escape, and flying towards the Sea; the Foot also began to fly, which he perceiving, laboured as much as ever he could to hinder their Flight, and bring them back; and snatching an Ensign out of the Hand of one that fled, he stuck it at his Feet, though he could hardly keep even his own Prætorian Band together: So that at last he was forced to fly with a few about him to a little Hill that over-looked all the Plain. But He Himself being weak-fighted, discovered nothing, only the Destruction of his Camp, and even That with much Difficulty; but They who were with him saw a great Body of Horse, sent by *Brutus*, moving towards him. *Cassius* believed These to be a Party of the Enemy, sent in Pursuit of him. However he ordered out *Titinius*, one of Those who attended him, to go, and get more certain Intelligence. As soon as *Brutus's* Horse saw him coming, and knew him to be a Friend, and a faithful Servant of *Cassius*, Those of them who were his more familiar Acquaintance shouting out for Joy, and alighting from their Horses, saluted and embraced him; and the rest rode round about him in great Triumph and Noise, through their Excess of Gladness at sight of him. But This proved fatal to *Cassius*, who could not comprehend what it all meant, but concluded that they were the Enemy who had thus surrounded *Titinius*, and made him their Prisoner. Hereupon he cried out, *Through too much Fondness of Life, I have lived to see my Friend taken by the Enemy before my Face.* When he had said This he retired into a private Tent, taking with him only *Pindarus*, one of his Freed-men, whom he had reserved for such an Occasion ever since the unhappy Battle against

the *Parthians*, where *Crassus* was slain. He escaped That Misfortune; but now wrapping his loose Garment about his Head, he made his Neck bare, and held it forth to *Pindarus*, commanding him to strike; and his Head was found lying severed from his Body; but no Man ever saw *Pindarus* after this Murder, from which some suspected, that he had killed his Master without his Command. Soon after, they perceived who the Horsemen were, and saw *Titinius* crowned with Garlands, making what haste he could towards *Cassius*. But as soon as he understood, by the Cries and Lamentations of his afflicted Friends, the unfortunate Error and Death of his General, he drew his Sword, and having very much accused and upbraided his own long Stay, that had caused it, he slew himself. *Brutus*, as soon as he was assured of the Defeat of *Cassius*, made haste to him; but heard nothing of his Death, 'till he came near his Camp: Then having lamented over his Body, calling him, *The last of all the Romans*, saying, *That it was impossible that the City should ever produce another Man of so great a Spirit*; he sent away the Body to be buried at *Tbassus*, lest celebrating his Funeral within the Camp, it might possibly breed some Disorder. He then gathered his Soldier together, and comforted them, and seeing them destitute of all things necessary, he promised to every Man two thousand Drachmas, in recompence of what they had lost.

They at these Words took Courage, and were astonished at the Magnificence of the Gift, and waited upon him at his parting, with Shouts and Praise, magnifying Him for the only General of all the Four, which was not overcome in the Battle. And indeed he proved by his Actions that it was not without Reason he believed he should Conquer; for with a few Legions he overthrew all that resisted him; and if all his Soldiers had fought, and most of them had not passed beyond the Enemy in Pursuit of the Plunder, it is very likely that he had utterly defeated them All. There fell of his side eight thousand Men, reckoning the Servants of the Army, whom *Brutus* called *Briges*: And on the other

side, *Messala* says, his Opinion is, that there were slain above twice that number; for which reason they were more out of Heart than *Brutus*, 'till a Servant of *Cassius*, named *Demetrius*, came in the Evening to *Antony*, and brought to him the Garment which he had taken from his Master's dead Body, and his Sword: At the sight of which they were so encouraged, that as soon as it was Morning they drew out their whole Force into the Field, and stood in Battle-Array against *Brutus*. But *Brutus* found both his Camps wavering and in Disorder; his Own being filled with Prisoners, required a Guard more strict than ordinary over them; and That of *Cassius* was much discontented at the Change of their General; besides They who had been beaten were seized with a secret Envy, and Indignation against Those who had conquered; wherefore he thought it convenient to put his Army in Array, but to abstain as much as he could from fighting.

All the Slaves that were taken Prisoners, of which there was a great number who by their Behaviour towards the Soldiers gave him reason to suspect they were tampering with them, he commanded to be slain; but of the Free-men and Citizens, some he dismissed, saying, *That they had before been taken by the Enemy, that with them they were Captives and Slaves indeed, but with Him Free-men and Citizens of Rome*. Others he was forced to hide, and help them to escape privately, perceiving that some of his Friends and Commanders were implacably bent upon Revenge against them. Among the Captives there was one *Volumnius*, a Mimick, and *Sacculio*, a Buffoon; of these *Brutus* took no manner of notice, but his Friends brought them before him, and accused them, that even then in that Condition they did not refrain from their abusive Jest and scurrilous Language. *Brutus* having his Mind taken up with other Affairs, said nothing to their Accusation; but the Judgment of *Messala Corvinus* was, That they should be whipped publickly upon a Scaffold, and so sent naked to the Captains of the Enemy, to shew them what sort of

Fellow-

Fellow-Drinkers and Companions were fit for such Warriors. At This Some who were present laughed ; but *Publius Casca*, He who gave the first Wound to *Cæsar*, said, *That it was not decent to jest and make so merry at the Funeral of Cassius.* But you, O Brutus, says he, will show what Esteem you have for the Memory of that General, in punishing or preserving Those who cannot forbear scoffing, and speaking abusively of him. To This Brutus, with great Indignation, replied, *Why then, Casca, do you tell Me of This, and not do yourself what you think fitting ?* This Answer of Brutus was taken for his Consent to the Death of these wretched Men ; so they were carried away and slain.

After This he gave the Soldiers the Reward he had promised them ; and having slightly reprov'd them, for falling upon the Enemy in disorder, without waiting either the Word of Battle or Command : He promised them, that if they behaved themselves bravely in the next Engagement, he would give them up two Cities to spoil and plunder, *Theſſalonica* and *Lacedæmon*. This is the only inexcusable Fault in the Life of Brutus. For if in the End *Antony* and *Cæsar* were much more cruel in the Rewards They gave their Soldiers after Victory ; if They drove out almost all the old Inhabitants of *Italy*, to put their Soldiers in possession of other Mens Lands and Cities ; it is well known that Their only Design and End in undertaking the War, was to obtain Dominion and Empire. Whereas the great Opinion the World had conceived of Brutus on Account of his Virtue would not allow Him either to overcome, or save himself, but by means truly just and honourable ; especially after the Death of *Cassius*, who was generally accused of putting Brutus upon several violent and cruel Actions. But now, as in a Ship, when the Rudder is broken by a Storm, the Mariners sit and nail on some other piece of Wood instead of it ; striving against the Danger not so well as before, but as well as in that Necessity they can ; So Brutus being at the Head of so great an Army, and engaged in such weighty Affairs, and having

having no Commander equal to *Cassius*, was forced to make use of Such as he had, and to do and to say many things according to their Advice ; which he chiefly followed in whatever he thought might conduce to the bringing of *Cassius's* Soldiers into better Order. For they were grown very head-strong and intractable, bold and insolent in the Camp for want of their General, but in the Field cowardly and fearful, remembering that they had been beaten. Neither were the Affairs of *Cæsar* and *Antony* in any better Posture ; for they were straitened for want of Provisions, and the Camp being in a low Ground, they expected to endure a very hard and sickly Winter. For being encompassed with Marshes, and a great quantity of Rain, as is usual in Autumn, having fallen after the Battle, their Tents were all filled with Mire and Water, which through the Coldness of the Weather froze immediately.

While they were in this condition, there was News brought to them of their Loss at Sea. For *Brutus's* Fleet fell upon their Ships, which were bringing a great Supply of Soldiers out of *Italy* ; and so intirely defeated them, that even very few escaped, and They were forced by Famine to feed upon the Sails and Tackle of the Ships. As soon as they heard This, they made what haste they could to come to the Decision of a Battle, before *Brutus* should have notice of his good Success. For it happened, that the Fight both by Sea and Land was on the same Day, but by some Misfortune, rather than the Fault of his Commanders, *Brutus* knew not of his Victory 'till twenty Days after. For had he been informed of it, he would never have come to a second Battle, since he had sufficient Provisions for his Army for a long time, and was very advantageously posted, his Camp being safe from the Injuries of the Weather, and almost inaccessible to the Enemy : And his being absolute Master of the Sea, and having at Land overcome on that side wherein He Himself was engaged, would have mightily encouraged him. But (it seems) the State of *Rome* not enduring any longer to be governed by Many,
but

but necessarily requiring a Monarchy, Providence, that it might remove out of the way the only Man who was able to resist Him who was destined to it, prevented *Brutus* from receiving Intelligence of that important Victory, 'till it was too late. For the very Evening before the Fight, *Claudius* a Defserter from the Enemy, came to tell him, that *Cæsar* had received Advice of the loss of his Fleet, and for that reason was in such haste to come to a Battle. This Relation met with no Credit, neither would *Brutus* so much as admit him to his Presence, but utterly despised him, as one who had received no good Information, or had invented Lies on purpose to please Him, and bring himself into Favour.

The same Night, they say, the Vision appeared again to *Brutus*, in the same Shape that he did before, but vanished away without speaking. But *Publius Volumnius* (a Man given to the Study of Philosophy, and one who had from the beginning born Arms with *Brutus*) makes no mention of this Apparition, but says, that the first Standard was covered with a swarm of Bees; and that there was one of the Captains whose Arm of itself sweated Oil of Roses; and though they often dried and wiped it, yet it would not cease. And that immediately before the Battle, two Eagles falling upon each other, fought in the space between the two Armies; that the whole Field kept incredible Silence, and all were intent upon the Spectacle, 'till at last That which was on the side of *Brutus* yielded and fled. But the Story of the *Ethiopian* is very famous, who meeting the Standard-bearer at the opening the Gate of the Camp, was cut to pieces by the Soldiers, who interpreted that Circumstance as an unlucky Omen. *Brutus* having brought his Army into the Field, and set them in Array against the Enemy, - paused a long while before he gave the Word. For as he was visiting the Ranks he grew suspicious of Some, and met with Accusations against Others. Besides he perceived the Horse were not disposed to begin the Fight with any Vigour or Resolution, but still expecting what the Foot would do; then suddenly, *Camulatus*, a very good

good Soldier, and one whom for his Valour he highly esteemed, riding close by *Brutus* Himself, went over to the Enemy, the sight of which grieved him exceedingly. So that partly out of Anger, and partly out of fear of some greater Treason and Desertion, he immediately drew on his Forces upon the Enemy, about three of the Clock in the Afternoon. *Brutus* on his side had the better, violently charging the Enemy's left Wing which gave way and retreated, and the Horse too fell in together with the Foot, when they saw them amazed and in Disorder. But the other Wing, when the Captains ordered them to march on to the Fight, fearing to be encompassed, being fewer in number than their Adversaries, spread themselves, and widened the middle of their Battle, by which being weakened, they could not withstand the Charge, but at the first Onset fled. After their Defeat, the Enemy immediately surrounded *Brutus*, who performed all that was possible for an expert General and valiant Soldier; shewing in the greatest danger a Courage and Conduct that deserved to overcome. But That which gained him the Victory in the first Engagement made him lose it in the Second. For in the first Fight, that Part which was beaten was cut in pieces upon the Spot; but in This, where *Brutus* broke through every thing that opposed him, of all the Troops in *Cassius's* Army, which were overthrown in the left Wing, very few were slain, and They who escaped being still terrified with their first Defeat infected the rest of the Army where-ever they came with Despair and Confusion. Here *Marcus* the Son of *Cato* was slain fighting, and behaving himself with great Bravery in the midst of the Youth of the greatest Quality and Valour. He would neither fly nor give Ground, but still fighting and declaring who he was, and naming his Father's Name, he fell upon a heap of dead Bodies of the Enemy. Many Others of the bravest Men in the Army who ran in to save *Brutus* were likewise slain at the same time, as they endeavoured to defend and preserve Him. Among the rest was one *Lucilius*, an Excellent Man, and a Friend of *Brutus*, who seeing some of the

the *Barbarian* Horse taking no notice of any other in the Pursuit, but directly making towards *Brutus*, resolved to stop them, though with the hazard of his own Life; and being left a little behind, told them, that He was *Brutus*: They believed him the rather, because he prayed to be carried to *Antony*, pretending that he feared *Cæsar*, but durst trust Him. They overjoyed with their Prey, and thinking themselves wonderfully fortunate, carried him along with them in the Night, having first sent Some of their own Body with an Account of this good News to *Antony*. They had no sooner imparted it to him, but transported with Joy he went out to meet them. And all the rest, when they heard that *Brutus* was taken and brought alive, flocked together to see him; Some pitying his Fortune, Others accusing him of a Meanness unbecoming his former Glory, that out of too much love of Life, would suffer himself to be a Prey to *Barbarians*.

As they approached towards him, *Antony* halted a little, and considered with himself in what manner he should receive *Brutus*. By this time *Lucilius* was brought up to him, and with a generous Confidence said, *Be assured, Antony, that no Enemy either has, or ever shall take Marcus Brutus alive, (forbid it, ye Gods, that Fortune should ever so much prevail above Virtue!) But let him be found, alive or dead, he will certainly be found in such a State as is worthy of him. As for Me, I am come hither by a Cheat which I put upon your Soldiers, and am ready, upon this occasion, to suffer whatever Torments you will inflict, without demanding or expecting any Quarter. Lucilius having thus delivered himself, whilst all that heard him were amazed at him, Antony, turning himself to Those who brought him, said, I perceive, my Fellow-soldiers, that you are concerned, and full of Resentment, for having been thus imposed upon by Lucilius. But be assured that you have met with a Booty better than that you sought: For you were in search of an Enemy, but you have brought me here a Friend. For indeed I am uncertain how I should have used Brutus, if you had brought*

brought Him alive; but of This I am sure, that it is better to have such Men as Lucilius our Friends, than our Enemies. Having said This, he embraced Lucilius, and for the present commended him to the Care of one of his Friends, and ever after found him firm and steady to his Interest.

Brutus having passed a little Brook, encompassed with Rocks, and shaded with Trees, and being overtaken by the Night, made a Stop in a hollow place at the Foot of a great Rock, with a few of his Captains and Friends about him. There casting his Eyes up to Heaven, which was at that time full of Stars, he repeated two Verses, one of which, *Volumnius* writes, was the following (out of the *Medea* of *Euripides*.)

Punish, great Jove, the Author of these Ills.

The Other, he says, he has forgot. Soon after, naming severally all his Friends that had been slain before his Face in the Battle, he fetched a deep Sigh, especially at the mentioning of *Flavius* and *Labio*, whereof One was his Lieutenant, and the Other Master of his Workmen. In the mean time, one of his Companions who was very thirsty, and saw *Brutus* in the same Condition, took his Helmet; and ran to the Brook for Water, when a Noise being heard from the other side of the River, *Volumnius* taking *Dardanus*, *Brutus's* Armour-bearer with him, went out to see what it was. They returned in a short space, and asked what was become of the Water? *Brutus* very calmly smiling, said to *Volumnius*; *It is all drunk, but you shall have some more fetched immediately.* But He who had brought the first Water being sent again had like to have been taken by the Enemy, from whom he escaped with much Difficulty, not without being wounded dangerously.

Brutus conjecturing that he had not lost many of his Men in the Fight, *Statilius* undertook to pass through the Enemy (for there was no other way) and to see what was become of their Camp; and promised, that if he found

found all things there safe, to hold up a Torch for a Signal, and then return. *Statilius* got safe to the Camp and held up the Torch, but not returning so soon as he was expected, *Brutus* said, *If Statilius be alive, he will come back.* But it happened, that in his Return he fell into the Enemies Hands, and was slain. The Night now being far spent, *Brutus*, as he was sitting, leaned his Head towards his Servant *Clitus*, and whispered something to him in his Ear. *Clitus* returned him no Answer, but fell a weeping. After That, he drew aside his Armour-bearer, *Dardanus*, and had some Discourse with Him in private : At last, speaking to *Volumnius* in Greek, he conjured him by their common Studies and former Conversation, to take hold of his Sword and thrust it thorough him : *Volumnius* refused it, as did several Others ; and one of them saying, that there was no staying there, but they needs must fly : *Brutus*, rising up, said, *Yes indeed, we must fly, but not with our Feet, but with our Hands.* Then taking each of them by the Hand, with a chearful Countenance he said, *That he found an infinite Satisfaction in This, That none of his Friends had been false to him. That as for Fortune, he was angry with That, only for his Country's sake. As for Himself, he thought he was much more happy than They who had overcome ; not only in regard of what was past, but even in his present Condition ; since he was now leaving behind him such a Reputation of his Virtue, as none of the conquerors, with all their Arms and Riches, should ever come off able to acquire ; no more than they could hinder Posterity from believing and saying, that being unjust and wicked men, they had destroyed the Just and the Good, and usurped an Empire to which they had no Right.* After this, having exhorted and beseeched All about him to provide for their own Safety, he withdrew from them with two or three only of his peculiar Friends ; *Strato* was One of these, with whom he had contracted an Acquaintance when they both studied Rhetorick together. Him he placed next to himself, and taking hold of the Hilt of his Sword, and directing it with both his Hands,

he fell upon it, and killed himself. Some say, That not He himself, but *Strato*, at the earnest intreaty of *Brutus*, turning aside his Head, held the Sword, upon which *Brutus* flung himself with so much violence that it pierced his Breast and he expired immediately.

Some time after This, *Messala* One of *Brutus's* Friends and Companions having made his Peace with *Cæsar*, One day when he found him most at leisure presented this *Strato* to him, and with Tears in his Eyes, said, *This, O Cæsar, is the Man that did the last friendly Office to my beloved Brutus.* Upon which *Cæsar* received him kindly, and had good Use of his Service among the rest of the Valiant Greeks, who served him in the Battle of *Actium*. It is reported of *Messala* Himself, that when *Cæsar* once gave him this Commendation, That tho' he was his fiercest Enemy at *Philippi*, in the Cause of *Brutus*, yet he had shewed himself his most entire Friend in the Fight of *Actium*; He answered, *You shall always find me, Cæsar, on the best and justest Side.* When *Antony* had found the Body of *Brutus*, he commanded the richest Coat that he had to be thrown over it; and afterwards the Coat being stolen, he found the Thief, and had him put Death; and then sent the Ashes and Relicks of *Brutus* to his Mother *Servilia*. As for *Porcia*, his Wife, *Nicolaus* the Philosopher, and *Valerius Maximus* write, That being desirous to die, but hindered by her Friends, who continually watched her, she snatched some burning Coals out of the Fire, and shutting them close in her Mouth, stifled herself, and died. Though there is yet extant a Letter of *Brutus* to his Friends, in which he laments the Death of *Porcia* and accuses them for neglecting her so, that she desired to die, rather than languish under her Disease. So that it seems *Nicolaus* was mistaken in the Time. For this Epistle (if it indeed is Authentick) gives us to understand the Disease, as well as the constant Affection of this Lady, and the Manner of her Death.

The Comparison of Dion with Brutus.

Seeing then that these Men grew so very famous, especially in that with inconsiderable Helps they attained to such Power and Greatness; on this Score *Dion* has by far the Advantage: For he had no Partner, none to share the Glory, as *Brutus* had in *Cassius*; who was not indeed of that Reputation for Virtue and Honour, yet was he not inferior to him in Diligence, Courage, and Experience in the Toils of War.

Some there are who impute to him the Rise and Beginning of the whole Action, saying, that if it had not been for Him *Brutus* would never have undertaken any thing against *Cæsar*.

Whereas *Dion* seems not only of Himself to have provided Arms, Ships, and Soldiers, but likewise Friends and Partners for the Enterprize.

Neither did He, as *Brutus*, gather to himself from the War any Strength or Riches; but laid out of his own Substance, and employed his private Subsistence during his Exile for the Liberty of his Country.

Besides all This, *Brutus* and *Cassius*, when They fled from *Rome*, knowing they could live no where in Repose and Safety, but that they were condemned and pursued, were forced to have Recourse to War as to a Refuge and Sanctuary, and to take up Arms, and hazard their Lives in their own Defence, and to save Themselves rather than their Country.

On the contrary, *Dion* enjoyed more Ease, was more safe, and his Life more pleasant in his Banishment, than was the Tyrant's who had banished him; notwithstanding which he flies to Action, and runs the Risk of all to save *Sicily*.

Besides, it was not the same thing to deliver the *Romans* from *Cæsar*, and free the *Syracusians* from *Dionysius*. For he owned himself a Tyrant, and vexed *Sicily* with a thousand Oppressions. Whereas *Cæsar*, whilst he was forming and establishing his Government, did indeed at first cruelly injure and oppress all Those who opposed

him, but so soon as he had made himself Master, and had got every thing in his Power, it appeared that the Government he aimed at was in Name only, and not in Fact a Sovereignty, upon which not one Act of Tyranny or Cruelty could be charged; but on the contrary he made it evident that the necessity of Affairs requiring a Monarch, Providence had put the Empire into his Hands as into the Hands of a Physician, who alone was capable of healing, and restoring it. Accordingly the Moment *Cæsar* was murdered the common People missed him, and grew enraged and implacable against those that killed him.

On the contrary, *Dion* was hotly prosecuted by the Commons, for having let *Dionysius* escape; and for not having digged up the former Tyrant's Grave.

In all Actions of War, *Dion* was a Commander without Fault, improving to the utmost those Counsels which Himself gave, and, where Others failed, correcting and turning every thing to the best. Whereas *Brutus* shewed a Weakness of Conduct in coming to a second Engagement when all was at Stake, and when he had lost it he knew not how to play an After-Game, but grew helpless and dispirited, and had not, like *Pompey*, the Courage to make head against Fortune, tho' he had still Ground enough to rely on his Troops, and his Fleet made him absolute Master at Sea.

The greatest and indeed the justest Reproach that can be fastened upon *Brutus* is, that tho' he owed his Own Life to *Cæsar*'s Bounty, and had obtained from him the Liberty of all his Fellow-Prisoners, and their Pardon too; that tho' he was treated by him with the Intimacy and Tenderness of the most sincere Friendship, being at all times in a particular manner honoured and distinguished by him, yet notwithstanding all This with his own Hands he assassinated him. Nothing like This could be objected against *Dion*; but the quite contrry. Whilst he was of *Dionysius*'s Family, and his Friend, he did him good Service, and was useful to him; but when he was driven from his Country, wronged in his Wife, and had been deprived of his Estate, he openly entered upon a War, in itself both just and honourable.

But

But even this very Point, if we turn the Tables, will prove to the Advantage of *Brutus*. For the chief Glory of Both consists in their Hatred of Tyrants, and Abhorrence of their Wickedness: This was clear and sincere in *Brutus*; for he had no private Quarrel with *Cæsar*, but put all to the Risk for the Liberty of his Country. The Other, had he not been piqued, had not fought. This is plain from *Plato's* Epistles, where it is shewed, that he was turned out, and did not forsake the Court, but was banished from it before he would wage War upon *Dionysius*. Moreover, the Consideration of the Publick Good reconciled *Brutus*, and of an Enemy made him a Friend to *Pompey*, and the same Consideration of a Friend made him *Cæsar's* Enemy; so that He proposed for his Hatred and his Friendship no other End and Standard, but Justice. *Dion* was very serviceable to *Dionysius*, whilst in Favour; but the moment he was in disgrace he grew angry, and took up Arms against him. Hereupon his Friends were not all of them satisfied with his Undertaking, lest having overcome *Dionysius*, he might not seize the Government into his own Hands, and cheat the People by some milder and more popular Name than That of Tyranny. But as for *Brutus*, his very Enemies confessed that of all Those who conspired against *Cæsar*, He was the only Person, who had no other View than to restore to the *Romans* their ancient Form of Government.

Notwithstanding what has been said, the Adventure against *Dionysius* was nothing equal to That against *Cæsar*: For of all Those, who were familiarly conversant with *Dionysius*, there was not a Man but despised him in his Heart for spending all his Time in Debauchery, Wantonness, and Gaming. Whereas it was an Argument of an uncommon Courage and Bravery to entertain so much as a Thought against *Cæsar*, and not to stand in Awe of his consummate Experience, profound Sense, and unparalleled Prosperity; a Man, the bare Mention of whose Name alone put the *Parthian* and *Indian* Kings in a Fright, and kept them waking. Ac-

cordingly *Dion* was no sooner seen in *Sicily*, but thousands ran in to him, and joined him against *Dionysius*; whereas the Renown of *Cæsar*, even when dead, gave Heart to his Friends: And his very Name so heightened the Person that took it, that from a simple Boy he in an instant became the Chief of the *Romans*. And he used it for a Spell against the Malice and Popularity of *Antony*.

But if it shall be objected, That it cost *Dion* great Trouble and Difficulties to overcome the Tyrant; whereas *Brutus* slew *Cæsar* naked and unprovided: This shews a Work of vast Policy and Conduct to bring it about, that a Man so guarded round, and so fortified at all Points, should be taken naked and unprovided. For it was not on the sudden, nor alone, nor with a Few that he fell upon and killed *Cæsar*; but after long concerting the Design, and confiding in a great many Men, not One of Whom deceived him: For he either discerned the best of Men, at the first View, or by confiding in them, made them good. Whereas *Dion* confided in Men of ill Principles, which was owing either to his injudicious Choice, or for that they grew worse upon his Hands, for his want of knowing how to make a right use of them when he had engaged them; neither of which is the property of a wise Man. Accordingly *Plato* severely reproves him in his Letters for making Choice of such for his Friends, as in the end assassinated him.

We may add to This that when *Dion* was killed no one appeared to revenge his Death, whereas *Brutus* received even from his Enemies the friendly Office of Burial, and *Cæsar* took care that all the Honours that had been paid him in his Life-time should be preserved inviolable to him; among Others, a Statue erected at *Milan* a Town in *Gallia Cisalpina*. Some time after This *Cæsar* passing through that Place, and observing the Statue, which was of excellent Workmanship, and strongly resembled the Original, made a Halt, and in the Presence of Many who accompanied him, and were within Hearing, called the Magistrates before him, and told

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told them that their Town had broken the League, and harboured one of his Enemies. At first the Magistrates, as it may easily be imagined, denied the Fact, and not knowing what he drove at stared upon one another as Men under an inexpressible Surprise. When He, pointing to the Statue, asked them with a Frown, *Is not That my Enemy whom you have received into the very Heart of your City?* At these Words the Magistrates being still more astonished were struck Dumb, without a Word to say for themselves. Upon This *Cesar* smiled, and commended the *Gauls* for their Constancy to their Friends tho' in Adversity; and so commanded that the Statue should remain standing, as he found it.





THE
L I F E
O F
ARTAXERXES.



HE first of the *Persian* Kings, who bore the Name of *Artaxerxes* was distinguished above other Princes for his Goodness and Magnanimity, and was surnamed *Longimanus*, because his Right Hand was longer than his Left. He was the Son of *Xerxes*. The Second, whose Story I am now writing, being for his vast Memory stiled *Mnemon*, was his Grandson by his Daughter *Parysatis*: Who brought *Darius* four Sons, the Eldest *Artaxerxes*, the next *Cyrus*, and two younger than These, *Ostanes* and *Oxathres*. *Cyrus* received his Name from the ancient *Cyrus*, as they say He had His from the Sun, which in the *Persian* Language is called *Cyrus*. *Artaxerxes* was at first called *Arficus*, though *Dion* says his first Name was *Oartes*. But it is highly improbable that *Ctesias* (though otherwise he has cast into his Book an universal Rhapsody of incredible and senseless Fables) should be ignorant of the Name of the King, He who was Physician in ordinary to Him, his Wife, his Mother,

Mother, and Children. *Cyrus* even from his Infancy seemed to be of a Nature violent and impetuous, *Artaxerxes* on the contrary appeared moderate, and gentle in all his Actions, and Behaviour. He married a fair and virtuous Lady with the Consent of his Parents, but afterwards kept her as expressly against it. For King *Darius* having put her Brother to Death, was projecting how to destroy Her likewise. But *Arscas* throwing himself at his Mother's Feet, and having moved her with whole Streams of Tears, at last with much ado persuaded her, that they should neither put her to Death, nor divorce her from him. However *Cyrus* was the Queen's Darling, and the Son whom she most desired to settle in the Throne. Wherefore *Darius* being taken dangerously ill she recalled her Son from his Government in *Lydia*, and he returned to Court, full of Hopes, that by her Means he should be declared his Father's Successor in the Empire. For *Parysatis* urged this specious Plea in his behalf, which *Xerxes* by the Advice of *Demaratus* had of old made use of, viz. that she had brought him *Arscas* when he was a Subject, but *Cyrus* when a King. Notwithstanding all which she could not prevail with *Darius*, so the eldest Son was declared King under the Name of *Artaxerxes*, and *Cyrus* was confirmed in his Government of *Lydia*, and the maritime Provinces.

Soon after the Death of *Darius*, the new King set out from his Capital for the City of *Pasargates*, in order to be crowned there according to Custom, by the Priests of *Persia*. In that City is a Temple of a Goddess, who presides in War, and who is conjectured to be the same with *Minerva*. The Person who is to be crowned enters into this Temple, where he divests himself of his own Robe, and puts on That which was worn by *Cyrus* the First before he attained the Monarchy. Then he eats a Bunch of Figs, chaws some Turpentine, and drinks a Draught composed of Milk and Vinegar. To which if they add any other Rites, they are unknown to all but Those who are present at them. Just as *Artaxerxes*

xerxes was disposing himself for the Performance of this Ceremony *Tisaphernes* arrived, and brought with him a Priest, who had been Preceptor to *Cyprus* in his Infancy, had taught him the Doctrine of the *Magi*, and was more concerned than any when his Pupil was excluded from the Throne. For this Reason his Veracity was the less questioned when he accused *Cyrus* of having laid a Design to seize his Brother in the Temple, to fall upon him as he was pulling off his Robe, and assassinate him. Some affirm that he was apprehended upon this Accusation, Others that he had entered the Temple and was pointed out there, as he lay lurking, by the Priest. But as he was going to Execution his Mother clasped him in her Arms, and having bound him with the Tresses of her Hair, she joined his Neck close to her Own, and by her bitter Lamentations, Tears, and Intreaties obtained his Pardon, and got him remanded back to his Government, where he sat very uneasy, and forgetting his Brother's Mercy towards him thought only of the Affront put upon him when he was taken Prisoner, insomuch that his Anger and Resentment made him more desirous of the Kingdom than before. Some say he revolted from his Royal Brother, because he had not a Revenue proportionable to the daily Expence he was at in the Support of his Family, proclaiming him in That no less Fool than Rebel. For had he had nothing else, yet he had a Mother ready with an open Hand to supply him with whatever he could desire, whether for his Use or Grandeur. Besides, what greater Evidence can there be of his immense Wealth than the Numbers of foreign Troops which he maintained in several Parts by the Means of his Friends and Confidants, both Foreign and Domestick, as we are informed by *Xenophon*. For the better to conceal his mighty Preparations, and keep his Levies secret, he did not hold his Forces in one Body, but had his Emisseries abroad, who under several Pretensions listed foreign Soldiers into his Service; and *Parisatis*, who resided constantly at Court with the King her Son, removed all Jealousies, whilst *Cyrus* on his Part

wrote

wrote in most submissive Terms to *Artaxerxes*, sometimes soliciting him for some Acts of Favour and Bounty, and to Others drawing up a Counter-Charge against *Tisaphernes*, as if all his Designs were against Him, and He was the only Object of his Envy, and Emulation. Moreover there was a certain natural easiness in the King, which was mistaken by Many for Clemency. And indeed in the beginning of his Reign he seemed to imitate the Gentleness of the first *Artaxerxes*, being more accessible in his Person, and excessive in the Distribution both of Honours and Rewards to the Deserving. He was not cruel in his Punishments, taking out the Sting and Contumely of them, and in the Intercourse of Gifts he seem'd not more pleas'd with Those who offer'd them to, than in Those who received them from him, appearing still when he gave chearful and generous. Nor truly was there any thing, however inconsiderably given him, which he did not deign kindly to accept of; insomuch that when one *Omises* had presented him with a very large Pomegranate, *By this Light*, said he, *this Man, were he intrusted with it, would soon turn a small City into a great one.* Afterwards Some offering him one thing, Some another, as he was in his Progress, a certain poor Labourer having got nothing in readiness to present to him ran straight to the River side, and taking up Water in his Hands he presented him with That by way of Offering. *Artaxerxes* was so well pleas'd with the Thing, that he sent him a large Goblet of Massy Gold, and a thousand *Darii*, in Return. When *Eucledas* the *Lacedæmonian* had spoken many things against him with great Insolence and Scurrility, he only told him by the Captain of his Guards, *Thou hast Liberty to speak against the King what thou wilt, but the King has it in his Power not only to Speak, but Do what He pleaseth.*

One Day as he was a hunting *Tiribaxus* shew'd him a large Rent in his Robe, and when the King asked him what he would advise him to do on that Occasion, he answered, *It may please your Majesty to put on Another, and give*

give me That ; It shall be so, said the King, I give it Thee, but at the same time charge thee never to wear it. *Tiribazus* did not give much heed to this Injunction, not that he was an ill man, but something empty, and half-witted. He was so indiscreet as to put it on immediately, and as if That was not sufficient he adorned it with fine Trimmings, and Jewels of Gold, such as the Queens of Persia only had a Right to wear. All the Court were provoked at this Insult, for it was expressly contrary to Law ; but the King only laughed at him, and told him, *Thou hast my leave to wear those Golden Toys as a Woman, and the Robe of State as a Fool.*

And whereas none usually sat down to eat with the King beside his Mother and Wife, the former being placed above, the other below him ; *Artaxerxes* invited also to his Table his two younger Brothers, *Ostanes* and *Oxathres*. But the Chariot of his Wife *Statira* presented the Persians with the most taking Sight, being always drawn with its Curtains open ; allowing the Ladies of the Country both to salute and approach her. Which thing endeared his Government to the People. Yet some over-busy, factious Men, who delighted in Innovations, gave it out, as their Opinion, that *Cyrus*, being a Man of a great Spirit, an excellent Warrior, and a generous Master, was in those Circumstances more desirable, and that the largeness of their Empire absolutely required a daring and ambitious Prince. Wherefore *Cyrus* relying upon the Disposition the Court was in towards him, as much as upon the Good-will and Affection of Those in the maritime Provinces where he commanded, resolved upon the War. In the first place He wrote to the *Lacedæmonians*, exciting Them to his Assistance, and to supply him with some stout Men, assuring them that to the Footmen that should appear he would give Horses, and to the Horsemen Chariots ; that upon Those who had Farms he would bestow Lordships, that Those who were Lords of Villages should receive Cities. To all This he added that the Pay assigned to the Soldiers should not be stinted by Account, but should be distributed by Heaps and Measure.

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Measure. At the same time speaking very extravagantly of Himself he said he was informed with a greater Soul, that he was more a Philosopher, and a better Magician, and that he could both drink and bear more Wine than his Brother *Artaxerxes*. He said farther that his Brother was naturally so fearful, and had been bred up with so much Effeminacy, that he could not sit his Horse when a Hunting, nor in his Chariot when in Action, without tottering. The *Lacedæmonians*, upon reading his Letters, sent an Order to *Clearchus*, commanding him to obey *Cyrus* in all things. So *Cyrus* marched towards the King, having under his Conduct a numerous Host of *Barbarians*, and but little less than thirteen thousand Stipendiary *Græcians*; assigning first one Cause, then another for his Expedition. Yet the true reason lay not long concealed, for *Tisaphernes* went to the King in Person to declare it. Thereupon the Court was all in an Uproar and Tumult, the Queen Mother bearing almost the whole blame of the Enterprize, and her Retainers being not only suspected but accused. But she who gave her the most disturbance was *Statira*, who passionately resented this War, and cried out; *What is now become of your Promises? What of your Intercessions? By which having freed Him who was guilty of Treason against his Brother, you have embroiled us in War and unspeakable Calamities?* For these Words *Parysatis* hated *Statira*, and being naturally Implacable and Savage in her Anger and Revenge, she consulted how she might destroy her. *Dion* the Historian tells us that her wicked Purpose had its effect during the War; but *Ctesias* affirms that it was some time after; and it is not likely that He should be ignorant of the time when such a hellish Design was accomplished, He who was an Eye-witness of every thing that passed at that Court, and had no reason to prevaricate, or relate the Fact otherwise than as it happened; for which Reason I shall refer the Account of this Tragedy to the Time wherein He had placed it: though on other Accounts this Author frequently makes Excursions from Truth to meer Fiction and Romance,

Now as *Cyrus* was upon the March towards the Court, Tidings were brought him from all Parts that the King was not in haste to come to Action, but determined to wait in the Heart of *Persia*, till there should be a general Confluence of his Forces from all Parts of his Dominions, and that in order to This he had caused a Retrenchment to be cast up cross the flat Country ten Fathom wide and as many deep, and extending in length for the space of four hundred Furlongs from the River of *Euphrates* to the *Median* Wall. Between the *Euphrates*, and this Retrenchment was left a Passage twenty Foot broad through which *Cyrus* marched with his Army; whilst the King forbore to oppose him, and suffered him to continue his March towards *Babylon*. We are told that *Tiribazus* was the First who had Courage enough to represent to him that he ought not to abandon *Media*, *Babylon*, and *Susa* to the Enemy, and lie skulking in *Persia*, since he had an Army far more numerous than That of the Enemy, and ten thousand *Satrapæ*, and other Officers, all of them equal to *Cyrus* both in the Field, and in the Closet.

These Words made the King resolve upon fighting; wherein he used so much Diligence that all on a sudden he was at the Head of an Army of nine hundred thousand Men, all well-disciplined and prepared for Action. This extremely startled and surprised the Rebels, who with a Boldness equal to their Contempt marched against him in such a confused disorderly manner that they had their Arms carried for them; insomuch that *Cyrus* found it almost impossible to draw up, and form, so great was the Noise, and Tumult; whilst the King led on his Men leisurely, and in great Silence. This Sight very much surprised the *Græcians*, who expected to have found nothing but Disorder and Confusion in so great a Multitude, and to have heard the Heavens echo with the Cries of the *Barbarians*. *Artaxerxes* covered the Front of his Phalanx which was opposite to the *Græcians* with his armed Chariots, that by the fierceness of their Onset they

they might cut down their Ranks before they closed with them.

Many Historians have given us a Description of this Action, but no one with so much force as *Xenophon*, for in him we do not read it, we see it. He possesseth his Reader so strongly with it that he is as sensibly touched as if He Himself was engaged, and shared in the Danger; in such lively Colours has he represented it. It must therefore be a Piece of the utmost Folly to attempt a Narration of it after Him; so that I shall content myself with relating some Particulars worthy of Memory, which he hath forgotten, or omitted. The Place then in which the two Armies engaged was called *Cunaxa*, being about five hundred Furlongs distant from *Babylon*. A little before the Fight *Clearchus* advised *Cyrus* not to expose his Person, but retire behind the *Macedonian* Battalions, whereupon *Cyrus* is said to have replied, *What Advice is This thou givest me, Clearchus? Must I, at the same time that I am aiming at the Royalty, shew to all the World that I am unworthy of it?*

Cyrus committed a great Error in rushing headlong into the Midst of Danger without any Precaution, and *Clearchus* was guilty of another as great, if not greater, when he refused to draw up his *Græcians* against the main body of the Enemy where the King stood, and charge there as *Cyrus* had desired him, but joined his right Wing to the River for fear of being surrounded. For if he had nothing else in View but his own Safety, and desired nothing more than to sleep in a whole Skin, it had been best for him to have kept at home. But now after a March of so many Leagues even from the Sea to the Plains of *Babylon*, which had been undertaken without any other Inducement than to settle *Cyrus* in the Throne of the *Persians*, that he should now choose to draw up his Men not in a Place where he might be able to defend his General whose Pay he received, but where he might engage at Ease, and with Safety. This is the Action of One who was so shocked at the Sense of the present Danger as to abandon all at once, and forget the very end and design of

his Engagement. For it is certain that none of Those who were posted near the King's Person would have stood the *Græcians* if They had charged them; and it is as certain that if They had been broken, and the King either slain, or put to Flight, *Cyrus* must have been Conqueror, and that his Victory would have procured to him the Crown is not to be doubted, as was manifest from the Event. And therefore *Clearchus* is more to be condemned for his Caution, which was manifestly the Destruction of the Life and Fortune of *Cyrus*, than He could be for his Heat and Rashness. For if the King Himself had been to make choice of a place for the *Græcians*, where it would be in their Power to do him the least Mischief, he could not have chosen one more commodious for his Purpose than That where *Clearchus* drew up near the River, from whence he could neither perceive the Defeat of *Artaxerxes*, nor the Death of *Cyrus*, who fell before he could receive any Benefit from the Victory of *Clearchus*. It is certain that *Cyrus* before the Battle begun, knew very well what Measures were proper to be taken to warrant the Success, and accordingly ordered *Clearchus* to charge in the middle, where the King was posted, and *Clearchus*, after he had assured him that he would do every thing for the best, ruined the whole Affair. For the *Græcians* soon overthrew the *Barbarians*, with whom they engaged, and pursued them for a great way together. *Cyrus* being mounted on a headstrong unruly Horse called *Pasacas*, was met, as *Ctesias* relates it, by *Artagerfes* General of the *Cadusians*, who seeing him at a distance galloped up to him, crying aloud, *O thou most unjust and senseless Wretch, Thou who art a Reproach to the Name of Cyrus, the most August and Honourable of all Names among the Persians, thou hast betrayed the valiant Græcians into a fatal Expedition to abandon to them the Plunder of thy Country, and vainly hopest to destroy the King thy Lord and Brother, who has Numbers of faithful Slaves, and Servants about his Person, all of them more valiant than Thyself, as thou shalt soon find to thy sorrow, for here shalt thou this Instant lose thy Head, before thou hast so much as beheld the Face*

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of his Majesty. At these Words he lanced his Javelin at him with all his force; but his Coat of Meal was so strongly tempered that the Weapon could make no Impression upon it; however the Violence of the Blow was so great that it made him stagger as he sat on his Horse, but as *Artagerfes* was turning His about *Cyrus* let fly at him so luckily that the Weapon pierced his Neck near the Shoulder-bone. For that *Artagerfes* was slain by *Cyrus* is what is generally acknowledged by almost all the Historians. But as for the Death of *Cyrus*, since *Xenophon* saith very little of it, because he was not upon the Spot when it happened, it will not be amiss to relate here the manner of it as it is represented by *Dinon*, and then subjoin the Account of it as we find it in *Ctesias*.

Dinon tells us that immediately upon the Death of *Artagerfes*, *Cyrus* having violently attacked the Van-guard of *Artaxerxes*, wounded his Horse, and dismounted him; that when *Tiribazus* beheld the King afoot he mounted him on another Horse, and said to him, Sir, remember this Day, which ought never to be forgotten; that *Cyrus* attacked the King a second time, and staggered him, and that at the third Charge the King full of Indignation said to Some who were near him, *I had better die than suffer such Insolence*, and making up to *Cyrus*, who was blindly rushing into a shower of the Enemy's Darts, wounded him with his Javelin at the same time that he was assaulted from every Quarter. Thus fell *Cyrus*, Some say by the Blow he received from the King, and Others that he was slain by a *Carrian* Soldier, to whom the King in Recompence of that glorious Action granted the Privilege of bearing a golden Cock on the point of his Spear at the Head of the Army. For the *Persians* call those of *Caria* Cocks, by reason of the Crests with which they adorn their Helmets. Thus is this Matter reported by *Dinon*, and That which follows is briefly extracted out of *Ctesias*.

After *Cyrus* had slain *Artagerfes*, he spurred up towards the King, and the King advanced to meet Him, without exchanging a Word on either side. *Arieus*, a Friend of *Cyrus*, first attacked the King without wounding him,

then the King lanced his Javelin at *Cyrus*, whom he missed, but wounded *Tisaphernes* a Person of great Merit in the Interest of *Cyrus*, and slew him. Upon This *Cyrus* directed his Javelin against his Brother, with so sure and strong a Hand, that the Weapon pierced his Cuirass, entered two Fingers deep into his Breast, and made him tumble from off his Horse. This terrified his Troops, who fled, whilst the King recovering his Legs, got off with a few of his Followers, among Whom was *Ctesias*, and making to a little Hill not far off he there reposed himself. But *Cyrus's* Horse being high mettled, carried him a great Way into the midst of his Enemies, the approaching Night making it hard for Them to know him, or his Followers to find him. However being flushed with Victory, and withal naturally bold and violent, he passed through them, crying out, in the *Persian* Language, *Make way Slaves, make way*. As he repeated these Words almost every Moment, most of them did make way for him, and suffered him to pass with great Tokens of Respect. But his Tiara, which he wore on his Head, unhappily falling off, a young *Persian* named *Mitbridates* by chance passing by wounded him with his Javelin in the Temple near his Eye, without knowing who he was. His Wound bled so fast that he was immediately seized with a Dizziness, and fell in a Swoon off his Horse, which having lost his Rider ran up and down the Field at large; but a Person belonging to Him who had wounded *Cyrus*, found the Furniture upon the Ground, and took it up all stained with Blood.

As *Cyrus* began to recover out of his Fit, some of his Eunuchs, who attended him, endeavoured to mount him upon another Horse, and so to convey him safe away; but finding himself in no Condition to get a Horseback, he thought it better to walk, whilst his Eunuchs taking him by each Arm with much Difficulty supported him. His Head was so stunned with the Blow that it hung on his Shoulder, and being exceeding faint from the loss of Blood he staggered at every step he took. But his Spirits were revived with an Imagination of the Victory, which he thought

thought his Own, for he heard the Runaways from every side calling *Cyrus* King, and crying out for Quarter.

In this Instant some *Caunians*, a miserable Crew who followed the Royal Army, where they gained a Livelihood from the vilest Employments, happened to be in the Number of Those who were attending about *Cyrus*. But having at last perceived the red Clothing, which his Soldiers wore, they found they were got among their Enemies, for the King's Livery was White. One of These had the Boldness to strike him with his Spear behind, without knowing who he was. The Blow happened to light upon his Ham, and cut the Sinew, at which he fell flat on the Ground, and in his fall dashed his wounded Temple against a Stone, and expired that Moment. This is *Ctesias's* Account, wherein with a dull Knife and infinite pains he seems to hack *Cyrus* to death.

Cyrus was just expired when *Artosyras*, who was called *the Eye of the King*, passed that way on Horseback; He knew the Eunuchs, who were full of Grief and Lamentation, and addressing himself to Him whom he took to be the most faithful, Tell me, said he, *Pariscas*, Whom art thou so tenderly lamenting? O *Artosyras*, replied the Eunuch, are you to be told that my Master *Cyrus* is dead? *Artasyras* at these Words expressed a great Concern, exhorted the Eunuch to be of good Chear, and look well to the Corps, immediately after which he made off with full speed to *Artaxerxes*, who began to think his Affairs in a desperate Condition, and was ready to faint with Thirst as well as from the Anguish of his Wound, when *Artasyras* came up, and with a loud Voice told him, *Cyrus is dead, I am Eye-witness of it*. The first Impression the King received upon this Intelligence was an Impatience to see the dead Body Himself, and accordingly he commanded *Artasyras* to conduct him to it. But when he observed a general Consternation spread around, and it was credibly reported that the *Græcians* had prevailed on their side, that they were in Pursuit of Those who fled, and put All to the Sword, he considered better, and chose rather to send out a stronger Party, who were to inquire
into

into the Truth of it, and make their Report to Him. In that Interval, he being upon the Point of expiring for want of something to allay his Thirst, *Satibarzanes* one of his Eunuchs hurried up and down in search of Water, for the Plain where they lay afforded None, and they were at a great Distance from their Camp. After a long Search he at last luckily met with one of those poor *Cau-nian* Slaves, who had in a nasty leathern Bottle about four Pints of base stinking Water; which he took and presented to the King, who drank it all off at one Draught. The Eunuch asked him, *if he did not find it a nauseous Potion*, and the King swore by all his Gods, *that he never found the most delicious Wines so grateful to his Palate, nor Water taken from the clearest and most limpid Streams so refreshing.* I am so thoroughly pleased with it, continued he, *that if I have not the good Fortune to see and reward Him who gave it thee, I pray the Gods to make him both rich and prosperous.* No sooner had he said This, but his Scouts arrived with Joy and Triumph in their Looks, bringing him the Tidings of his unexpected Fortune. And now he was encouraged by the great Number and Confluence of his Soldiers who flocked to him, and descended into the Plain by the Light of an infinite Number of Flambeaus. As soon as he was come to the Place where the Corps of his Brother lay, he ordered his right Hand and Head to be cut off, according to the Law of the *Persians*, and commanding the Head to be brought to Him, he took it in his Hands, and grasping it by the Hair, which was long and bushy, he shewed it to his Men, as they were wavering, and still upon the Wing. They were all astonished at the sight, paid him their Adorations according to the Custom of their Country, and joined his Troops, so that in the space of a few Hours he had rallied and got together a Body of seventy thousand Men, and returned with them to the Camp.

Ctesias writes that *Artaxerxes* had not in that Engagement above four hundred thousand effective Men. But *Dion* and *Xenophon* make the Number much greater. As to the Number of the Slain, *Ctesias* saith the Accounts

given

given in of them to the King made them amount to no more than nine thousand, tho' they appeared to Him to be no less than Twenty; but this Article is subject to Controversy. That which *Ctesias* adds, that he was sent by the King with *Phayllus* the *Zazynthian*, and some Others, to offer Terms to the *Græcians*, is a notorious Falsity. For *Xenophon* knew very well that *Ctesias* was in the King's Service, and makes mention of him in his History. It is not therefore likely that if *Ctesias* had been sent to the *Greeks* on the Part of the King, and had been employed in so important a Service, *Xenophon* would have omitted naming Him in the Embassy, any more than he did *Phayllus*. But *Ctesias* (as it is evident) being strangely vain-glorious, and a great Favourer of the *Lacedæmonians* and *Clearchus*, never fails to assume to Himself some Province in his Narrative, which gives him an Opportunity of speaking many things to the Advantage of *Clearchus*, and *Lacedæmon*. When the Battle was over, *Artaxerxes* sent many magnificent Presents to the Son of *Artagerfes*, who had been slain by *Cyrus*. He conferred likewise high Honours upon *Ctesias* and Others, and having found out the *Caunian*, who gave him the Bottle of Water, he made him of a poor obscure Fellow a Person of great Wealth and Consideration. As for the Punishments he inflicted upon Delinquents, there was a kind of mildness and pleasantry rather than of Severity in them. He gave Order that one *Arbaces* a *Mede*, who during the Fight had deserted to *Cyrus*, and after his Death returned back to his Post in the Army, should take up a Whore stark naked, and carry her hanging by his Neck a whole Day round about the Market-place, therein censuring his Cowardise and Effeminacy, rather than his Treason and Malignity. Another, not content with having deserted, bragged with as much Impudence as Falshood that he had with his own Hands killed two of the Enemy: Whereupon the King ordered his Tongue to be bore through with three Awls.

As he verily believed that He had slain *Cyrus* with his own Hand, and being desirous that all the World should

should believe and say so too, he sent very rich Presents to *Mitbridates*, who first wounded him, and ordered Those by Whom they were sent to tell him, *The King has honoured thee with these Presents, because when thou badst found the Trappings belonging to the Horse of Cyrus thou didst deliver them to his Majesty.* And when the *Carian*, who wounded *Cyrus* in the Ham, upon which he fell, sued likewise for His Reward, the King granted it, and commanded Those who carried it to him to say in his Name, *The King makes thee a Present of This for being the second Messenger of the good News, for Artasyras was the First who brought him an Account of the Death of Cyrus, and Thou the Second.*

As for *Mitbridates*, He retired in Discontent and Silence. But the unfortunate *Carian* suffered himself to be drawn by his Folly into a Passion of all Others the most incident to human Frailty, and that is Vanity. Being ravished with the sight of the Princely Gifts that were before him, and tempted thereupon to aspire to things infinitely above him, he would not have these Royal Presents considered as a Recompence for his good News, but fell into a Passion, made a great Noise, and called all the World to Witness that He, and only he had killed *Cyrus*, and complained of the great Injustice the King did him in depriving him of the Glory. The King being informed of this Insolence was so highly exasperated that he ordered him that Instant to be beheaded. The Queen Mother happening to be present at that time, said, *Sir, do not discharge this pernicious Carian upon such easy Terms, leave him rather to my Vengeance, and let Me deal out to him the Chastisement due to such insolent Boastings.* When the King had consigned him over to the Mercy of *Parysatis*, she charged the Executioners to seize him and stretch him upon the Rack for ten Days, then to punch out his Eyes, and drop molten Brass into his Ears till at length he expired with the Anguish of his Tortures. *Mitbridates* also within a short time after miserably perished by his own Folly: for being invited to a Feast where the King and Queen Mother's Eunuchs were present, he came arrayed in

in the Robe and other Ornaments, with which the King had presented him. When they were at Table, and began to grow warm with Wine, *Parysatis* the Queen Mother's chief Eunuch said, *Ab! Mithridates, how beautiful is this Robe! how fine those Chains, and Bracelets! and what a Scimitar is there! How happy has the King made thee! Thou art the Admiration and Envy of all that see thee.* *Mithridates*, who was by this time heated with Wine, replied, *These are all Trifles, my dear Sparamixes, if compared to what I made it appear I deserved in the Day of Battle.* At these Words *Sparamixes* smiling said, *I do not speak to thee out of Envy, good Mithridates, but as the Greeks have a Proverb among them signifying that when the Wine is in Truth will out, let me ask thee freely, and without Offence, was it such a mighty matter to find the Trappings of the Horse of Cyrus, and carry them to the King?*

This he spoke not because he was ignorant of the Truth, but because he had a Mind to make him talk before Witnesses. Accordingly this Reproach provoked the Vanity of the Man, who was naturally talkative in his Cups, wherefore being now no longer Master of his Tongue, *You may*, said he, *talk what you please of Horse Trappings, and such Trifles, but I must take the Liberty to tell you in plain terms that by this Hand fell Cyrus. For I did not cast a random Dart at him, as did Artagerles, but smote him with my Javelin near the Eye in his Temple, and that with so much Force, that it penetrated quite through his Head, so that I brought him to the Groud, and of that single Wound he died.* All who were at Table foresaw with dejected Looks the Destiny of the indiscreet and unfortunate *Mithridates*, when He who gave the Entertainment turning the Discourse said to him, *Let Us adore the Fortune of the King, and drink, and be merry, without meddling with Points which are so far above us.*

As soon as Supper was ended the Eunuch went, and acquainted *Parysatis* with all that had passed, and she as readily informed the King, who was exceedingly enraged at it, as having the Lye given him, by which he was to

be deprived of the most glorious and delightful Circumstance of his Victory. For it was his Ambition to have all Men, both *Greeks* and *Barbarians*, verily believe that in the several Conflicts between Him and his Brother, he had been slightly wounded by *Cyrus*, and that in Return he had wounded Him mortally. Wherefore it was decreed that *Mitbridates* should die, and the King ordered him to be boated. This is a Punishment inflicted after the following Manner. They make choice of two Boats of the same size, framed to fit each other exactly. In One of these they place the Criminal flat on his Back, and cover it with the Other in such a Manner that the Trunk is close shut up, and only the Head left bare at one End, and the Feet at the Other. In this Condition they offer him Food, and if he refuseth to eat they force him to it, by running Needles into his Eyes. When he has fed they drench him with a Mixture of Milk and Honey, which they pour likewise upon his Face, and keep it turned to the Sun; that he may have it always in his Eyes, so that his Countenance is covered all over with Flies, which settle upon it for the sake of the Milk and Honey. As he is forced to evacuate, and make such Discharges within, which They who eat and drink are of necessity subject to, great Plenty of Vermine spring out of the Corruption and Rottenness of his Excrements, which gnaw his Flesh, and penetrate to his very Bowels. As soon as it appears that he is dead, they take off the uppermost Boat and find his Flesh devoured, and swarms of those noisome Creatures still preying upon, and, as it were, growing to his Inwards. *Mitbridates* languished under this cruel and inhuman Punishment for seventeen-days together, and then expired.

The only Person remaining who was to feel the Vengeance of *Parysatis* was *Mesabates*, one of the King's Eunuchs, who by his Master's Command had cut off the Head and Hand of *Cyrus*. But whereas he was so circumspect in his Behaviour that he gave no Advantage against him, she framed the following Snare to intrap him. She was a very ingenious Woman upon all other
Accounts,

Accounts, but especially an excellent Artift at Dice, and before the War had often played with the King, as ſhe did likewise after it was concluded, as ſoon as ſhe was received into Favour. She made One in almoſt all his Parties of Pleaſure, was admitted into the Secrets of his Amours, and was ſerviceable to him with his Miſtreſſes. In a word, ſhe was as little out of his ſight as poſſible, and regretted every Hour *Statira* had him to herſelf. For ſhe mortally hated her, and was for being always Firſt in her Son's Favour.

One day therefore when ſhe found the King at Leiſure ſhe propoſed to play at Dice with him for a thouſand *Darii*. The King took her up, beat her, and was paid upon the Nail; but pretending to be concerned for her Loſs, ſhe preſſed him to begin a new Game, and offered to play with him for an Eunuch; in which he complied with her. It was agreed between them, that each of them might except five of the moſt truſty Eunuchs, and that out of the reſt the Loſer ſhould yield up any the Winner ſhould make choice of. Upon theſe Conditions they played. Thus being vigorous upon her Deſign, and intent on her Game, and the Dice running luckily for her, ſhe won, and pitched upon *Meſabates*, who was not in the number of the five that had been excepted. As ſoon as ſhe had got him in her Power, and before the King could conceive the leaſt ſuſpicion of the Vengeance ſhe deſigned, ſhe delivered him up to the Executioners, commanded them to ſlea him alive, to ſet his Body upon three ſharp Stakes, and to ſtretch his Skin upon Stakes ſeparately from it.

When the King came to be informed of what ſhe had done he was highly incenſed at it, but She without the leaſt Concern turned it into a Jeſt, and told him laughing, *You are a fine Gentleman indeed to be thus concerned for an old decrepid Eunuch, when I, after I had loſt a thouſand Darii paid them honeſtly, without the leaſt Murmur, or Token of Diſcontent.*

Artaxerxes was nettled at the Trick ſhe had plaid him, and vexed to find himſelf ſo over-reached by her,

but took no farther Notice of it. But *Statira* did both upon other Accounts openly oppose her, and was irreconcilably angry with her for This, that she did against all Law and Humanity sacrifice the Eunuchs, and the King's most Loyal Subjects, to the Ghost of her darling *Cyrus*.

When *Tisaphernes* had betrayed *Clearchus*, and the other *Græcian* Leaders, in breach of the most Solemn Oaths and Promises, and clapt them in Irons, *Ctesias* tells us that *Clearchus* requested of Him to procure a Comb for him, which when he had obtained, and used, he was so pleased with it that in Return he presented him with a Ring, to the end that if ever he had Occasion to go to *Sparta* he might produce it to his Friends and Relations, as a Token of the great Friendship and Respect he had for him, and that the Sculpture on the Stone represented the Dance of the *Caryatides*. He adds, that the other *Græcians*, who were his Fellow-Prisoners, intercepted the daily Provisions appointed for *Clearchus*, and retaining the greatest share to Themselves allowed Him but a poor Pittance; that He put a stop to that Abuse by causing a larger allowance to be sent to *Clearchus*, and as for the rest he provided that every Man should have his particular Dole; that all this was done by the Appointment and at the Expence of *Parysatis*; he saith farther, that it being his Custom to send him every day a Gammon of Bacon among his other Provisions, *Clearchus* insinuated to him, and earnestly intreated him to bury a short Knife in the Flesh of one of those Gammons, and send it to him, that his Life might be not longer subject to the arbitrary Will of *Artaxerxes*. He goeth on, and saith he refused to grant him that Request for fear of the King's Displeasure, and the rather because *Artaxerxes* had bound himself under an Oath to his Mother, who earnestly interceded for him, to spare *Clearchus*; notwithstanding which at the Instigation of his Queen *Statira* he put every Man of them to Death but *Menon*. That from that Moment *Parysatis* watched her Opportunity to get rid of *Statira*, and to remove her by

by Poison. But in This he gives us great Reason to suspect his Veracity; for how is it to be believed that *Parysatis* should expose herself to the Danger of so hazardous an Enterprize as that of Poisoning a Princess, her Son's lawful Wife, a Wife by whom he had Issue, which was one day to succeed him, and all for the sake of *Clearchus*? But it is evident that This is nothing better than an Invention of the Historian, an imaginary Obelisk raised up by him to the Memory of *Clearchus*. For he would have us believe, that when the other Generals were executed, they were torn in Pieces by Dogs and Birds; but as for the Remains of *Clearchus*, that a violent Gust of Wind drove before it a vast Heap of Sand, which covered His Body, and made a Grave for it; that Date-trees sprung up round about it, and throve to that degree that in a short time they formed a lovely Grove, which scattered its shade all over the Place; that the King was so touched with the Miracle that he heartily repented of what he had done to *Clearchus*, whom he considered as a Favourite of the Gods.

It was not therefore in Revenge of *Clearchus* that *Parysatis* had entertained a Design of poisoning *Statira*; she was provoked to it by the Hatred and Jealousy she had long before conceived against her, because she perceived that what Credit She had with the King her Son was the effect only of the Consideration and Respect he had for her, as for his Mother, but that *Statira's* Interest in him was founded in Love and Affection, which rendered it more strong and lasting. This Consideration only determined her to throw at All, and at once get rid of so formidable a Rival. Among her Maids of Honour there was one who was in the highest Esteem with her, whose Name was *Gigis*. *Dinon* saith that she assisted her in preparing the Poison. But *Ctesias* affirms she was only privy to it, and that it was much against her Approbation. She who administered the Poison is called *Melantas* by *Ctesias*, and by *Dinon Belitaras*.

These two Princesses having seemingly forgot their ancient Piques and Jealousies, were reconciled in Appearance, visited as heretofore, and eat at each other's Tables. But as their mutual Distrust still subsisted, they continued to keep upon their Guard, eat of the same Dish, and even of the same Slices. There is a small Bird in *Persia*, the Guts of which are without Excrement, and the Inside of it wholly fat; so that they suppose the little Creature lives upon Air and Dew. It is call'd *Ryntaces*. *Ctesias* affirms, that *Parysatis* dividing this Bird with a Knife rubbed with Poison on the one side, and from it on the other, eat the untoucht and wholsom Part Herself, and gave *Statira* That which was infected. But *Dion* will not have it to be *Parysatis*, but *Melantas* who cut up the Bird, and presented the envenomed Part to *Statira*, who dying with horrid Agonies and Convulsions, was both herself sensible of the virulent Drug she had taken, and intimated her Suspicion of the Queen Mother to the King, who knew her brutish Fierceness, and implacable Temper. As soon as *Statira* was dead he made a strict Inquiry into the whole Affair. He caused all his Mother's Officers and domestick Servants who attended at her Table to be seized, and put upon the Rack. *Parysatis* kept *Gigis* safe in her own Apartment, and tho' the King often sent to demand her she still refused to produce her. At last *Gigis* requested the Queen to let her steal home by Night to her own House, of which the King being advertised he had her intercepted by some of his Guards, who lay in wait for her, and passed Sentence of Death upon her. The Punishment inflicted by the Laws of *Persia* on Prisoners is as followeth. They have a very broad Stone prepared for that purpose, upon which they place the Head of the Criminal, and continue to knock and squeeze it with another 'till it is bruised to Pieces, and nothing of the Figure is left remaining. And this Punishment was inflicted on *Gigis*. As for *Parysatis*, the King neither said or did any thing severe against Her, farther than to confine her at her own Request

ARTAXERXES. 137

quest to the City of *Babylon*, which he declared he would never visit whilst She resided in it. This was the situation of *Artaxerxes's* domestick Affairs.

During all these Transactions, the King omitted nothing to get into his Power those adventurous *Græcians*, who came with *Cyrus*, and defied him almost under the Walls of his Capital; it was what he desired with as strong a Passion, as he had before desired to overthrow *Cyrus*, and maintain himself in his Dominions. But This was not to be effected; for They after they had lost *Cyrus* their General, and the rest of the Commanders, forced their way as it were through the Gates of his very Palace, retired in Safety through the Heart of his Dominions in Defiance of his Power, and made it appear to all the World that *Artaxerxes* and his *Persians* excelled only in Wealth, Luxury, Women, Vain-glory, and Ostentation. This instilled into the *Græcians* a marvellous Confidence in their own Forces, and a Contempt of the *Barbarians*. Infomuch that the *Lacedæmonians* thought it a shame not to lay hold on the present Conjuncture, now whilst they had an Opportunity of breaking the Yoke of Servitude, which galled the *Asiatick Græcians*, and free them from the contumelious Outrages of their insolent Masters. Their first Essay was with an Army under the Command of *Timbron*, the next they tried was *Darcyllidas*, but when they found all their Efforts ineffectual they at last committed the whole Conduct of the War to *Agésilas*. That Prince passed into *Asia* with a powerful Fleet, performed at first many gallant Exploits, and acquired much Reputation, for he defeated *Tisaphernes* the King's Lieutenant in a pitched Battle, and caused several of the Cities to revolt from the *Persians*.

These great Achievements taught *Artaxerxes* in what manner he was to carry on the War against the *Græcians*. He sent *Hermocrates* of *Rhodes* into *Greece* with vast Treasures of Gold, commanding him by a free Distribution of it to corrupt the leading Men in the Cities, and to stir up the rest of the *Græcians* to an

united Engagement against *Sparta*. *Hermocrates* succeeded wonderfully in his Commission; most of the leading Cities conspired against *Lacedæmon*, and all *Peloponnesus* was put into a Ferment; insomuch that the Council of *Sparta* were constrained to recal *Agefilaus* out of *Asia*. Upon This we are told that as he was embarking he said to some of his Friends, who were near him, *that Artaxerxes had driven him out of Asia with thirty thousand Archers*, the *Persian* Coin having an Archer stampt upon it. *Artaxerxes* likewise gained the Dominion of the Sea from the *Lacedæmonians* by the Assistance of *Conon* Admiral of the *Atbenians*, who acted in Conjunction with his own Admiral *Pharnabazus*. For *Conon*, after he had been beaten by the *Spartans* at *Ægos Potamos*, kept close in *Cyprus*, not only for the safety of his own Person but to watch the turn of Affairs, as Mariners do the Turn of the Tide when they are to embark. Perceiving therefore that the Schemes he had formed wanted a Power to set them in Motion, and that the Power of the *Persians* wanted some experienced Head to direct, and conduct it, he wrote to the King, and sent him a Plan of his Designs, commanding the Person, with whom he intrusted his Letters, to contrive it so as to have them presented to his Majesty either by *Zeno* of *Crete* or by *Polycritus* the *Mendæan*, the First of which was his Dancing-Master, and the Other a Physician; and in case they were Both absent from Court he was then to apply to *Ctesias*. It is said that *Ctesias* had the Delivery of these Letters in the Absence of the other Two, and that before he presented them to the King he added a Clause wherein he made *Conon* desire of his Majesty to send *Ctesias* to him as a Person who could be very useful to his Service, particularly on Account of his great Skill in maritime Affairs. But *Ctesias* saith, the King sent him of his own Motion, without any Intimation either from Him, or *Conon*.

After *Artaxerxes* had defeated the *Lacedæmonians* by his Lieutenants, *Conon* and *Pharnabazus*, in the naval Engagement near *Cnidos*, and stripped them of their

Dominion

Dominion by Sea, he drew all *Greece* over to his Interest, and imposed what terms he pleased upon them in that celebrated Peace, which was called the Peace of *Antalcidas*. This *Antalcidas* was a *Spartan*, the Son of *Leon*, and so great a Stickler for the King's Interest that he prevailed with the *Lacedæmonians* to give up all the Cities in *Asia*, and the adjacent Islands, which were to remain tributary to the *Persians* in virtue of the Peace, if we may give the venerable Name of Peace to That which was the Reproach and Ruin of *Greece*; a Peace more inglorious in its Consequences than an intire Defeat could have been in the Process of a long destructive War. And therefore *Artaxerxes*, though he always abominated other *Spartans*, and looked upon them (as *Dion* says) to be the most impudent Men living, did yet put a strange Value upon *Antalcidas*, when he came to him into *Persia*: Insomuch that one day he took a Garland of Flowers, dip'd it in an Ointment of inestimable Value, which He Himself made use of at his Table, and sent it to *Antalcidas*, whilst the whole Court were astonished at so particular a Mark of Favour and Distinction. Indeed *Antalcidas* was a Person fit to be treated with so much Softness and Effeminacy, who could make one at a *Persian* Ball, and had the Impudence to mimick in a wanton Dance *Leonidas* and *Calli-cratis*, Two of the most worthy Men in *Sparta*, Wherefore when a certain Person in the Hearing of *Agésilas* lamented the Fate of *Greece*, which had brought it so low that the *Spartans* were turning *Medes*, that Prince replied smartly, Say rather the *Medes* were turning *Spartans*. And yet the Smartness of the Repartee could not wipe off the Shame of the Action; for soon after This they intirely lost their Preeminence in *Greece* by the fatal Defeat they received at *Leuctra*, which totally broke their Power, as this infamous Peace had before eclipsed their Honour.

Whilst *Sparta* held the first Rank in *Greece* *Artaxerxes* caressed *Antalcidas*, professing to him all the Obligations of Friendship, and Hospitality; but when this

this Battle at *Leuctra* had humbled them they found themselves distressed for want of Money, which made them send *Agésilas* into *Egypt*, and order *Antalcidas* to return to the Court of *Persia* to press for Supplies from thence. But the King received him so coldly, and treated him with so much Indifference and Contempt, that he returned back in great Confusion to *Sparta*; where being scorned by his Enemies, and in Fear of the *Ephori*, he starved himself to death. About the same time *Ismenias* the *Theban*, and *Pelopidas*, who overthrew the *Spartans* at *Leuctra*, arrived at the Court of *Artaxerxes*. *Pelopidas* did nothing mean, or dishonourable; but *Ismenias* being commanded to adore the Prince, let his Ring fall upon the Ground before him, and as he stooped to take it up he made That pass for an Act of Adoration. *Timagoras* the *Atbenian* one day sent the King a Letter of secret Intelligence, which was delivered to him by *Beluris* a Secretary, with the Contents of which the King was so well pleased that he immediately sent him a thousand *Darii*. The same *Timagoras* falling into a languishing Distemper, and being prescribed the use of Cow's Milk, *Artaxerxes* immediately made him a Present of fourscore milch Cows, which were constantly to attend him for that Service. He moreover sent him a Bed with every thing belonging to it, and with Valets to make it, because the *Greeks* were not expert in that sort of domestick Service, and Chairmen to carry him in a Sedan to the Sea-side by Reason of his Indisposition, to all which we may add the sumptuous Allowance for his Table all the while he resided at Court, which made *Ostanes* the King's Brother say to him one day, *Timagoras*, you ought never to forget how magnificently you are entertained, such costly Treatment is not for nothing; which he spoke rather to reproach him for his Treason, than to inspire him with Gratitude. Accordingly *Timagoras* was some time after his Return condemned to die by the *Atbenians*, for having been corrupted by Bribes from the King of *Persia*.

Artaxerxes did one thing, which was extremely agreeable to the *Græcians*, and seemed a sort of Atone-ment for the many Injuries he had done them. He caused *Tisaphernes*, the most implacable of all their Enemies; to be put to Death, wherein *Parysatis* was likewise instrumental, adding many Articles to the Charge brought against him. For the King persisted not long in Wrath with his Mother, but was reconciled to her, and sent for her, being assured that she had Wisdom and Courage fit for an Empire, and there was now no Cause discernible, but that they might converse together without Suspicion or Offence. From that time she humour-
ed the King according to his Heart's Desire, said and did every thing he would have her, and so got an absolute Ascendant over him. She perceived he was desperately in Love with *Atossa*, one of his own Daughters, and that he concealed and checked his Passion chiefly out of regard to Her, though some Authors say he had before This made his Addresses in secret to her, and enjoyed her. As soon as *Parysatis* suspected the Intrigue, she grew more fond of her Grand-daughter than before, and extolled her to *Artaxerxes* both for her Virtue and Beauty, which, she said, made her worthy of the imperial Dignity. In short she persuaded him to espouse her, and declare her his lawful Wife, in spite of the Laws and Opinions of the *Greeks*. For You, said she, are a Law to the Persians, appointed by God to be the only Rule to Them of what is honest, or dishonest, virtuous, or vicious. Some Historians, among whom is *Heraclides* of *Cuma*, farther affirm, that *Artaxerxes* did not only marry *Atossa*, but likewise another of his Daughters named *Amestris*, of which mention will be made hereafter. His Love for *Atossa* was so ardent and sincere, that though the Leprosy had spread itself over her whole Body, it gave him not the least Distaste or Cooleness towards her, on the contrary he spent whole days in the Temple of *Juno*, adorning Her alone, prostrate on his Face before her Statue, grasping the Earth, and pouring out his Prayers to the Goddess for her Recovery. At the

the same time he caused so many Offerings to be made her by his Officers and Favourites, that all the Road leading from the Palace to the Temple for two Miles together was choked up with Presents of Gold, Silver, Stuffs of Purple, and Horses, which they were continually sending to her.

He declared War against the *Ægyptians*, committing it to the Conduct of his Lieutenants *Pbarnabazus* and *Ipbicrates*; but this Expedition proved unfortunate in the Event, by reason of a Misunderstanding between those two Generals. He went in Person against the *Cadusians* with an Army of three hundred thousand Foot, and ten thousand Horse. Their Country is by Nature rough, and almost impassable, continually covered with thick Clouds, producing neither Corn nor Fruit for the Sustenance of the Inhabitants, a robust warlike People, who are forced to live upon Pears and Apples, which grow wild and uncultivated. Into this inhospitable Region did the unwary Prince penetrate, and exposed himself to infinite Distress and Danger; for nothing was to be got to subsist his Forces in that desert Place, and it was impossible to be supplied from any Other, through the Badness of the Roads, which were utterly impracticable. The whole Camp were forced to live on Beasts of Burden, which soon became so scarce, that the Head of an Ass was sold for sixty Drachmas. The King's own Table began to be in Want; few Horses were left, the rest having been spent for Food.

In this Exigency *Tiribazus*, a Person who was often in the highest Favour with his Prince in respect to his Valour, and as often degraded on account of his Levity, and who at this very time was the Laughing-stock of the whole Army, preserved the King, and all his Forces, by the following Stratagem. There were two Kings of the *Cadusians*, Both of them in separate Camps with their respective Forces, *Tiribazus* having first communicated his Design to *Artaxerxes*, went to One of those Princes Himself, and sent his Son to the Other. Each

of them cheated the Prince he had to deal with, telling him that the Other was sending, unknown to Him, his Ambassadors to *Artaxerxes* to negotiate a separate Alliance exclusive of Him, and to His Prejudice, *If you are wise*, said he, *you will lose no time but be before-hand with your Rival, and enter First into a Treaty. For my Part*, added he, *you may depend upon all the Assistance that lies in my Power.* These Words imposed upon the two Princes, so that each of them believing his Companion was betraying him, they Both dispatched away their Ambassadors in great haste to *Artaxerxes*, *Tiribazus* attending Those who were sent on the one Part, and his Son accompanying the Ministers of the Other.

As this double Negotiation required some time to perfect it, *Artaxerxes* began to suspect *Tiribazus*, and his Enemies making use of so favourable a Conjecture, did all they could to irritate the King against him, so that he repented his having confided so much in him, and gave Ear to Those who were the most forward to calumniate him. In this Nick of time *Tiribazus* returning to one side, and his Son on the Other, each bringing his Ambassadors with him, and the Peace being concluded, and signed on all sides, He now got into greater Credit and Authority than ever, and so marched back with *Artaxerxes*, who made it appear on that Occasion, that Cowardise and Effeminacy do not necessarily arise from Luxury, Pomp, and Superfluity, as is generally believed, but are the Effects of a base degenerate Nature, mis-led by erroneous Principles. For notwithstanding his Jewels of Gold, his Robe of State, and the rest of his costly Attire, worth no less than twelve thousand Talents, with which he was constantly clad, his Labours and Toils were no less than Those of the meanest Persons in his Army. For with his Quiver slung over his Shoulder, and his Arm braced to his Buckler, he would dismount upon Occasion, and lead them in Person through craggy difficult Passes. Inasmuch that the Soldiers charmed with the Patience, Strength and Courage which they saw him exert, were animated

animated by his Example, and grew so nimble that they seemed to have Wings, and marched one day with Another upwards of two hundred Furlongs. At last he arrived at one of his own Royal Palaces, where he had Gardens kept in the nicest order, and a Park of a large Extent; both the Park and the Gardens were extremely beautiful, and appeared more especially so in a Country, which of itself was naked, barren and uncultivated. They were then in the Depth of Winter, and the Weather was exceeding cold, wherefore he gave full Commission to his Soldiers to cut down as much Wood as they wanted, without excepting even his Pines and Cypress; and when They were at a stand, and made a Conscience of cutting down Trees remarkable for their Size and Beauty, the King Himself took an Ax, and began to fell one, which seemed to Him to be the tallest and straightest of them All. This made the Soldiers less scrupulous; they handled their Hatchets, and kindled so many Fires as made them pass the Night very comfortably.

Thus ended this Expedition, wherein the King lost many gallant Soldiers, and almost all his Horses. And as he imagined that This would make him look little in the Eyes of his People, who would despise him for his ill Success, he grew jealous of the most eminent Men in his Court, Some of whom he slew in his Rage, and More out of Fear, which is a Passion the most cruel and bloody of Any in Tyrants, whereas true Courage is gentle, merciful, and void of all Suspicion. Thus those Brutes which by nature are most fearful and timorous, are hardest to be tamed, whereas the Brave and Generous among them placing a Confidence in their innate Boldness and Courage do not shun the Kindness and Society of Man.

Artaxerxes being now in Years perceived that two of his Sons were contending which should succeed him; to which end they were forming Cabals, and making separate Interests, by which the whole Court was divided, The most prudent and reasonable among them thought that

that as *Artaxerxes* had succeeded in right of Birth, so ought the Succession to devolve upon his eldest Son *Darius*. But the Younger, named *Ocbus*, a Man of a hot violent Temper, had likewise His Party, which was very numerous and considerable. He flattered himself with the Hopes that his Father would declare for Him by the means of *Atossa*, to whom he made all his Court, and promised to espouse her, and make her his Partner in the Throne, if she would so contrive it that He might succeed *Artaxerxes*. Indeed there went a Report that he had already been familiar with her, but it was unknown to his Father, who thinking it prudent to nip his Hopes in the Bud, lest following the Example of his Uncle *Cyrus* he might involve the State in a civil War after his Decease, he openly declared *Darius* for his Successor, who was then in his twenty fifth Year, and permitted him to wear the Point of his *Citaris* or Turban erect, which was the Mark of Royalty.

It is a Custom among the *Persians* for Him who is declared next Heir to the Crown, to demand of the Prince who has named him for his Successor, some Gift or Boon which he is not to refuse, provided it be in his Power to grant it. *Darius* therefore demanded *Aspasia*, formerly the most beloved Mistress of *Cyrus*, and at this time one of the King's Concubines. She was by Birth of *Phocæa* a City in *Ionian*, of good Parentage, and of a virtuous, liberal Education. When she was first introduced to *Cyrus* it was among other Ladies whilst he was at Supper. The rest placed themselves without Reserve near to his Person, and when he began to talk wantonly to them, to touch them, and behave indecently towards them, they were so far from resenting such Usage that they seemed delighted with it. *Aspasia* in the meantime stood in a profound Silence, with a Countenance as modest as beautiful, at some Distance from the Table. *Cyrus* invited her in engaging Terms to come nearer, but she refused; and when some of his Officers who attended in his Chamber went to compel her, she cried aloud, *Whoever has the Insolence to lay his Hands upon me*

shall surely repent it. This made All who were present look on her as a raw ill-bred Creature. But *Cyrus* was charmed with her Behaviour, and told the Person who had provided him with those Women, *Of the whole Parcel This Woman only is truly wise and virtuous.* From that time forward he attached himself to her, loved her above all the rest, and called her *Aspasia the Wise.*

When *Cyrus* fell in the Battle she was taken among the other Spoils of the Camp, and delivered to *Artaxerxes.* *Darius* having therefore demanded her of his Father he was much afflicted at it, for those *Barbarians* are excessive jealous in their Amours; so that it is Death for a Man not only to speak to one of the King's Concubines, or touch her, but even to cross the Road, or come near the Chariots in which they are travelling. And though to gratify his Lust he had against all Law married his Daughter *Atossa*, and had beside Her a Seraglio of three hundred and sixty the most exquisite Beauties in his Dominions; yet being importuned for that One by *Darius*, he urged that *she was a Free-woman, and allowed him to take her if she had an Inclination to go with him, but by no means to force her away against it.* *Aspasia* therefore being sent for, and, contrary to the King's Expectation, making choice of *Darius*, he gave him her indeed, being constrained to it by Law; but deprived him of her soon after, for he made her a Priestess in the Temple of *Diana*, surnamed *Anitis*, at *Ecbatane*, to the end she might spend the Remainder of her Days in a strict Chastity, thinking thus to punish his Son, not with Rigour but Moderation, by a Revenge chequered with Jest and Earnest. But *Darius* was extremely nettled at this Proceeding, either for that his Love to *Aspasia* made him more sensible of it, or because he thought it designed on purpose to insult and injure him.

Tiribazus perceiving him in this Temper of Mind took Pains to exasperate him still more, observing in the Injustice done *Darius* a Representation of what he had received Himself. *Artaxerxes* had many Daughters, One

of which named *Apama* he had promised to *Pharnabazus*, *Rodogune* to *Orontes*, and *Amestris* to *Tiribazus*. He kept his Word with the two First, but disappointed *Tiribazus* by marrying *Amestris* Himself, and promising to give him his youngest Daughter *Atossa*. But here he deceived him too, for he afterwards fell passionately in love with *Atossa*, and married Her likewise, as we have already observed.

This Usage exceedingly provoked *Tiribazus*, and made him conceive an irreconcilable Hatred to *Artaxerxes*, not that he was naturally inclined to Sedition and Revolt, but he was of a wavering, inconstant, unthinking Temper. Wherefore, being sometimes advanced to the highest Degrees of Honour, and at others degraded to the lowest Pitch of Infamy, he knew not how to comport himself as he ought in either of those States; for when in Favour, his Insolence and Vanity made him insupportable, and when in Disgrace he knew not even then how to humble himself as became him, but was more fierce and haughty if possible than in the times of his greatest Prosperity. *Tiribazus* therefore was to the young Prince as Oil thrown upon a Flame, ever urging him, and saying, *That it was a poor Prerogative That of wearing the Point of the Citaris exalted and aloft, if He who wore it did not labour to exalt his Interest and Affairs likewise; that he would find himself much mistaken if he thought himself secure of the Succession whilst his Brother was strengthening his Party by the Interest he had among the Women, and his Father, who was now in his Dotage, changed every Moment his Sentiments and Intentions: For it cannot be expected that He, who for the sake of a Græcian Strumpet could violate a Law the most sacred among the Persians, should ever continue faithful in the Performance of the most important Promises: That the Case was quite different betwixt His Pretensions, and Those of Ochus; for as for Ochus, no one would hinder Him from living happy in a private Station; but as for Darius, who had been declared King, Death or the Throne was the only Alternative.*

ternative. In short it appeared on this Occasion that *Socrates* judged rightly when he said,

All Counsel soon is at its Journey's End.

For the Path which leads us to what we are inclined is smooth, and of an easy Descent; for Man is naturally prone to Folly and Vice, because he is a Stranger to the Loveliness of Wisdom and Virtue. Beside all This, the large Extent of the *Persian* Dominions, and the Jealousy *Darius* had entertained of *Ochus*, furnished *Tiribazus* with other Arguments, which he made use of to irritate and inflame the discontented Prince; but what may be thought to affect him most of all were the Instigations of the *Cyprian* Goddess for the Rape of *Aspasia*. Thus *Darius* delivers himself up to *Tiribazus*, and enters into a Conspiracy against his Father. The Number of the Conspirators was very great, and the Hour fixed for the Execution of their Treason, when an Eunuch detected their Plot to the King, and all the Measures they had been taking; for he had received certain Intelligence that they resolved to break into his Apartment by Night, and assassinate him as he lay in his Bed.

Upon this Discovery, *Artaxerxes* thought it would be a great Piece of Madness in him to despise a Danger of such Consequence and not sift it to the Bottom, and a greater to give Credit to it without the strongest Conviction. To come therefore to the Truth of the Fact he commanded the Eunuch who had made the Discovery to herd himself with the Conspirators, and follow them where-ever they went; at the same time he broke down the Wall of his Chamber, which was behind his Bed, where he made a false Door, and covered it with Tapistry.

When the Hour named by the Eunuch was approaching he laid himself on his Bed, and did not stir 'till he had a full Sight of the Faces of the Assassines, so as to distinguish and know them. As soon as he saw them drawing

drawing their Swords, and making towards the Bed, he drew back the Tapisstry, and made his Retreat into an inner Chamber, where he bolted the Door, and alarmed the Court. The Ruffians seeing themselves discovered, and their Design defeated, took to their Heels, and exhorted *Tiribaxus* to do the same because He was so near that he must certainly be discovered.

They all separated, and each of them provided for Himself, but *Tiribaxus* was surpris'd by the Guards. He defended himself for some time with great Courage, and slew many of Those who were sent to seize him, 'till at last he was wounded by a Javelin, which was lanced at a Distance, for none of them had Courage enough to come near him, and so he fell. *Darius* was likewise taken in his Flight, and made a Prisoner with his Children. The King appointed some Lords of his Council to be his Judges, and chose not to assist at the Trial in Person, nor appear to accuse him, but appointed Others to prosecute and form the Charge against him; at the same time he commanded his Notaries to write down the Opinion of every one of the Judges singly, and bring them All to Him. They having All of them agreed in their Verdict the Officers removed him to an adjacent Prison, and sent for the Executioner to do his Office. As soon as he was entered with the Razor used in cutting the throats of capital Offenders, and beheld *Darius*, he recoiled to the Door, and turned his Back, as having neither Strength nor Courage enough to lay violent Hands upon his Sovereign. But the Judges who were standing without, threatened Him with Death if he did not put the Sentence in Execution immediately. Being terrified with this Menace he re-entered, and seizing the Prince by the Hair he flung him on the Ground and performed his Office. Some write that *Darius* was tried in the King's Presence, and that as soon as he was convicted by undeniable Evidence, he fell prostrate on the Ground, and most earnestly implored the King's Pardon; That the King in great Fury drew his Scimeter, with which

he wounded him in many Places and killed him upon the Spot, and that after the Performance of so horrid an Execution he returned to his Palace, where he worshipped the Sun, and said to Those who had attended him, *Return in Triumph, O ye Persians, every Man to his own House, and let it be published abroad among your Fellow-Subjects that the great Oromazes has punished Those who had contrived the most unheard, and impious of Treasons.* This was the Event of that Conspiracy.

Ocbus was now grown big with Expectation, and promised himself much from the Interest he had in *Atossa*. Notwithstanding This he was jealous of his Brother *Ariaspes*, who was the only Male surviving besides Himself of the Legitimate Offspring of *Artaxerxes*, and of his Bastard Brethren he stood much in fear of *Arsames*. *Ariaspes* was not so much feared because he was elder than *Ocbus*, but because all the *Persians* had their Eyes upon Him as he was a Prince of a meek, gentle and benevolent temper. As for *Arsames*, He was a Person of great Judgment and Understanding, and *Ocbus* was not insensible that He was the Favourite of his Father. He therefore laid his Snares against them Both, and being no less treacherous than bloody, he made use of the Cruelty of his Nature against *Arsames*, and of his Craft and Wiliness against *Ariaspes*. For he suborned the King's Eunuchs and Favourites to convey to him menacing and harsh Expressions from his Father, as though he had decreed to put him to a cruel and ignominious Death. When they seemed daily to communicate these things as Secrets, and said one while the King would do This to him ere long, at another, something else more terrible soon after, they so astonished the good Prince, and cast such a Confusion and Anxiety upon his Thoughts, that having prepared some fatal Drugs he drank them, that he might be delivered from his hated Life. The King knowing what kind of Death he died, heartily lamented him, and gave a shrewd Guess at the Cause of it. But being disabled by his Age to search into and prove it, he

was

ARTAXERXES. 151

was after the Loss of his Son more indulgent to *Arfames*, manifestly placed his greatest Confidence in Him, and made him privy to all his Designs. Whereupon *Ocbus* had no longer Patience to defer the Execution of his Purpose, but having seduced *Arfaces*, *Tiribazus's* Son, he killed *Arfames* by His Hand. *Artaxerxes* at that time had but a little while to live. by reason of his very old Age; so that when he heard of the Fate of *Arfames*, he could not bear up under the Affliction, but being oppressed with the Load of his Grief expired, after he had lived ninety four Years, and reigned Sixty two. He had the Character of a good and gracious Prince, but what contributed most to that Character was the Comparison betwixt Him and his Son *Ocbus*, who out-did all his Predecessors in Blood and Cruelty.



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HE Philosopher *Chrysippus*, O *Polycrates*, quotes an ancient Proverb, not as really it should be, but as he thought it ought to be, in these Words;

Who Fathers praise, except their generous Sons?

But *Dionysodorus* the *Træzenian* correcting him, restores the true one, which is thus,

Who Fathers praise, except degenerate Sons?

Telling us, that this Proverb was made to stop the Mouth of Those, who having no Merit of their own, deck themselves with the Virtues of their Ancestors, and are puffed up with their Praises. But,

*They who happily inherit
Their brave Forefathers noble Spirit,*



to make use of *Pindar's* Words, like You, who copy after the bright Originals left you by your Ancestors, may take great Satisfaction in often hearing and speaking of the best of their Progenitors; for they assume not the Glory of other Mens Praises for want of Worth of their Own, but uniting Both in One, celebrate them, as the Authors both of their Descent and Manners; wherefore I have sent unto you the Life of your Fellow-Citizen and Progenitor *Aratus*, whom you come no way short of either in Esteem or Power. I do not send it upon an Imagination that you have not yourself been most diligently careful to be informed better than Any of all his Actions, but that your Sons *Polycrates* and *Pythocles* may be bred up by Domestick Examples, by hearing and reading such things as are fit for their Imitation. For it is a piece of Self-conceit, not noble Emulation, to think ones self already arrived at the highest pitch of Improvement.

S. The City of *Sicyon*, from the time that it first fell off from a downright *Dorick Aristocracy*, (its Harmony being thereby quite confounded in the Seditions and Contests of the *Demagogues*) continued to be distempered and unsettled, changing from one Tyrant to another, 'till *Cleon* being slain, *Timoclidus* and *Clinias*, Men of the most Repute and Power amongst the Citizens, were chosen Governors. Under their Administration the Constitution began to reassume its ancient Form and Vigour, in which it continued 'till the Death of *Timoclidus*.

Abantidas the Son of *Paseas* thinking This a proper Opportunity to seize on the Tyranny killed *Clinias*, and of his Friends and Relations slew Some, and banished Others. The Tyrant would likewise have murdered *Aratus* the Son of *Clinias*, who was then but seven Years of Age, if he could have found him. But during the Trouble and Confusion the Family was in upon the Death of his Father, the Child stole out in Company with Those who fled, and wandering about the City helpless and in great fear, by chance got undiscovered into the House of a Woman named *Sofo*. She was the Sister of *Abantidas*, but

but had been married to *Prophantus*, the Brother of *Clinias*. She being of a generous Temper, and believing the Boy had by some special Providence fled to Her for Shelter, hid him in the House, and at Night conveyed him away secretly to *Argos*. *Aratus* thus delivered, and secured from so imminent a Danger, immediately conceived, and ever after nourished a vehement and fervent Hatred against Tyrants. He was educated by the Care, and at the Expence, of his Father's Friends and Acquaintance: And being of a strong robust Constitution and Stature, he addicted himself to the Exercises of the *Palæstra*, wherein he excelled to that degree, that he contended in the publick Games, and came off Conqueror; and indeed in his Statues one may observe a certain kind of *Athletick* cast, and through the Gravity and Majesty of his Countenance may be perceived a keen Appetite, and the Champion's Mattock. From hence it came to pass that he studied Eloquence less than perhaps became a Man bred up to the Administration of Civil Affairs; and yet that he was more Polite in speaking than Many do believe, Some collect from those *Commentaries* which he hath left, tho' penned carelessly and *extempore*, and in such Words as first came to his Mind. Some time after this, *Dinias* and *Aristotle* the Logician killed *Abantidas*, who used to be present in the publick Hall at their Disputes, and to make One in them, they having insensibly accustomed him to this Practice, and so had at last an opportunity to lay an Ambush for him. After Him *Paseas* the Father of *Abantidas* taking upon him the Government was slain by the Treachery of *Nicocles*, who Himself set up for Tyrant. It is reported that he was extremely like to *Periander* the Son of *Cypselus*, as it is said *Orontes* the Persian did much resemble *Alcmaeon* the Son of *Amphiaraus*; and a *Lacædemonian* Youth, the renowned *Hector*; and *Myrsilus* tells us the Youth was trod to Pieces by the Crowd of Those who came to see him upon that Report.

When *Nicocles* had governed about four Months, during which time he exceedingly plagued his City, he was up-

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on the Point of being dispossessed by a Stratagem of the *Ætolians*. *Aratus* was by this time growing towards a Man, and was already highly esteemed both on Account of his Birth, and Disposition, wherein nothing mean or unactive appeared, but a Gravity and Sedateness uncommon in one of his Age, accompanied with a great deal of Spirit, and a steady Judgment. These Qualities, which could not be concealed, made the Exiles of *Sicyon* fix their Eyes upon Him as their Sheet-Anchor, and *Nicocles* had his Spies about him, who watched him narrowly, and observed all his Motions. Not that he was Apprehensive of any Action so bold, any Enterprize so hazardous as That he undertook; he only suspected him of carrying on a Correspondence with the Kings who had been his Father's Friends and Acquaintance. And indeed *Aratus* first attempted this Way: But finding that *Antigonus*, who had promised fair, neglected him and delayed the Time, and that his Hopes from *Ægypt* and *Ptolemy* were too remote, he determined to cut off the Tyrant by himself, without any foreign Assistance.

The First to whom he communicated his Design were *Aristomachus* and *Ecdelus*, *Aristomachus* an Exile of *Sicyon*, and *Ecdelus* an *Arcadian* banished from *Megalopolis*, a Person passionately addicted to Philosophy, but to that Philosophy which prompts to Action, for he had studied at *Athens* under the Direction of *Archefilaus* the Academic. These readily consenting, he communicated himself to the other Exiles, whereof some few being ashamed to seem to despair of Success, engaged in the Design, but most of them endeavoured to divert him from his Purpose, telling him, that his want of Experience and Insight into Affairs made him engage in so desperate an Undertaking, without the least Appearance of Success,

Whilst he was deliberating on the properest Means for securing some Post in the Territory of *Sicyon*, which he might make as it were a Place of Arms, and from thence war upon the Tyrant, a certain *Sicyonian*, just escaped out of Prison, arrived at *Argos*. This Man was the Brother of *Xenocles*, one of the Exiles, who carried him immediately

mediately to *Aratus*, to whom he gave a brief Account of his Adventures, and told him farther that that Part of the Wall over which he had made his Escape was almost level with the Ground on the Inside adjoining to a rocky elevated Quarter of the City, and that on the Outside the Wall was not so high but it might easily be scaled. Upon this Report *Aratus* dispatched away *Xenocles*, with two of his Servants *Seuthas* and *Technon* to view the Wall, resolving, if he could do it secretly and with a single Risque, to hazard All at a Push, rather than as a private Person oppose the Tyrant by a long War and open Force.

Xenocles and his two Companions having taken the Height of the Wall, returned, and reported that the Place was in itself neither inaccessible, nor even difficult, but that the Approach to it was dangerous, and would be discovered by a Parcel of Dogs belonging to a Gardener hard by, which were small indeed, but very fierce and noisy. *Aratus* that Moment resolved upon the Enterprize. It was an easy Matter for them to provide themselves with Arms, without giving the least Umbrage or Jealousy, because of the frequent Robberies that were committed, and the Incursions made by one State upon Another, which obliged every one to go armed for his own Security. The Ladders were prepared by *Euphranor* one of the Exiles, who was a Carpenter by Trade, and might work at it without Suspicion. He raised his Men among his Friends at *Argos*, of whom They who had the fewest to spare supplied him with Ten a-piece, to whom he added Thirty of his own Domesticks. Besides These he hired a small Party of *Xenophilus*, chief Captain of the *Banditti*, to whom it was given out, that they were to march into the Territories of *Sicyon* to seize the King's Stud; and many of them were sent before by different Ways to the Tower of *Polygnotus*, with Order to wait there for his Arrival. *Capbesias* likewise was sent before with four of his Companions, who were to get as far as the Gardener's House by that time it was dark, and pass themselves upon him for Travellers, who were

Account were benighted, and so getting a Lodging in his House, under that Pretence they were to confine both Him and his Dogs, for there was no other Way to that part of the Wall; and as for the Ladders, which were made to take in Pieces, they were packed up in Chests, and sent before in Waggon prepared for that Purpose.

In the mean time some of the Tyrant's Spies arrived at *Argos*, and it being buzzed about that they were sent to watch *Aratus*, He appeared early the next Morning upon the Exchange, where he conversed with his Friends, then he went to the *Gymnasium*, where he performed his Exercises, and anointed himself, and taking with him several young Gentlemen who were his Bottle-Companions, he returned home. A few Moments after This his Servants were seen in the Market-place, Some carrying Garlands, Some buying Flambeaus, and Others discoursing with the Singing-Women, who used to sing and play to him whilst he was at Dinner. When all these Things were observed by the Spies who were sent to watch him they were deceived, and said laughing One to Another, *It is very plain that nothing can be more timorous than a Tyrant; since even Nicocles, who is Master of so large a City, a Man of such Power and Authority, cannot forbear standing in Fear of a Youth who wastes the poor Pittance he has to subsist on in his Exile in Wantonness, and Day-Debauches;* and thus beluding themselves with this false way of reasoning they returned home.

But *Aratus* as soon as Dinner was over set out from *Argos*, and hastened to join the Soldiers, who waited for him at *Polygnotus*. As soon as they were joined he led them to *Nemea*, where he discovered to them his true Design. He began with Exhortations, and many fair Promises, and when he had given the Word, which was propitious *Apollo*, he led them straight to *Sicyon*, proportioning his March to the Motion of the Moon, so as to have the Benefit of her Light upon the Way, and he at the Gardener's House, which was close to the Wall, just as she was set. Here *Caphefias* came up to him.

him and told him he could not secure the Dogs because they had been let out before his Arrival, but that he had made sure of the Gardener. This put most of the Company out of Heart, so that they pressed him to give over his Enterprize, and return; but He continued to encourage them, and at the same time promised that in case the Dogs grew troublesome he would retire. He caused Those who carried the Ladders to march in the Front, under the Conduct of *Ecdelus* and *Mnasitheus*, whilst He followed gently with the rest in the Rear. The Dogs began to bark very loud, baying at *Ecdelus*, and his Companions; notwithstanding which they got safe to the Wall, and planted their Ladders. But as the foremost Men were mounting, the Captain of the Watch that was to be relieved by the Morning-Guard, passed by that way with a Bell, many Torches, and a great deal of Noise; whereupon they clapt themselves close to the Ladders, and so were unobserved, but the other Watch coming to relieve the former they were in extreme Danger of being discovered. But having escaped That also, immediately *Mnasitheus* and *Ecdelus* got upon the Wall, and possessing themselves of the Passages on each side, they sent away *Technon* to *Aratus*, desiring him to make all the haste he could. Now there was no great Distance from the Garden to the Wall, and a certain Tower in which a great Gray-hound was placed to keep Watch: Yet he heard them not as they marched forward, whether it was because he was naturally drousy, or for that he had been over-wearied the day before, but the Gardener's Curs yelping below awakened him. He first answered them with a sort of Growl, which was little observed; but when he heard the Exiles marching near the Tower he then opened and barked so loud that the Centinel called out to the Dog-keeper, and asked him, *what it was made his Dog bark at that rate, and if any thing extraordinary had happened to occasion it?* The Dog-Keeper replied, *there was nothing worth Notice; that only the Light of the Torches belonging to the Guard, and the Noise of the Bell, had set him a barking.*

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This Reply much encouraged *Aratus's* Soldiers, who thought the Dog-keeper was privy to their Design, and therefore concealed what was passing; and that many Others in the City were of the Conspiracy. But when they came to scale the Wall, the Attempt then appeared both to require Time, and to be full of Danger, for the Ladders shook and bent extremely if they mounted them not leisurely, and one by one, and Time pressed, for the Cocks began to crow, and the Country-people that used to keep the Market were upon the Road to Town. Whereupon *Aratus* halted to get up Himself, forty only of the Company being already upon the Wall, and staying but for a few more of Those who were below, he made straight to the Tyrant's Palace, and the main Guard where his mercenary Soldiers kept Watch; and coming suddenly upon them, and taking them Prisoners without killing any one of them, he immediately sent to all his Friends, desiring them to quit their Houses, and join Him, which they did from all Quarters. By this time the Day began to break, and the Theatre was full of the Multitude that were held in Suspence by uncertain Reports, and knew nothing distinctly of what had happened, until a publick Crier advancing forward proclaimed aloud, *that Aratus the Son of Clinias invited the Citizens to recover their Liberty*; then believing that what they had so long wished for was now come to pass, they pressed in Throngs to the Tyrant's Palace to set it on Fire, and so great was the Flame, that it was seen as far as *Corinth*; so that the *Corinthians* wondering what the Matter should be, were upon the Point to have come to their Assistance. *Nicoteles* fled away secretly by means of certain subterraneous Passages, and the Soldiers helping the *Sicyonians* to quench the Fire plundered the Palace. This *Aratus* hindered not, but divided also the rest of the Tyrant's Wealth amongst the Citizens. In this Exploit not one of those engaged in it was slain, nor any of the contrary Party, Fortune so ordering the Action as to be clear and free from Civil Blood-shed.

Aratus restored all the Exiles, not only Those who had been banished by *Nicocles*, who were fourscore in Number; but likewise Those who had been expelled by the former Tyrants, no fewer than five hundred, who had, some of them, led a wandering vagabond Life in foreign Parts for the Space of fifty Years. These poor Wretches returning home in a miserable indigent Condition were impatient to enter upon their former Possessions, and recover their several Country Farms and Houses, which was the Occasion of great Perplexity to *Aratus*. For he saw that from abroad *Antigonus* cast an envious Eye upon the City, and endeavoured to get it into his Possession ever since it had been restored to its Liberty, and at home it was full of Disorder and Sedition; wherefore as things stood, he thought it best to associate it to the *Achaean* Community; for being *Dorians*, they willingly took upon them the Name and Polity of the *Achaean*s, who at that time had no great Power or Authority. For most of them lived in small Towns, and their Territory was neither large nor fruitful, and the neighbouring Sea was without Ports, entring the Land for the most part in rocky Creeks. And yet even These made it evidently appear that the *Grecian* Force was invincible, whensoever it met with Order and Concord within its self, and a General of Wisdom and Experience.

In Fact, these very *Achaean*s, who made up but a most inconsiderable Part of the antient *Grecian* Power, whose whole Strength was hardly equal to That of an ordinary City, yet by Prudence and Unanimity, and because they knew not how to envy and malign but to obey and follow Him amongst them, who was most eminent for Virtue, they not only preserved their own Liberty in the midst of so many great and powerful Cities and Dominions, and in spite of so many Tyrants, but delivered the greatest Part of *Greece* from Slavery.

As for *Aratus*, he was in his Behaviour exceedingly well-bred and polite, open, generous, more intent upon the publick than his private Concerns, a bitter Hater of Tyrants,

Tyrants, making the common Good the Measure of his Friendships and Enmities, so that he appeared not more a true and hearty Friend, then a courteous and gentle Enemy, suiting himself to all opportunities for the sake of the Commonwealth.

In a word, all Nations and Communities, Senates, Theatres, they All with one Voice proclaimed that *Aratus* loved, and sought after nothing but what was just and honest; that as to open Wars, and pitch Battles, he was indeed in that respect diffident and fearful, but in the Execution of any secret Design, and concealing it from the Enemy, in surprising of Towns, and dethroning of Tyrants, he was the most Enterprising and Crafty.

Hence it was that after he had succeeded in many difficult Enterprises, contrary to all Probability of Success, and had exerted the highest Courage and Bravery in the Execution, yet he left many Others unattempted no less considerable, and much more feasible than the Former, which was owing to his Over-Caution and Timidity. For as among Animals there are some who see very clearly by Night, and are blind in the Day-time, the Driness and Subtlety of the aqueous Humours not suffering them to bear the Light; so amongst Men the most hardy and courageous, we meet with Some who shrink and grow fearful in Dangers which are to be encountered openly and in publick View, and who on the contrary shew a wonderful Boldness and Resolution in secret and covert Enterprises. This Inequality is occasioned in noble Minds for want of Philosophy, whence is produced a certain wild and uncultivated Virtue without true Knowledge, as may be made out by many Examples.

Aratus therefore having associated himself and his City to the *Achaëans*, served in the Cavalry, and was much beloved by his Officers for his exact Obedience; for though he had made so large an Addition to the Community, as That of his own Credit, and the Power of his Country, yet he was as ready to be commanded by any of the *Achaean* Generals, whether of *Dyma* or

Trita, or though of never so mean a City, as the most common Soldier. When the King of *Ægypt* sent him a Present of five and twenty Talents, he received it, but distributed all among his needy Fellow-Citizens, Part of it being applied to relieve their Necessities, and the Remainder to redeem the Prisoners. But the Exiles being by no means to be satisfied, disturbing continually Those who were in Possession of their Estates, the City was in great danger of falling into civil Dissensions. Having therefore no hope left him, but from the Kindness of *Ptolemy*, he resolved to sail thither, and to beg so much Money of the King as would satisfy all Parties. So he set sail from *Metbone* above the Foreland of *Malea*, as designing to pass through the Channel there. But the Pilot not being able to keep the Vessel up against the strong Wind and high Seas, he was turned from his Course, and with much ado got to *Adria*, an Enemy's Town; for it was possessed by *Antigonus*, who had a Garrison in it. To avoid falling into their Hands he immediately landed, and leaving the Ship went up into the Country a good way from the Sea, having along with him only one Friend called *Timantbes*, so hiding themselves in a certain woody place, they had but an ill Night's Rest of it. He was scarce got out of the Ship before the Governor came, and inquired for *Aratus*; but he was deceived by his Servants, who had been instructed to say their Master was just Sailed, and that he shaped his Course for the Island of *Eubœa*; wherefore he declared the Ship, the Cargo and Servants to be lawful Prize, and detained them accordingly. As for *Aratus*, he being after some Days reduced to Extremity, by good fortune a Roman Ship happened to put in just in the Place where he skulked, sometimes peeping out to discover the Coast, sometimes keeping close. This Ship was bound for *Syria*, and *Aratus* agreed with the Master to land him in *Caria*. In this Voyage he ran as great Risks, and escaped as narrowly as he had done in the former.

He was a long time in passing from *Caria* into *Ægypt* where when he was arrived he was immediately admitted

to Audience, and found the King very favourably disposed to him, because he used to make his Court to him by sending him Paintings and Drawings out of Greece. For *Aratus*, who had a fine Taste and Judgment in such Curiosities, made many valuable Collections of Pieces done by the best Masters, especially by *Pamphilus* and *Melanthus*, and sent them to *Ptolemy*.

For the *Sicyonian* Pieces were even then in great Esteem, as being the only Paintings whose Colours were lasting, so that *Apelles* Himself, that great Master, so much admired for his Pencil, went to *Sicyon*, and gave them a Talent to be admitted into their School, not so much to learn of them, as to be a Sharer with them in their Reputation. For this Reason, *Aratus*, as soon as he had restored the City to her Liberty, destroyed all the other Portraits of the Tyrants, but when he came to That of *Aristratus* who flourished in the days of *Philip*, he was in a doubt for a considerable time, for it was the joint Performance of all the Scholars of *Melanthus*, who had drawn him standing in a Chariot of Victory, and *Apelles* himself had a Hand in it, as we are told by *Polemon* the Geographer.

This Piece was so perfect in its kind that *Aratus* could not forbear being touched with it, but being on a sudden transported with his implacable Aversion to Tyrants, he commanded it to be destroyed. It is said that *Nealcus* the Painter, a Friend of His, happening to be present when that Order was given, intreated him with Tears in his Eyes to spare that Picture, and finding him inflexible, *Aratus*, said he, *We will allow you to be continually at War against the Tyrants Themselves, but never with their Pictures. At least spare the Chariot, and the Victory, and you shall soon see Aristratus vanish out of the Piece.* *Aratus* consenting to it, *Nealcus* effaced the Figure of *Aristratus*, and painted a Palm-tree in its stead, without presuming to add any thing else of his own Invention. But it is said the Feet of *Aristratus* remained untouched at the Bottom of the Chariot.

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This Taste for Painting had already recommended *Aratus* to *Ptolemy*, but after he had made himself better known to him by his Conversation, the King was exceedingly taken with him, and presented him with a hundred and fifty Talents, for the Relief of his City. Of These *Aratus* took Forty with him, when he returned to *Peloponnesus*; the King divided the Remainder into several Portions, and consigned them to him by so many different Payments. This was a great and glorious Action in *Aratus*, to procure in this manner so considerable a Sum for the Benefit of his Fellow-Citizens, whereas there was nothing more common in those days than to see Commanders, Governors, and Demagogues, for much smaller Sums sell and betray to the Kings their Cities and Communities. But That which was still greater, and far more considerable, was that by means of this Money he effected a Reconciliation between the Rich and the Poor, composed all their Differences, and established a perfect Harmony among the People.

He was still more illustrious for his Moderation, in the Exercise of that great Power and Authority to which he was advanced, for being declared sole Arbitrator and Plenipotentiary for composing the Differences of the Exiles, he would not accept the Commission alone, but associating fifteen of the Citizens to him, He with great Pains and Trouble adjusted Matters, and settled Peace and Friendship in the City; for which good Service not only all the Citizens in general bestowed extraordinary Honours upon him, but the Exiles, apart by themselves, erected his Statue in Brass, bearing the following Inscription.

*Greece, freed from foreign and domestick Foes,
To Thee her Honour and her Safety owes.
For This, Illustrious Chief, thy bright Renown
Spreads from the Rising to the setting Sun.
Whilst We, in Token of unfeigned Praise,
This Statue to our great Deliverer raise.*

*Here midst our Saviour Gods triumphant stand,
The Ornament and Guardian of our Land.
What less can Sicyon, or can We afford?
Sbe to Herself, and We to Her restor'd.*

Aratus acting in this manner, got above the Envy of the Citizens, by the many good Offices he had dore them; but Antigonus being uneasy at his Success, and resolving either to fix him in His Interest, or at least render him suspected to Ptolemy, gave him several extraordinary Marks of his Favour and Affection, tho' he neither desired, nor did any thing to deserve them. Among Others, having one Day performed a Sacrifice at Corinth, he sent Portions of the Victim to Aratus. And in the midst of the Feast, when the Table was full of Company, he said aloud that All might hear him, I at first looked on this Youth of Sicyon no otherwise than as an open generous-hearted Person, and a true Stickler for the Liberty of his Country, but I now look upon him as a good Judge of the Manners and Actions of Princes. For formerly he despised Us; and fixed his Hopes and Dependence in foreign Parts, admiring the Riches of Ægypt, her Elephants, and Fleets, and the Magnificence of her Palaces; but now, after having taken a nearer View, and finding all that Pomp to be nothing but Show and Pegeantry, he is come over to Us: And for my part I willingly receive him, and resolving to make great use of him Myself, command You to look upon him as a Person joined in Friendship with you.

These Words were not spoken in vain, but gave Those, who envied and maligned him, a fair handle against him. They All strove who should be the first to charge him with the heaviest Calumnies, in their Letters to Ptolemy, who wrote to him, and expostulated the Matter with him. Thus we may observe in the flagrant Friendships of those Princes, who, like jealous and passionate Lovers, contended and quarrelled for Aratus, a strong Tincture of Envy and Malignity.

Aratus

Aratus being for the first time chosen General of the *Achæans*, went and ravaged the Country of *Loeris*, which lies just over-against the Gulf of *Corinth*, and plundered the Territories of *Calydon*. But marching with ten thousand Men to the Succour of the *Bæotians*, he could not come up 'till after the Battle near *Chæronea*, where they were beaten by the *Ætolians*, and lost *Abœonitus* their General, and a thousand of their best Soldiers. The Year following being again elected General, he made that famous Attempt of retaking the important Fortrefs of *Acro-Corinthus*; not so much for the Advantage of the *Sicyonians* or *Achæans*, as considering that by driving thence the *Macedonian* Garrison, he should take the Yoke from off the Neck of all *Greece*. *Chares* the *Atbenian* having the good Fortune to get the better in a certain Battle against the King of *Persia's* Lieutenants, wrote to the People of *Athens*, and told them, that this Victory was Sister to That at *Marathon*; and so may this Action of *Aratus* be well termed Sister to That of *Pelopidas* the *Theban*, and *Thrasibulus* the *Atbenian*, when they slew the Tyrants; except perhaps it may be said to exceed them on this Account, because This was not undertaken against natural *Græcians*, but against a foreign Power and Domination. The *Isthmus* of *Corinth* which runs between the Two Seas unites the Continent of *Greece* with that of *Peloponnesus*, and whenever the Castle of *Corinth*, which is built on a high Hill exactly in the Middle between those two Continents, is well garrisoned, it can cut off the Communication with *Peloponnesus*, prevent the Passage of Troops, and prohibit all manner of Commerce both by Sea and Land, insomuch that it makes Him who is possessed of it Master of all *Greece*. Wherefore the younger *Philip* King of *Macedon* was not in jest, but with great Truth called the City of *Corinth* the Fetters of *Greece*. It is no wonder therefore if this Post was earnestly contended for by All, especially by Kings and Princes.

The Passion with which *Antigonus* desired to get it into his Possession was so strong that it equalled the violent Transports of a frantick Lover. His Thoughts were continually

continually upon the Rack, and he was contriving day and night how to take it by Surprise from Those who were Masters of it, for he despaired of doing it by open Force.

Alexander, who was possessed of it, being taken off by Poison, and, as it is said, by His Direction, it fell into the Hands of his Wife *Nicæa*, who took upon her the Administration of Affairs, and was particularly careful of that important Fortrefs. *Antigonus* immediately sent to her his Son *Demetrius*, alluring her with the pleasing Hopes of making him marry her; and it was no disagreeable Bait to a Woman somewhat advanced in Years, to think of being married to a Young Prince so amiable as *Demetrius*. This Lure brought her to his Hand, for she wanted Strength to resist so powerful a Temptation. However for all This she would not deliver up the Place, but held it with a very strong Garrison, which *Antigonus* seeming to take no notice of, celebrated the Wedding in *Corinth*, entertaining them with Shows and Treats every Day, as one who had nothing else in his Mind but Mirth and Pleasure.

One day, when the famous Musician *Amæbeus* was to perform on the Theatre for Her Entertainment, he waited in Person on *Nicæa*, who was carried thither in a Chair royally adorned, and being exceedingly elated with the great Honour done her, little thought of the Danger which hung over her. As soon as they were come to a Turning which led up to the Citadel, he bid the Chairmen go on before to the Theatre; then bidding farewell to *Amæbeus*, and all the wedding Fopperies, he hastened up to the Castle with more speed than could be expected from one of his Years. Finding the Gate shut, he knock'd with his Staff, and commanded it to be opened. The Soldiers who were in Garrison being surprised to see him, did as he commanded them. In this manner he made himself Master of the Citadel, at which he was so transported with Joy that he could not contain himself, but fell a drinking and revelling in the open Streets, and Places of publick Resort, attended with

with She-Minftrels, and crowned with Garlands. When we fee a Man of his Age, who had experienced fo many Turns of Fortune, play fuch wanting Tricks, abandon himfelf to Debauch like a giddy Youth, ftopping every one he met, faluting and careffing them, We muft confeff that when an unexpected Joy feizes on the Heart of a Man void of difcretion, it hath a ftronger Impreffion upon him than either Fear or Sorrow.

Antigonus having in this manner poffeffed himfelf of *Acro-Corinibus*, put a Garrifon into it, confifting of Thofe in Whom he chiefly confided, and made *Persæus* the Philofopher Governor. *Aratus*, even in the lifetime of *Alexander*, had laid a Design of feizing on that Fortrefs, and fecuring it for the Benefit of his Country, but when an Alliance was formed betwixt Him and the *Achæans*, and this very *Alexander* was comprehended in it, he defifted from the Execution. But now he could not refift a freff Opportunity, which offered itfelf in this Manner. There were in *Corinth* four Brothers, *Syrians* by Birth, One of whom named *Diocles* ferved as a Soldier in the Garrifon; but the other Three having feized on fome of the King's Treasure, retreated to *Sicyon*, and applied themfelves to one *Ægias* a Banker, whom *Aratus* made ufe of in all Money Tranfactions. Part of this Treasure they immediately fold, or pawned to Him; and *Erginus*, one of the Three, going often to fee him, made the reft over to him by Parcels: and this Commerce created by degrees a Familiarity betwixt Him and the Banker.

One day *Ægias* led him into a Difcourfe of the Citadel, and the Garrifon that was in it. *Erginus* among other Things told him that as he often went thither to vifit his Brother, he had obferved on that fide which was fteefteft, a fmall winding Path forced through the Rock, leading to a Part of the Wall belonging to the Caftle, which was much lower than any of the reft. Upon this, *Ægias* faid to him with a Smile, And will you, my Friend, venture to provoke the King for the fake of a alry Sum of Money, when it is in your Power to pur-
chafe

chase immense Riches, with no more than one Hour's Service? Do you not know that if you are taken you will be punished as severely for this petty Theft as if you had betrayed the Citadel? At these Words Erginus smiled in his Turn, and promised Ægias to sound his Brother Diocles, for, said he, I cannot confide much in the other Two.

Within a few days after This he returned, and undertook to conduct *Aratus* to that Part of the Wall where it was no more than fifteen Foot high, and to assist him in the Execution of his Enterprize, with the Concurrence of his Brother *Diocles*. *Aratus* on his Part agreed to give them threescore Talents, in case he succeeded; and if they miscarried, and returned all safe back to *Sicyon*, he then would give each of them a House, and a Talent. Now the threescore Talents being to be lodged in the Hands of *Ægias* for the use of *Erginus* and his Partner, and *Aratus* neither having so much by him, nor willing to give any Grounds of Suspicion by taking it up of Others, he pawn'd his Plate and his Wife's Jewels to *Ægias* for the Money. For so great was his Soul, and so strong a Passion had he for great Exploits, that remembring that *Phocion* and *Epaminondas* were esteemed the best and justest of all the *Græcians*, because they scorned the greatest Presents, and would not prostitute their Honour for Money, He strove even to out-do them in Generosity, and chose to be at all the Charge Himself in promoting of an Enterprize, in which he ran all the Hazard, for the sake of the rest, who did not so much as know what he was undertaking for them. And is there any one among us even in This degenerate Age who will not sympathize with him in this great Exploit, who will not contend, if the Expression may be allowed, with that great Man, who so dearly purchased so great a Danger, and mortgaged almost all he was worth for an Opportunity of exposing his Life in the midst of his Enemies in the dead of Night, without receiving any other Pledge or Security on his Part than the Hopes of performing a galant Action.

Now this Exploit, though dangerous enough in itself, was made much more so by an Error happening through Mistake in the very beginning. For *Technon*, one of *Aratus's* Servants, was sent away to *Diocles*, that they might together view the Wall. *Technon* had never seen *Diocles*, but made no question of knowing him by the Marks *Erginus* had given him of him, namely, that he had curled Hair, was of a swarthy Complexion, and had no Beard. Being come therefore to the appointed Place, he stayed waiting without the Gates for *Erginus* and *Diocles*. The Place was called *Ornis*. In the mean time *Dionysius*, Elder Brother to *Erginus* and *Diocles*, who knew nothing at all of the Matter, but much resembled *Diocles*, happened to pass by. Now *Technon*, encouraged by the likeness of his Features, asked him, if he was any thing related to *Erginus*, who answered he was his Brother; *Technon*, fully persuaded that he talked to *Diocles*, without so much as asking his Name, or staying for any other Token, gave him his Hand, and began to discourse with him and ask him Questions about Matters agreed upon with *Erginus*. *Dionysius* cunningly laying hold of his Mistake, seemed to understand him very well, and returning towards the City, held him on in Discourse insensibly. And being now near the Gate he was just about to seize on him, when by chance *Erginus* met them, and apprehending the Cheat and the Danger, beckoned to *Technon* to make his Escape, and immediately Both of them, betaking themselves to their Heels, ran away as fast as they could to *Aratus*, who for all this despaired not, but immediately sent away *Erginus* to *Dionysius* to bribe him to hold his Tongue, and he not only effected That, but brought him along with him to *Aratus*. As soon as they had got him in their Power they thought it not safe to part with him, but bound him, and confined him close whilst They prepared for the Execution of their Enterprize.

When all things were in a Readiness, *Aratus* commanded his Troops to be in Arms all Night, and taking

with him four hundred chosen Men, few of Whom knew what they were going about, he led them straight to the Gates of the City by the *Temple of Juno*. It was about the midst of Summer, when the Moon was at full, and the Night clear without any Clouds, so that their Arms glistering by Moon-light made them run a great Hazard of being discovered. But as the foremost of them came near the City, a great Mist came off from the Sea, and darkned the City and the Parts adjacent. There all the Troops sat down to put off their Shoes, as well to prevent their making a noise, as because they would be less subject to slip if they mounted the Ladders bare-footed. But *Erginus* taking with him seven young Men habited like Travellers, got unobserved to the Gate, and killed the Sentry and the Guards that were upon the Watch. At the same time the Ladders were clapped to the Walls, and *Aratus* having in great haste got up a hundred Men, he commanded the rest to follow as well and as soon as they could, and immediately drawing up his Ladders, he marched through the City with his hundred Men towards the Castle, being overjoyed and in a manner sure of Success, because he had proceeded thus far undiscovered.

As they were advancing they met four of the Watch with a Light, which gave *Aratus* and his Party a full and timely View of Them, whilst They remained undiscovered. At first they lay as it were in Ambush among some old Ruins, but when they saw the Watch abreast they sallied out, and killed Three of Them, but the Fourth having been wounded by a Sword in the Head ran away bawling as loud as he could, that the Enemy were got into the City. Immediately upon This the Trumpets sounded an Alarm, and the whole City was in an Uproar. The Streets were in a Moment full of People running Some one way and Some another, and illuminated by an infinite Number of Lights which were kindled in the City, and on the Ramparts of the Castle, and a confused Noise was heard from every Quarter.

In the mean time *Aratus* kept on his way, and laboured to get up the Rocks, at first slowly, and with much Difficulty, having lost the Path, which lay deep, and was overshadowed with Craggs, leading to the Wall with many Windings and Turnings; but the Moon immediately, and as it were by Miracle, dispersing the Clouds, gave Light to the most difficult part of the way, 'till he got to the Wall, and there the Clouds as miraculously reunited, hid the Face of the Moon, and once more involved every thing in Obscurity.

The three hundred Soldiers *Aratus* had left without the Gates near *Juno's* Temple entering the Town found it full of Tumult, Confusion, and Illuminations, and not being able to find the Way *Aratus* had taken, or any Footsteps of him, they shrowded themselves under the shady side of a rocky Precipice, where they waited in the utmost Distress and Perplexity. By this time *Aratus* was engaged upon the Ramparts of the Citadel from whence a Noise descended like That of Persons in a Fight; but as it was echoed and repeated from the adjacent Mountains, it was not known from whence it first proceeded. Whilst the three hundred Soldiers were in a doubt which way to turn themselves, *Archelaus* Captain of the King's Guard taking a good Number of Soldiers with him made up towards the Castle, with great Shouts, and Trumpets founding, to charge *Aratus* in the Rear, and marched by those three hundred Men without perceiving them. He had no sooner passed them but they rose, as from an Ambuscade, fell upon him, and killed the first they encountered, they so terrified the rest together with *Archelaus* Himself, that they put them to Flight, and pursued them 'till they were quite broken and dispersed.

By that time this Action was over, *Erginus* arrived, being sent from the Party under *Aratus*, to acquaint them that they were engaged with the Enemy, who defended themselves with much Resolution, and that *Aratus* stood in great need of their speedy Assistance. They immediately desired him to lead them on without delay.

delay, and as they marched up they signified their Approach by loud Shouts, on purpose to encourage them. The Moon, which happened then to be at full, shining on their Armour, made them appear to the Enemy at that Distance more in Number than they really were, and the Silence of the Night rendering the Echos more strong and sensible, they concluded them to be the Shouts of a much more considerable Party. In short when they were all joined they charged so violently that they drove off the Enemy, took post upon the Wall, and by break of day were Masters of the Citadel, so that the first Rays of the rising Sun illustrated their Glory. By this time the rest of the Army came up to *Aratus* from *Sicyon*, the *Corinthians* joyfully receiving them at their Gates, and helping them to secure the rest of the King's Forces.

As soon as *Aratus* had made himself sure of his Victory he came down from the Citadel to the Theatre, where all the People were assembled out of Curiosity to hear what he would say to the *Corinthians*. After he had drawn up his *Achæans* on each side of the Avenues to the Theatre, he appeared armed as he was from behind the Scenes, with his Countenance extremely altered through Excess of Toil, and Over-watching, so that the Joy with which his Heart exulted, and that Alacrity with which his great Success had inspired him, were clouded and depressed through extreme Toil and Weakness. The People, as soon as they beheld him, broke out into loud Applauses and Congratulations, and He taking his Spear in his right Hand, resting his Knee a little bent, and his Body against it, stood a good while in that Posture, silently receiving the Shouts and Acclamations of Those who extolled his Valour, and applauded his Fortune. When these first Transports of the People were over, and the Theatre grew calm, collecting the little Strength he had left, he began an Oration in the Name of the *Achæans*, suitable to the late Action, persuading the *Corinthians* to associate themselves into the League, and at the same time de-

livered up to them the Keys of the City, which had never been in their Possession since the time of King Philip. As for the Officers of *Antigonus*, he dismissed *Archelaus*, whom he had taken Prisoner; *Theophrastus* refusing to quit the City he caused to be slain; and *Perseus*, when he saw the Castle was lost, got away to *Cenchreae*. It is reported that not long after as He was amusing himself with some disputable Point in Philosophy, and was told by some one present, that in his Opinion none but a wise Man was fit to be a General, he replied, *The Gods know that none of Zeno's Maxims once pleased me better than This; but now I am quite of another Opinion, having been corrected by that young Blade of Sicyon.* This is by Many related of *Perseus*.

Aratus immediately made himself Master of the Temple of *Juno*, and Haven of *Lechaëum*, where he seized upon five and twenty of the King's Ships, together with five hundred Horses, and four hundred Syrian Slaves which he sold. The *Achæans* also put a Garrison of four hundred Soldiers, and fifty Dogs with as many Keepers into *Acro-Corinthus*.

The Romans, in full Admiration of *Philopæmen*, called him the last of the Græcians, as if no great Man Had ever since his time been bred amongst them; but I may well say that This was the last of the Græcian Exploits, being comparable to the best of them, both for the Daringness of it, and the Success, as the Consequences declared; for the *Megarians* revolting from *Antigonus* took part with *Aratus*, and the *Trænenians* and *Epidaurians* ingrafted themselves into the *Achæan* Community. His first Inroad was into *Attica*, and passing over into *Salamis* he plundered the Island, turning the *Achæan* force every way, as now let loose, and set at liberty. Those Prisoners that were Freeman he sent home to *Athens* without Ransom, which was the first Foundation of their Revolt from *Antigonus*. He drew *Ptolemy* likewise into the *Achæan* League, by resigning to him the Management of the War, and getting him to be declared Captain-General both by Sea and Land. This gained

gained him so great a Reputation and Credit among the *Achæans*, that since he could not by Law be chosen their General every Year, yet every other Year he was, and by his Counsels and Actions was in effect always so. For they perceived that neither Riches nor Reputation, nor the Friendship of Kings, nor the private Interest of his own Country, nor any thing else, was so dear to him as the increase of the *Achæan* Power and Greatness. For he believed that small Cities could be preserved by nothing else, but a continual and combined Force, united by the Bond of common Interest; and as the Members of the Body live and breathe by their mutual Communication and Connexion, and when once separated pine away and putrify, in the same manner are Cities ruined by being dismembered from one another, as well as preserved when linked together into one great Body, which makes them enjoy the Benefit of that Foresight and Counsel that animates and holds them together.

Aratus therefore observing that all the neighbouring Cities of any Figure were free, and lived under their own Laws, except *Argos*, and being uneasy to see Her continue in Bondage, he resolved to dispatch the Tyrant *Aristomachus* who held her in Servitude, and made it a Point of Honour to restore that City to her Liberty where he had received his Education, and at the same time associate so powerful a Member to the League of the *Achæans*. Nor were there Men wanting who had the Courage to undertake such an Enterprize, *Æschylus* and *Cbarimenes* the Soothsayer being at the Head of them; but they had no Swords, for the Tyrant had prohibited the keeping of them under a severe Penalty.

To remedy this Inconvenience *Aratus* caused several small Daggers to be prepared at *Corinth*, and hiding them in the Pack-saddles of some Carriers Horses that were carrying a Parcel of ordinary Ware to *Argos*, he got them by that Stratagem conveyed to them. But *Cbarimenes* admitting another Person as a Partner in the Design, without the Knowledge or Consent of *Æschylus* and his Associates, they were so enraged at it that they excluded

excluded Him, and resolved to execute the Design by Themselves. As soon as *Charmines* perceived their Drift he went in a Rage, and discovered the whole Plot the very Moment the Conspirators were upon the Point of Execution. When they found themselves detected most of them made a Shift to escape to *Corinth*.

Not long after *Aristomachus* was slain by his Servants, and *Aristippus* a worse Tyrant than He seized the Government, upon which *Aratus* mustering all the *Achaëans* that were of Age, hastened away to the Aid of the City, believing that he should find the *Argives* very ready to join with him; but the People being accustomed to Slavery, and none appearing to receive him, he retreated, giving thereby occasion to accuse the *Achaëans* of committing Acts of Hostility in the midst of Peace; upon which Account they were sued in the Court of the *Mantineans*, and *Aratus* not making his appearance *Aristippus* cast them, and had Costs given them to the value of thirty *Minæ*. And now both hating and fearing *Aratus*, he sought to kill him, having the Assistance and good Wishes of King *Antigonus*; so that he was perpetually followed and watched by Those who waited for an opportunity to dispatch him. But the surest Guard of a Prince is the Good-will of his Subjects; for where the Nobility and common People are not afraid of, but for their Governor, he sees with many Eyes, and hears with many Ears whatsoever is a doing; wherefore I cannot but here digress a little from the Course of my Narrative, to describe that manner of Life which the so much envied, Arbitrary Power, and the celebrated Pomp of uncontrolled Government obliged *Aristippus* to lead. This Tyrant, who had *Antigonus* for his Friend and Ally, who maintained so many Troops for the Security of his Person, and who had taken care not to leave one of his Enemies alive in the City, would not suffer his Guards to do Duty in the Palace, but in several Stations without, and round about it. As soon as Supper was over he constantly turned out all his Domesticks, fastened the Doors Himself, and then mounted

mounted with his Harlot into an upper Chamber through a Trap-door, on which he placed his Bed, and slept (if a Man in his Condition may be supposed to sleep) always in Fear, Terror, and Anxiety. The Mother of his Harlot every Night removed the Ladder by which he mounted into his Bed-Chamber, and locked it up in Another Room. In the Morning she brought it again, and called up this wonderful, this happy Tyrant, who came crawling out like a Serpent from his lurking Hole. Whereas *Aratus*, who, not by the Force of Arms but by his Virtue, and the Authority of the Law, obtained a firm perpetual Command, appeared in view of the whole World in a plain Vest, and home-spun Cloke, and manifesting himself on every Occasion to be an implacable Enemy to all Tyrants in general, has left behind him a Posterity, which remains in great Honour and Esteem among the *Græcians* to this day. But of all Those, who usurped strong Castles, maintained Lifeguards, fenced themselves with Arms, Gates, and Baricadoes, how few were there, who did not, like timorous Hares, die a violent Death, without either Family, or Honourable Monument to preserve their Memory?

Aratus made several Attempts both open and secret to surprise *Aristippus*, and recover *Argos* out of his Hands, but always miscarried. One Night particularly he proceeded so far as to plant his Ladders, and mount the Wall with a small Number of his Followers, exposing himself to the utmost Danger. At first he slew all Those who took the Alarm, and had the Courage to oppose him; but as soon as Day appeared the Tyrant attacked him on every side, whilst the *Argives*, as if it had not been for their Liberties that *Aratus* was fighting, and they were only presiding at the *Nemæan Games*, sat with their Arms across like fair and candid Spectators. However *Aratus* defended himself with great Resolution, and had his Thigh run thorough with a Lance, notwithstanding which he kept his Ground all that Day, and could he have maintained it the following Night he had carried his Point; for the Tyrant thought

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of nothing but flying, and had already sent aboard his Ships most of his Wealth and Treasure. But no one gave *Aratus* Intelligence of it; besides, he wanted Water, and was disabled by his Wound, which grew very painful. This constrained him to draw off, and despairing to succeed by way of Surprise he had recourse to open Force, and fell with his Army into the Territories of *Argos*, which he wasted.

This brought on a general Engagement betwixt Him and the Tyrant near the River *Cbæres*, where he is accused of withdrawing himself too soon out of the Fight, and thereby abandoning the Victory. For whereas one Part of his Army had apparently got the better on their side, and pursued the Enemy to a great Distance, He on his part retreated in great Disorder into his Camp, not so much because he was overpressed by the Enemy, as despairing of Success, and through a Panick Fear. When the other Wing were returned from the Pursuit they were extremely vexed to find that tho' they had routed the Enemy, and killed a great many more of their Men than they had lost Themselves, yet They who were vanquished claimed the Trophy, which might have been Theirs of Right as they were Conquerors.

Aratus nettled at this Reproach resolved to bring it to a second Engagement purely for the sake of the Trophy. Wherefore having allowed his Men a day's time to refresh themselves, early the next Morning he drew up in order of Battle. But perceiving that the Enemy were reinforced with fresh Troops, and came on with better Courage than before, he durst not hazard a Fight, but desiring a Truce to bury his Dead, retreated. However this false Step was obliterated by his obliging Carriage, and courteous Behaviour, as well as by his dextrous Management in the Administration, for he soon after brought the Inhabitants of *Cleone* into the *Achæan* Alliance, and caused the *Nemæan* Games to be celebrated in that City, where they may be said to have been first instituted, and so they belonged more properly to Them than any Other. These Games were also celebrated by
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the *Argives* at the same time, which gave the first Occasion to the Violation of the Privilege of safe Conduct always granted to Those who appeared as Combatants on that Occasion, the *Achæans* selling as Enemies as Many as they could catch going through their Country to the Games at *Argos*. So vehement and implacable was the Hate *Aratus* had conceived against Tyrants.

Not long after *Aratus* having Notice that *Aristippus* had a Design upon *Cleone*, but was afraid of Him, because he then resided in *Corinth*, he assembled his Army by publick Proclamation, and commanding them to take along with them Provision for several Days he marched to *Cenchreæ*, hoping by this Stratagem to entice *Aristippus* to fall upon *Cleone*, when he supposed Him far enough off, and so it happened, for he immediately marched his Army against it from *Argos*. But *Aratus* returning that very Night from *Cenchreæ* to *Corinth* in the Dusk of the Evening, and besetting all the Passages, he led on the *Achæans*, who followed him in so good Order and with so much Speed and Alacrity, that they were not discovered by *Aristippus*, not only whilst upon their March, but even when they were drawn up in Order of Battle. As soon as it was Morning the Gates being opened and the Trumpets sounding, he fell upon the Enemy with great Fury, and routing them followed the Pursuit, especially that Way where *Aristippus* endeavoured to make his Escape, through a Country full of Windings and Turnings. The Pursuit lasted as far as *Mycenæ*, where the Tyrant was slain by a certain *Cretan*, called *Tragiscus*, as *Dinias* reports, and of the common Soldiers above fifteen hundred. Yet though *Aratus* had obtained so great a Victory without the loss of a Man, he could not make himself Master of *Argos*, nor restore it to its Liberty; because *Ægias* and the younger *Aristomachus* got into the Town with the King's Forces, and seized upon the Government. But by this Exploit he silenced the Scoffs and Jest of those who flattered the Tyrants, and in their Rallery would say, That the *Achæan* General was usually troubled with a Looseness when

when he was to fight a Battle, that the Sound of a Trumpet struck him with a Drowfiness and a Giddiness, and that when he had drawn up his Army, and given the Word, he used to ask his Lieutenants and Officers, What further need there could be of his Presence since the Dye was cast, and then went aloof to expect the Event. And so much did these Reports gain Credit, that when the Philosophers disputed whether to have one's Heart beat, and to change Colour upon any Danger, be an Argument of Fear, or rather of Weakness and coldness of Constitution, *Aratus* was always quoted as a valiant Captain, but subject to be so affected in time of Battle.

Having thus dispatched *Aristippus*, he devised with himself how to ruin *Lyfiades* the *Mégapolitan*, who tyrannized over his Country. This Person was naturally of a generous Temper, and not insensible of true Honour. He was induced to usurp the Government, not by the ordinary Motives of other Tyrants, Licentiousness and Avarice, but being young, and stimulated with the Desire of Glory, suffered his generous Mind to be unwarily prepossessed with the vain and false Applauses given to Tyranny, as some happy and glorious thing; but he had no sooner seized on the Government, than he grew weary of the Weight of it; and at once emulating the Tranquillity, and fearing the Policy of *Aratus*, he took a noble Resolution first to free himself from Hatred and Fear, from Soldiers and Guards, and then to be a publick Benefactor to his Country. Sending therefore immediately for *Aratus* he resigned the Government, and incorporated his City into the *Acbæan* Community. The *Acbæans* applauding this generous Action chose him General, upon which, desiring to outstrip *Aratus* in Glory, amongst many other improper Things he declared War against the *Lacedæmonians*, which *Aratus* opposing was thought to do it out of Envy; but *Lyfiades* was the second time chosen General, tho' *Aratus* appeared against him, and laboured to have that Charge conferred upon Another; for *Aratus* Him-

self

self had that Command every other Year, as has been said before: and *Lyfiades* succeeded so well in his Pretensions that he was thrice chosen General, governing alternately, as did *Aratus*; but at last declaring himself his professed Enemy, and accusing him frequently to the *Achæans*, he was rejected; for it appeared plainly that with counterfeit and adulterated Merit he contested against true and sincere Virtue; and, as *Æsop* tells us, that the Cuckoo one day asking the little Birds, Why they flew away from her, was answered, Because they feared she would some time or other prove a Hawk all on a sudden, without giving them any Warning: Thus it fell out with *Lyfiades*. His former Tyranny made the World still entertain a strong suspicion of him, that his Change was not sincere, that his Mind was still tainted with the same Principle, and that he would declare himself upon the first Occasion.

Aratus acquired new Glory in the War against the *Ætolians*, for as the *Achæans* were by all means for giving them Battle on the Confines of *Megara*, in which they were seconded by *Agis* King of *Lacedæmon*, who had been called in to their Assistance, *Aratus* very warmly opposed it, and endured with great Patience the Injuries and Reproches flung upon him on that Occasion, as if he acted upon a Principle of Fear and Cowardise, preferring the Good of the Publick, and the Common Interest, to his own Credit and Reputation. He retired before the Enemy, suffered them to pass over Mount *Gerania*, and enter *Peloponnesus*, without giving them the least Disturbance. But as soon as he understood they had seized on the City of *Pellene* in their March, he was then quite another Man; without loss of time, or waiting for the rest of his Troops, he took such as he had with him, and marched instantly against the Enemy, who were weakened by their Victory, which had flung them into Insolence and Disorder. For indeed they were no sooner got with in the Walls of *Pellene*,

Iene, but the Soldiers disbanded, dispersed themselves into the several Houses, where they fell together by the Ears for the Plunder, whilst the Commanders seized on the Wives and Daughters of the *Pellenians*, every Man putting his Helmet upon the Head of his Prize, to denote to whom she belonged, and prevent her falling into the Hands of Another.

They were in this Posture when News was brought that *Aratus* was at hand, and ready to fall upon them. This flung them into a terrible Consternation, as may reasonably be expected in so great a Confusion; and before the Hindmost could hear of the Danger, They who were nearest to the Gates, and in the Suburbs, skirmishing with the *Achaëans* were soon routed, and running away in the utmost disorder, struck a Consternation into Those who were rallying, and marching to their Assistance, so that they were at a loss upon what to determine. In this Tumult and Confusion one of the Captives, the Daughter of *Epigethes*, a Lady remarkable for her singular Beauty, and Majestick Stature, was sitting in the Temple of *Diana*, where the Officer, whose Prize she was, had secured her, having put his Helmet with three lofty Plumes upon her. She, alarmed at the great Noise she heard, arose in a Fright in order to fly, but when she was got to the Gate of the Temple, and from the Top of the Steps cast her Eyes down upon the Combatants with the Helmet still upon her Head, she seemed to the Citizens to be something more than human, and the Enemy believed her to be some Deity, at which they were seized with so much Fear and Astonishment that they had no Power to defend Themselves.

The *Pellenians* tell us that the Statue of *Diana* stands usually locked up, and untouched, but that when the High Priests removes it, and it is born in Procession, every one turns his Eyes away from it, without daring to look towards it; for that the sight of it is not only terrible, and dangerous to Mankind, but where-ever

she passeth the Trees become Barren, and the Fruit is blasted. This Image therefore, they say, the Priestess produced at that time, and holding it directly in the Faces of the *Ætoli*ans, made them lose their Reason and Judgment. But *Aratus* mentions no such thing in his Commentaries. He only says, That having put to Flight the *Ætoli*ans, and falling in Pell-mell with them into the City, he drove them out by main Force, and killed seven hundred of them. This Exploit was highly applauded, and has been esteemed as one of the most famous Actions that ever was performed. *Timanthes* the Painter described it with so much Strength and Energy, that They who beheld the Piece could not look on it as a Picture, but as the very thing itself, so naturally and with so much Life is it there represented.

In the mean time many Princes and States confederating against the *Achæans*, *Aratus* thought it best to clap up a Peace with the *Ætoli*ans. On this Occasion he made use of the Assistance of *Pantaleon*, One of the most powerful among them, and of the greatest Interest and Authority in his Country. By his means he not only struck up a Peace with them, but concluded an offensive and defensive Alliance between the two Nations. Being still very desirous to free the *Athenians* also, he was censured and accused by the *Achæans*, for that notwithstanding the Truce and Suspension of Arms agreed upon between Them and the *Macedonians*, he had attempted to take the Haven of *Piræus*. But he denies this Fact in his Commentaries, and lays the Blame on *Erginus*, by whose Assistance he had taken the Citadel of *Corinth*, alledging that He upon his own private Account endeavoured to scale the *Piræus*, and that his Ladders happening to break, and He being hotly pursued, called out several times upon *Aratus* as if He had been present, by which Means he deceived the Enemy. and got safely off. But methinks this Excuse is very weak and improbable; for it is not very likely that

Erginus, a private Man, and a Syrian Stranger, should conceive in his Mind so great an Attempt, without the Instigation and Assistance of *Aratus*; nor was it twice or thrice, but very often, that like an obstinate Lover he discovered a Design to be Master of *Piræus*, and was so far from being discouraged by his Disappointments, that his missing his Hopes but narrowly, was an Incentive to him to proceed the more boldly in his Design. One time amongst the rest, making his Escape through *Tbriasium*, he put his Leg out of Joint, and was forced to scarify it in Order to his Cure, so that for a long time he was carried in a Litter to the Wars. And as soon as *Antigonus* was dead, *Demetrius* succeeding him in his Kingdom, he was more bent than ever upon setting *Athens* at Liberty; and more openly despised the *Macedonians*. Wherefore being overthrown in a Battle near *Phylacia*, by *Bythis*, *Demetrius's* General, and there being a very strong Report, that he was either taken or slain, *Diogenes*, the Governor of the *Piræus*, sent Letters to *Corinth*, commanding the *Achæans* to depart that City, seeing *Aratus* was dead. When these Letters came to *Corinth*, *Aratus* happened to be there in Person, so that *Diogenes's* Messengers being sufficiently mocked and derided, were forced to return to their Master. King *Demetrius* also sent a Ship, wherein *Aratus* was to be brought to him in Chains. But the *Athenians* exceeding all Bounds of Flattery to the *Macedonians*, crowned themselves with Garlands upon the first News of his Death; wherefore invading their Territories in a Rage, he pierced as far as the Academy, but then suffering himself to be pacified, he did no further Act of Hostility. This among other things raised in the *Athenians* a great Veneration for his Virtue; so that when afterwards upon the Death of *Demetrius*, they attempted to recover their Liberty they called Him to their Assistance. Although at that time another Person was General of the *Achæans*, and *Aratus* Himself was confined to his Bed by a Distemper, which

had hung long upon him, yet rather than fail the City in that time of need he was carried thither in a Litter,

As soon as he was arrived he prevailed with *Diogenes* the Governor to deliver up the Haven of *Piræus*, the Fortress of *Munychia*, *Salamis*, and *Sunium* to the *Athenians*, in Consideration of a hundred and fifty Talents, whereof *Aratus* Himself furnished Twenty out of his own Pocket. Upon this the *Æginetæ* and the *Hermionians* joined themselves to the *Achæans*, and the greatest part of *Arcadia* became Tributary to them, so that the *Macedonians* ceasing to molest them, by reason of their Wars with other Neighbouring Nations, and the *Ætolians* being their Allies, the *Achæan* Power increased very considerably. Now *Aratus*, desirous to effect a Design he had long in his Mind, and impatient that Tyranny should still nest itself in so near a City as *Argos*, he sent to *Aristomachus* to persuade him to restore Liberty to that City, and to associate it to the *Achæans*, and that following *Lyfades's* Example he should rather choose to be the General of a great Nation, with Esteem and Honour; than the Tyrant of one City, with continual Hatred and Danger. *Aristomachus* slighted not the Message, but desired *Aratus* to send him fifty Talents, with which he might pay off the Soldiers. In the mean time whilst the Money was providing, *Lyfades* being then General, and extremely ambitious that this Advantage might seem to be of His procuring for the *Achæans*, he accused *Aratus* to *Aristomachus*, as one who bore an irreconcilable Hatred to the Tyrants, insinuating that he ought rather to trust himself in His Hands, than in Those of an implacable Enemy. *Aristomachus* gave Credit to what was suggested to him, and so *Lyfades* had all the Honour of bringing the Tyrant into the League of the *Achæans*. But here the *Achæan* Council gave a manifest Proof of the great Credit *Aratus* had with them, and the Good-will they bore him. For when He spake against *Aristomachus's* being admitted into the Associa-

tion, they rejected him with great Anger, but as soon as he had changed his Opinion, and began to appear for it, they chearfully and readily decreed that the *Argives* and *Phliasians* should be incorporated into their Commonwealth, and the next Year they chose *Aristomachus* General.

Aristomachus finding himself highly honoured and esteemed by the *Achæans*, was very desirous to invade *Laconia*, and for that purpose sent for *Aratus* from *Arbens*. *Aratus* wrote to him to dissuade him all he could from that Expedition, being very unwilling the *Achæans* should be engaged against *Cleomenes*, a young Man full of Mettle and Resolution, and upon whom the greatest Dangers had no other Effect than to augment his Power and Reputation. But *Aristomachus* resolving to go on, *Aratus* obeyed his Summons, and repaired to the Army. *Cleomenes* offered them Battle near *Pallantium*, but *Aratus* prevailing upon *Aristomachus* not to engage, *Lyfiades* laid a heavy Accusation against him before the *Achæans*, and the Year following contested with him for the Command, but *Aratus* had the Majority of Voices, and was for the twelfth time declared General.

This Year being defeated by *Cleomenes* near Mount *Lyceum* he fled, and wandering up and down the whole Night it was said that he was slain. This is the second time the Report of his Death was spread, and believed by the *Græcians*. But He having escaped this Danger and rallied his Forces, was not content to march off in Safety, but making use of the present Conjuncture, when no Body dreamed any such thing, fell suddenly upon the *Mantineans*, Allies of *Cleomenes*, and when he had taken the City he put a good Garrison into it, and declared all those Strangers free of the City, who had settled in it; acquiring hereby greater Advantages to the *Achæans* when vanquished, than they could have hoped for, if they had been Conquerors.

The *Lacedæmonians* invading a second time the Territories of the *Megalopolitans*, *Aratus* marched to their Assistance,

Assistance, but refused coming to an Engagement with *Cleomenes*, tho' he did all he could to provoke him to it, nor would he be prevailed upon by the *Megalopolitans*, who most earnestly pressed him. For besides that by Nature he was averse to set Battles, he was then much inferior in number of Men, and was to deal with a daring Man, and in his Prime, Himself being now in the Declension of his Ambition as well as Courage. He considered also that He ought to maintain that Glory he was now in Possession of, by Caution, which the Other aspired to by Forwardness and Daring.

However the light-armed Infantry having made a Sally, and pushed the *Lacedæmonians* as far as their Camp, and even to their Tents, *Aratus* could not be provoked even by that Advantage, but posting himself in a Hollow hindered his Troops from advancing. *Lyfades* extremely vexed at this Conduct, and calling *Aratus* a thousand Cowards, intreated the Horse to second Those who had the Enemy in Chace, and not let a certain Victory slip out of their Hands, or forsake Him, who was going to venture his Life in the Service of his Country. When he had drawn together a good Body of chosen Troops he charged the Enemy's right Wing with so much Vigour that he soon broke them and put them to Flight. But pursuing them with an inconsiderate Heat, and too impatient a Desire of Glory, he hurried himself into crooked Passes, woody, and full of broad Ditches, where *Cleomenes* turning upon him, and attacking him, he fell in the most glorious of all Actions, fighting valiantly at the very Entrance into his Country. The rest of the Cavalry taking to their Heels bore back upon the main Body, where they broke the Ranks, communicated their Fears in every Quarter, and made the whole Army share with them in their Defeat, and Flight.

The greatest Share of this Misfortune and Disgrace was charged upon *Aratus*, who was suspected of having betrayed *Lyfades*. The *Achæans*, who retired in great Indignation, constrained him to follow them as far as

Ægium,

Ægium, where calling a Council it was decreed that he should no longer be furnished with Money, nor have any more foreign Soldiers hired for him, but that, if he would make War, he should do it at his own Expence. He resented this Affront so hainously that he was upon the point of delivering up the Seal, and laying down the Office of General; but considering well of the Matter he thought it best to bear it with Patience, and soon after leading the *Achæans* to *Orchomenum* he fought *Me-gistbonus* the Father-in-law of *Cleomenes*, overthrew him, killed three hundred of his Men, and took Him Prisoner.

Now whereas he used to be chosen General every other Year, when his turn came he was called to take upon him that Charge, but refused it, and *Timoxenus* was chosen in his stead. The Reason alledged for this Refusal, (his being discontented, and offended at the People for their late Usage) was not the real Cause, but the ill Circumstances of the *Achæan* Affairs. For *Cleomenes* did not now Invade them coldly and cautelously as formerly, as one curbed by the Magistrates, but having killed the *Ephori*, equally divided the Lands, and made many Strangers free of the City, he was become absolute in his Government, fell in good earnest upon the *Achæans*, and peremptorily demanded to be declared General of the League. Wherefore *Aratus* was much to be blamed, for that in so terrible a Storm, when All was at Stake, and the whole Community was in danger of Sinking, He who was Pilot should quit the Helm, and that at a time when he ought rather to have Seized on it by Force if it had been in the Hands of Another, and have provided for the common Safety even at the Hazard of his own Life. Or if he thought the Affairs of the *Achæans* to be in a desperate Condition, and out of His Power to retrieve them, he ought to have yielded All up to *Cleomenes*, rather than to barbarise *Peloponnesus* once more with so many *Macedonian* Garrisons, to fill the Citadel of *Corinth* with *Illyrian* and *Galatian* Soldiers, and join with Those, whom he had so often overcome in the Field by Force of Arms,

Arms, and been too hard for by superior Strokes of Policy in Treaties, and under the specious Name of Confederates give Them Admission into all his Towns and Fortresses, whom he had branded with so many Calumnies in his Commentaries.

It may be said *Cleomenes* was Arbitrary and Tyrannical; supposing That to be true, yet was he descended from the *Heraclidae*, and *Sparta* was his Country, the meanest Citizen whereof deserved to have been preferred to the Generalship of the League, before the First in Rank of the *Macedonians*, at least by Those who were never so little concerned for the Honour and Dignity of *Greece*. Besides, *Cleomenes* lay'd Claim to that Command for no other end but to have it in his Power to be serviceable and beneficent to the *Achæans*, in Gratitude and Acknowledgment of so glorious a Title. Whereas *Antigonus* was no sooner declared Commander in Chief by Sea and Land, but before he would accept of that Charge he insisted upon having the Citadel of *Corinth* delivered into his Hands, as the Hire of the Service he was to perform; imitating herein *Æsop's* Huntsman, who would not mount his Horse 'till he had first bridled him: Neither would *Antigonus* get up, and ride the *Achæans*, 'till they had offered their Backs to him, and courted him to it by their Decrees, and Embassies, and 'till he had bridled them by the Garrison he placed in the Citadel, and the Hostages he exacted from them. It is true *Aratus* endeavours to justify himself from the Necessity he was under: But we are assured by *Polybius* that long before This, being jealous of the enterprising Genius of *Cleomenes*, he had entered into a secret Treaty with *Antigonus*, and prevailed upon the *Megalopolitans* to demand in the Council of the *Achæans* that He might be called in to their Assistance. For the *Megalopolitans* were the most exposed of Any to the Incursions and Depredations of *Cleomenes*. *Philarchus* writes the same Thing; but We are not to give much Credit to that Historian, where he is not backed by the Testimony of *Polybius*. For whenever he mentions *Cleomenes* his Zeal flings him into a Fit of Enthusiasm,

thusiasm, and as if he was rather Pleading, than writing a History, his whole Business is to accuse the One, and justify the Other.

The *Achæans* therefore lost the City of *Mantineæ*, which *Cleomenes* took from them a second time, and being beaten in a great Fight near *Hecatombeum*, so general was the Consternation, that they immediately sent to *Cleomenes* to desire him to come to *Argos*, and take the Government upon him. But *Aratus*, as soon as he understood that he was coming, and was got as far as *Lerna* with his Army, fearing the worst sent Ambassadors to him, to intreat him to come accompanied with three hundred only, as to Friends and Confederates, and if he mistrusted any thing, he should receive what Hostages he demanded. *Cleomenes* looking on this Intreaty as no better than a piece of Mockery, and an Affront, drew back immediately, and sent a Letter to the Council of the *Achæans* full of Complaints and Invectives against *Aratus*. *Aratus* wrote one likewise in the same Style against *Cleomenes*, and they were Both transported with so much Bitterness and Rancor on this Occasion, that the Reputation even of their Wives and Families was brought into the Quarrel.

Hereupon *Cleomenes* being highly incensed sent a Herald to declare War against the *Achæans*, and in the mean time missed very narrowly of taking *Sicyon* by Treachery. Turning from thence he stormed *Pellene*, and took the City, deserted by the *Achæan* General, as he did *Phenon* and *Penteleon* not long after; upon which the *Argives* voluntarily joined with him, and the *Pblisians* received a Garrison, and in short nothing held firm for the *Achæans*, but an universal Confusion surrounded *Aratus*, who beheld all *Peloponnesus* shaken, and the Cities revolting by the Practices of Innovators; for no Place was quiet or satisfied with the present Condition: so that amongst the *Sicyonians* and *Corinthians* Themselves, Many were detected to have carried on a private Correspondence with *Cleomenes*, out of a Desire to make themselves Masters, having

having of a long time before been disinclined to the present Establishment.

Aratus receiving a Commission to try and condemn them without Appeal, passed Sentence of Death upon as Many as were found guilty at *Sicyon*. And as he was proceeding with the same Rigour at *Corinth* also, he irritated the People, who were grown sick and weary of the *Achaean* Government: Wherefore running tumultuously to the Temple of *Apollo*, they sent for *Aratus*, resolving to take or kill him before they broke out into open Rebellion. He came accordingly, leading his Horse in his Hand, as if he suspected nothing. As soon as he appeared at the Gate of the Temple Several stood up and accused him with great Warmth and Bitterness, when He with a steady settled Countenance, and Words full of Mildness and Complacency, desired them to sit down, and not behave themselves in that irregular Manner, with so much Disorder and Confusion. At the same time he caused all Those to enter into the Temple who were standing at the Gate, whilst He drew back by little and little, as if he wanted somebody to hold his Horse. Clearing himself thus insensibly of the Crowd, and speaking without any Emotion or Concern to as many of the *Corinthians* as he met, and pressing them to go to the Temple, as soon as he saw himself near the Citadel, before any one could have the least suspicion of his Design, he leaped upon his Horse, and having enjoined *Cleopater*, who commanded in the Garrison, to be careful of his Charge, he rode away full speed to *Sicyon*, followed by no more than thirty of his Soldiers, the rest leaving him, and shifting for Themselves.

As soon as it was known that he was fled, the *Corinthians* sent out a Party after him to apprehend him; but failing of their Design, they immediately sent for *Cleomenes*, and delivered up the City to Him. He did not think the Possession of the City an Equivalent for the Loss of *Aratus*, whom they had suffered to slip out of their Hands. However as soon as They who inhabited that Quarter near the Sea called *Aëta* had joined him,
and

and surrendered their Towns to him, he made a Wall and Circumvallation round the Citadel of *Corinth*.

In the mean time, as soon as *Aratus* was arrived at *Sicyon*, many of the *Achæans* came in to him, and in a General Assembly he was once more declared Commander in Chief with absolute Power and Authority, but had only a Guard of his own Citizens appointed to attend him. After having governed the Affairs of the *Achæans* for thirty Years together, and been all that time the first Man in *Greece* both in Power and Reputation, he now found himself abandoned, indigent, persecuted, and born as it were on a Plank saved out of the Shipwreck of his Country, in the midst of the most outrageous Tempest and impending Dangers; for the *Ætolians* refused to assist him in his Distress, when he sent to Them for Aid; and the *Athenians*, who were well affected to him, were diverted from lending him any Succour, by the Authority of *Euclides* and *Micion*. Now whereas he had a House and Treasure in *Corinth*, *Cleomenes* meddled not with it, nor suffered any body else to touch it, but sending for his Friends and Domesticks, he commanded Them to take care of his Concerns, as Those who were to give an Account of them to *Aratus*: He also privately sent *Tripylus* unto him, and afterwards *Migistonus* his Father-in-law, to offer him, besides several other Things, a yearly Pension of twelve Talents, which was twice as much as *Ptolemy* allowed him, for he gave him but six; and all that he demanded in return was only to be declared General of the *Achæans*, and together with Them have the keeping of the Citadel of *Corinth*: To which *Aratus* returned for Answer that He did not govern the Affairs of the *Achæans*, but was governed by them.

Cleomenes taking this Answer for an Evasion and As-front, fell immediately into the Territories of *Sicyon*; which he plundered and wasted, under his Nose, and kept the City blocked up for three Months together; all which time *Aratus* was debating with himself whether he should bribe *Antigonus* to come to his Assistance with the

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Surrender of the Citadel, for no Aid was to be expected from him without it. In the mean time the *Achæans* held a Council at *Ægium*, to which they called *Aratus*: but it was very hazardous for him to pass thither, because the City was invested on every Side; besides, the Citizens endeavoured to stop him by their Intreaties, protesting that they would not suffer him to expose himself to so evident Danger, the Enemy being so near; the Women also and Children hung about him, weeping and embracing him as their common Father and Defender. But He having comforted and encouraged them as well as he could, got on Horseback, and being accompanied with ten of his Friends, and his Son, then a Youth, got away to the Sea-side, and finding some Vessels there, which rode at Anchor, went on Board of them, and sailed to *Ægium* to the Council, in which it was decreed that *Antigonus* should be called in to their Aid, and should have the Citadel of *Corinth* delivered to him, to whom *Aratus* sent his Son with the other Hostages. The *Corinthians* were extremely offended at this Proceeding, seized on his Treasure, and gave his House to *Cleomenes*. *Antigonus* being now near at hand with his Army, in which were twenty thousand Foot, and one thousand four hundred Horse, *Aratus* with the other Magistrates went to meet him by Sea, the Enemy suspecting nothing of it, as far as *Pegæ*, though he had no great Confidence either in *Antigonus* or the *Macedonians*; for he was very sensible that he had built His Greatness upon Their Loss, and that the first Pretension he had to the Management of Affairs was founded upon the Enmity between Him and *Antigonus* the Elder. But perceiving the present Necessity and Juncture unavoidable, to which Those who seem to command are constrained to obey, he resolved to put all to the Venture. So soon therefore as *Antigonus* was told that *Aratus* was coming up to him, he saluted the rest of the Company after the ordinary Manner, but Him he received at the very first in an honourable way, and finding him upon Trial to be a good and discreet Man, he admitted him into his most private Familiarity:

for *Aratus* was not only useful to him in the Management of Affairs, but agreeable also in private Conversation; and therefore, though *Antigonus* was young, yet as soon as he observed the Temper of the Man to be proper for a Prince's Friendship, he made more Use of Him than of any Other, not only of the *Achæans*, but also of the *Macedonians* who were about him; so that the Thing fell out to him just as the Gods had foretold it. For it is reported, That as *Aratus* was not long before offering Sacrifice, there were found in the Liver two Gall-bags inclosed in the same Caul, whereupon the Soothsayer assured him that two Persons, who at present seemed to be irreconcilable, would soon be united in the strictest ties of Friendship. *Aratus* at first despised this Prediction, having no great Faith in the Prognostications drawn from Victims, and choosing rather to make use of his Reason; but some time after, when the War had taken a favourable Turn, and was far advanced, *Antigonus* made an Entertainment at *Corinth*, to which a great Number of Guests were invited, and *Aratus* was placed next above him. Whilst they were at Table *Antigonus* called for a Cloke to fling over him, and asked *Aratus* if he did not find it very cold, and He replying that he was never colder in his Life, *Antigonus* pressed him to come still nearer, and the Servants flung the Cloke over both their Shoulders. Then *Aratus* remembering the Sacrifice fell a laughing, and told the King what happened to him on that Occasion, and the Interpretation that was put upon it. But this did not fall out 'till after the Times of which we are now speaking.

As soon as they had Both plighted their Faith to each other at *Page*, they marched against the Enemy. There happened many warm Actions under the Walls of *Corinth*, where *Cleomenes* was intrenched, and the *Corinthians* defended themselves with great Courage and Resolution.

In the mean-time *Aristotle* the *Argive*, one of *Aratus*'s most intimate Friends, sent privately to him, to let him know, that he would cause *Argos* to rebel, if he would

would come thither in Person with some Soldiers. *Aratus* acquainted *Antigonus* therewith, and taking fifteen hundred Men with him, he sailed immediately from the *Isthmus* to *Epidaurus*. But the *Argives* had not Patience 'till he could arrive, but making a sudden Insurrection fell upon *Cleomenes's* Soldiers, and drove them into the Citadel. *Cleomenes* having Notice of This, and fearing lest if the Enemy should possess themselves of *Argos*, they might cut off his Retreat home, quitted the Citadel of *Corinth* that very Night, and marched to the Assistance of his Friends in *Argos*. He got thither before *Aratus*, and repulsed the Enemy; but He appearing not long after, and the King approaching with his Forces, he thought it the safest way to retreat to *Mantineæ*.

Immediately upon This all the Cities in *Peloponnesus* declared for the *Achæans*. *Antigonus* seized on the Citadel of *Corinth*, and *Aratus* being chosen General by the *Argives* persuaded them to present *Antigonus* with the Estates and Forfeitures of the late Tyrants, and all the Traitors. After they had put *Aristomachus* to the Question at *Cenchrea* they flung him into the Sea, upon which *Aratus* was highly blamed for suffering a Person to die unjustly, who was no ill Man, with whom he had had many Dealings, and who at His Persuasion had abdicated the Tyranny, and prevailed upon his City to unite itself to the *Achæan* Community. He was charged likewise with several other Things, as that it was at His Instigation that the *Achæans* delivered up the Citadel of *Corinth* to *Antigonus* with as little concern as if it had been an inconsiderable Village; that after they had sacked *Orchomenum* He suffered them to put into it a Garrison of *Macedonians*; that they made a Decree importing that no Letters nor Embassy should be sent to any other King, without the Consent of *Antigonus*; that they were forced to maintain the *Macedonian* Garrison; that they made Sacrifices, Feasts, and Games in Honour of *Antigonus*, His Citizens setting the first Example, receiving *Antigonus* into the City at the Instiga-

tion and Advice of *Aratus*, who entertained him in his own House. All these Miscarriages they charged him with, not considering, that having once put the Reins into *Antigonus's* Hands, he was now hurried along by the Impetuosity of the Regal Power, being Master of nothing but his Tongue, the Liberty of which it was not very safe for him to exercise. For it was very plain, that *Aratus*, was much troubled at several Things, especially at That which related to the Statues. *Antigonus* restored all Those of the Tyrants in *Argos*, which had been displaced by *Aratus*, and on the contrary removed all the Statues of Such, who had at any time surpris'd the Citadel of *Corinth*, That only of *Aratus* Himself excepted, nor could all his Remonstrances and Intreaties divert him from that Resolution. Besides the Usage of the *Mantineans*, by the *Achaëans*, seems not to favour of the *Græcian* Moderation and Humanity; for being Masters of their City by the Help of *Antigonus*, they put to Death the chief and most noted Men amongst them: And for the rest, Some of them they sold, Others they sent bound in Fetters into *Macedonia*, and made Slaves of their Wives and Children. The Money rais'd hereby was a third part of it divided amongst Themselves, and the other two Thirds were distributed among the *Macedonians*. But This seems to have been done by a certain sort of Legal Revenge; for although it be a barbarous thing for Men of the same Nation and Blood thus to butcher one another in their Fury, yet Necessity makes it, as *Simonides* says, Sweet and something excusable, being the properest Remedy to appease and satisfy inflamed and exasperated Minds. But for what was afterwards done to that City, *Aratus* can never be excused upon any account, either of Reason or Necessity; for the *Argives* having the City freely bestowed on them by *Antigonus*, and resolving to People it, He being then chosen the Director of that Affair, and being General at that time, decreed, that it should no more be called *Mantineia*, but *Antigonea*, which Name it still bears. Thus it should seem

that

that by his Means *Mantineæ*, the Beautiful *Mantineæ*, as *Homer* calls it, became extinct, and that another City was erected in its Place, bearing the Name of Him who had destroyed and expelled her Inhabitants.

Some time after This *Cloomenes* being overthrown in a great Battle near *Sellasia*, forsook the City of *Sparta* and fled into *Ægypt*, and *Antigonus* having shewn all manner of Civility and Kindness to *Aratus* retired into *Macedonia*, upon Advice that the *Illyrians* had made an Irruption into that Country; and falling sick there he declared *Philip* the Son of *Demetrius*, a very Youth, his Successor, sent him into *Peloponnesus*, and ordered him above all things to adhere to *Aratus*, and to be guided by his Direction and Advice in all his Transactions with the Cities, and when he had a mind to make himself known to the *Achæans*. *Aratus* received him with the greatest Honour, and managed him with so much Wisdom and Judgment that he sent him back into *Macedonia* full of Sentiments of Affection and Respect to Him, and in the most favourable Dispositions for the Interest of *Greece*.

After the Death of *Antigonus* the *Ætolians* began to despise the Indolence and Inactivity of the *Achæans*, for being accustomed to defend themselves by the Arms of Foreigners, and to crouch under the *Macedonian* Ensigns, they led an idle Life, without the least Regard to any manner of Discipline. This encouraged the *Ætolians* to aim at the Dominion of *Peloponnesus*. They entered into it in an hostile manner, and in their March plundered the Territories of *Patra* and *Dyme*, after which they fell upon *Messene*, and miserably wasted all the adjacent Country. *Aratus*, incensed at this Insolence and Treachery, and perceiving that *Timoxenes* who was Captain-General for the Year acted dilatorily, and spun out the Time because his Authority was near expiring, He, who was to command for the ensuing Year, anticipated his Authority by five Days, on purpose to march to the Succour of the *Messenians*. Having there-

fore mustered the *Achæans*, whose Bodies were neither trained and hardened in the Exercise of Arms, nor their Minds disposed for the War, he was overthrown near *Caphyæ*; and being accused of having acted on that Occasion with more Heat than Prudence, he as soon ran into the other Extreme, Cooling and Desponding at that rate, that he let pass and overlooked all the fair Opportunities of Advantage given him by the *Ætolians*, who now sported and junketed, as it were throughout *Peloponnesus*, with all manner of Insolence and Licentiousness. Wherefore praying once more the Assistance of the *Macedonians*, they drew in and introduced *Philip* to intermeddle in the Affairs of *Greece*, hoping that by reason of his Confidence in *Aratus*, and the Friendship he had for him, they should find him very tractable, and to be managed as They pleased.

But the King giving ear to *Apelles*, *Megalæus*, and other Countries, who endeavoured to ruin the Credit *Aratus* had with him, they prevailed upon him to favour the contrary Faction, and get *Eperatus* chosen General by the *Achæans*; but this *Eperatus* falling into the lowest degree of Contempt, and *Aratus* taking no farther Care of Affairs, all things went to Ruin; upon which *Philip* finding his Mistake, reconciled himself to *Aratus*, and was wholly His, and his Affairs increasing both in Power and Reputation, he depended upon Him for the Augmentation of Both. *Aratus* hereby giving a proof to the World that he was as good a Nursing Father of a Kingdom, as he had been of a Republick; for the Actions of the King had in them the Touch and Colour of His Judgment and Temper; for the Moderation shewed by this young Prince to the *Lacedæmonians*, who had incurred his Displeasure, and his courteous Affability to the *Cretans*, by which in a few Days he brought over the whole Island to his Obedience, and his Expedition against the *Ætolians*, so wonderfully successful, brought *Philip* great Reputation for knowing how to take good Advice, and to *Aratus* for giving it. This served only to aggravate the Envy and Jealousy of the

the Courtiers, who finding they could not prevail against him by their secret Practices, began openly to abuse and affront him in their Debauches, with extraordinary Peculancy and Impudence; so that once they threw Stones at him as he retired from Supper to his Tent. At which *Philip* being extremely offended, immediately fined them twenty Talents; and finding afterwards that they still troubled and disturbed his Affairs, he put them to death. But not long after being puffed up with his Prosperity, the natural Depravity of his Temper, which had lain long concealed, began to break out like an Imposthume, discharging itself in all the odious Symptoms of an abandoned vicious Inclination. In the first place he injured in the highest degree *Aratus* the Younger, in corrupting his Wife. The Intrigue lay concealed for a long time, because he was lodged in the same House with them, upon the Invitation of *Aratus*.

After This he grew more intractable and severe to the several Cities and Communities, and it was easily seen that he intended no longer to be directed by *Aratus*, to whom he shewed great Coolness and Indifference. The beginning of this Alienation was owing to a Misunderstanding in *Messene*, the Inhabitants of which City quarrelling among Themselves, *Aratus* marched upon the first Notice to put a Stop to the Sedition; but he got thither a day after *Philip*, who the Moment he arrived instead of appeasing the Inhabitants endeavoured to irritate them still more against one Another. On the one Hand he asked the Magistrates if they were not enabled by Law to keep the People in Obedience, and on the Other he asked the Ringleaders of the Sedition if they wanted Hands to help themselves against their Oppressors. Thus both Parties placing their Confidence in Him, and thinking him safe to their Interest, the Magistrates attempted to seize the Heads of the Faction, and They stirring up the People against the Magistrates slew Them, and many more of the most

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considerable Persons in the City with them, inso-
much that there were near two hundred slain in that
Sedition.

By that time *Philip* had perpetrated this Inhuman
Action, and aggravated the Sedition, *Aratus* arrived.
From the very First he plainly shewed that he resented
this Proceeding in *Philip*, and suffered his Son, without
silencing him, to reproach him with a great deal of Ac-
rimony, and in very injurious Language. It appeared
that this young Man was in love with *Philip*, but break-
ing out upon this Occasion he told him in plain terms
*that he no longer appeared beautiful to him after the Com-
mission of so villanous an Action, but on the contrary very
ugly.* To all which *Philip* gave him no Answer,
though he appeared much nettled, and muttered often to
himself whilst he was speaking; but for the Elder *Ara-
tus*, seeming to take all that He said in good part, being
also by Nature crafty, and having a good Command of
himself, he gave him his Hand and led him out of the
Theater, and carried him with him to *Ithome*, to Sacri-
fice there to *Jupiter*, and take a view of the Place; for
it is a Post as strong as the Citadel of *Corinth*, and with
a good Garrison can command, and annoy the neigh-
bouring Country, and is almost impregnable. *Philip*
therefore went up into this Castle, to offer Sacrifice,
and when the Priest presented him with the Entrails of
the Ox he took them in both his Hands, and shewed
them to *Demetrius Pharius*, and *Aratus*, asking first
One, and then the Other *what they judged by the Ta-
kens in the Sacrifice it were best for him to do with the
Fort, whether to keep it for himself, or restore it to the
Messenians.* *Demetrius* smiling answered him, *If you
have in you the Soul of a Priest you will restore it, but if
of a Prince you will hold the Ox by both the Horns.* By
which *Enigma* he gave him to understand that *Pelopon-
nesus* would be wholly at his Devotion, if he added
Ithome to the *Acro-corinthus*. *Aratus* said not a word of
a good while, but *Philip* intreating him to declare his
Opinion,

Opinion, he spoke thus. *There are many and great Hills in Crete, and many Rocks in Bœotia and Phocis, and many impregnable Places are there both near the Sea, and in the Mid-land in Acarnania, none of which have you taken by main Force, and yet all these People pay you a voluntary Obedience. It is for Thieves to nest themselves in Rocks and Precipices, but the strongest Fort a King can have is Sweetness, Truth, and Humanity, which secure to him the Fidelity and Affection of the People. These Qualities have opened to you the Cretian Sea, These have made you Master of Peloponnesus, and by the help of These, young as you are, you are become Captain of the One, and Lord of the Other. He was going on at this rate when Philip returned the Entrails to the Priest, and pulling Aratus along with him by the Hand, Come on then, said he, let us go as we came; as if he thought himself forced by Him, and deprived of the Town.*

From this time *Aratus* began to withdraw from Court, and retired by degrees from *Philip's* Company; for when he was preparing to march into *Epirus*, and desired Him to accompany him thither, he excused himself and stayed at home, apprehending that he should only share with him in the Disgrace of his imprudent Conduct. But afterwards when *Philip* had shamefully lost his Fleet in his War against the *Romans*, miscarried in all his Designs, and returned into *Peloponnesus*, where he endeavoured first to win the *Messenians* by his Artifices, but failing therein fell openly to spoil and waste their Country; then *Aratus* fell out with him downright, and utterly renounced his Friendship. For by this time he began to smell out the Injuries done to his Son in his Wife, and though they vexed him to the Heart, yet he concealed them from Him, for he could only let him know he had been abused, but could not help him to the Means of Revenge; for strange and unexpected was the Change made in *Philip*, who of a mild King, and modest and chaste Youth, became a lascivious Man and most cruel Tyrant. But This was not

so

so much a real Change in his Nature as a Manifestation of his Vice, which Fear had obliged him to keep concealed at first, and to which at last he gave full Scope when he thought himself in a Condition to act with Licence and Impunity. For that the Respect he at first bore to *Aratus* had a great Allay of Fear and Awe, appears evidently from what he did to him at last. For being desirous to put him to death, not thinking himself, whilst he was alive, to be at liberty either as King or Tyrant; he durst not attempt to do it by open Force, but commanded *Taurion*, one of his Captains and Familiars, to make him away secretly, and That by Poison during his Absence. *Taurion* therefore contracted a Friendship with *Aratus*, and gave him a Dose not of strong and violent Poisons, but such as cause gentle heetical Heats, and a hollow Cough, and so by degrees bring on certain Death. *Aratus* perceived what was done to him, but knowing that it was to no purpose to complain, he bore it patiently and with silence, as if it had been some common and usual Distemper. Only once whilst a Friend of his was with him in his Chamber he spit some Blood, which his Friend observing and wondering at, *These*, O *Cephalon*, said he, *are the Fruits of the Friendship of Kings*. Thus he died in *Ægium*, in his seventeenth Generalship. The *Achæans* were very desirous that he should be buried there, with a Funeral and Monument suitable to the Glory of his Actions; but the *Sicyonians* believing it a Dishonour to them, if he were interred any where but in Their City, prevailed with the *Achæans* to grant them the Disposal of the Body.

But there Being an ancient Law forbidding any Person to be buried within the Walls of their City, which Law had been constantly observed by a superstitious Punctuality, they sent to *Delphi* to consult the *Pythioness*, who returned them this Oracle:

*Thou ask'st, Sicyon, Aratus' Resting-Place,
If thee his Urn and Funeral Rites shall grace:*

Who

*Who grudges him the light Earth where he lies,
Is the Disgrace o' th' Sea, the Land, and Skies.*

When this Oracle was known at *Sicyon* the whole Body of the *Achæans* rejoiced much at it, but especially the *Sicyonians*, who changing their Mourning into publick Joy, immediately removed the Body from *Ægium*, and in a kind of solemn Procession brought it into the City, with Songs and Dances, crowned with Garlands, and arrayed in white Garments. As soon as they were arrived they made choice of the most conspicuous Place in the City, where they interred Him, whom they considered as its Founder and Preserver. The Place is to this Day called *Aratium*, and there they yearly make two solemn Sacrifices to him, the One on the Day he delivered the City from Tyranny, being the fifth Day of the Month *Daisium*, which the *Athenians* call *Anthesterion*; and This Sacrifice they call *Soteria*; the Other on his Birth-day; now the first of these was performed by the Priest of *Jupiter Soter*, the second by the Priest of *Aratus*, wearing a Linen Girdle not pure white but mingled with Purple. The Hymns were sung to the Harp by the Choir belonging to *Batcbus*; the Procession was led up by the Rector of the *Gymnasium*, with the Boys and young Men, These were followed by the Senate wearing Garlands, and other Citizens such as pleased, whereof some small Footsteps remain to this Day. But the greatest part of the Ceremonies hath through Time, and other intervening Accidents, been disused. And such, as History tells us, was the Life and Manners of the Elder *Aratus*. And for the Younger, *Philip*, abominably wicked by Nature, and cruelly insulting, gave him such poisonous Medicines, as though they did not kill him outright, yet they made him run stark mad, and drove him upon most horrid and abominable Attempts, raising in him a strong Appetite to commit Actions, and gratify Passions the most absurd and infamous. Insomuch that though he was young, and in the Flower of his Age, his Death could not be looked upon as a Misfortune, but rather

rather a Deliverance and the End of his Misery. But *Philip* paid dearly, all the rest of his Life, for these Violations of Friendship and Hospitality ; for being overcome by the *Romans* he was forced to lie at their Mercy- By Them he was deprived of all the Kingdoms and Provinces he had added to his Paternal Dominions, and constrained to surrender all his Ships but five, obliged to pay a fine of a thousand Talents, and to yield up his Son for an Hostage. Out of pure Compassion they left to him *Macedonia* and its Dependences, where continually putting to death the noblest of his Subjects, and the nearest Relations he had, he filled the whole Kingdom with Horror and Detestation of him. The only Comfort left him among so many Disasters was a Son, infinitely superior to all other Princes on the score of his Virtues, and of Him he deprived Himself. He caused him to be murdered out of Envy and Jealousy of the great Honours he received from the *Romans*, and left his Kingdom to his other Son *Perseus*, who, as Some say, was not legitimate, but born of a Semstress called *Gnatbenion*. This was He whom *Paulus Æmilius* led in Triumph, and in whom ended the Royal Race of *Antigonus*. But the Posterity of *Aratus* continues still in our Days at *Sicyon* and *Pellene*.



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G A L B A.

L*Phicrates*, General of the *Athenians*, will have it that a Soldier of Fortune ought to be rapacious and sensual, to put him upon bold Adventures, to lay in a stock to gratify his Lusts; but the Generality were of Opinion, that the Body of an Army, as well as the natural one (tho' never so strong) should make no Efforts apart, but in compliance with their Head. Wherefore they tell us, that *Paulus Æmilius* recruiting his Forces in *Macedonia*, and finding them talkative, and impertinently busy, as though they were all Commanders, issued out his Orders that they should have only ready Hands, and keen Swords, and leave the rest to His Care and Conduct. And *Plato* observing nothing succeed well under a brave General, unless the Army were also sober and tractable, judged, that to obey orderly, as well as to command judiciously, required a generous Temper, with constant Discipline and Exercise, chiefly to allay their hot Spirits and active Humour, with Gentleness and

VOL. VIII. § Civility :

Civility : And indeed sundry sad Instances elsewhere, as well as amongst the *Romans*, after the Death of *Nero*, are plain Proofs, that nothing is more dangerous than a Military Power, unskilfully managed ; therefore *Demades*, after the Death of *Alexander*, compared the *Macedonian Army* to the *Cyclops Polyphemus*, after his Eye was out, seeing their many disorderly and giddy Motions. But the *Roman Empire* fell into all the mad convulsive Motions of the *Titans*, such as they are represented to us by the Poets, broken in Pieces by Rebellion, and turning her Arms into her own Bowels, not so much by the Ambition of the Emperors, as by the Covetousness and Insolence of the Soldiers, which made them drive out One Emperor after Another for their own Advantage.

Dionysius the Tyrant of *Sicily*, speaking of *Pheræus*, who was murdered after he had reigned in *Thessaly* for the space of Ten Months only, calls him the Tyrant of a Tragedy, comparing the sudden Change of his Condition to that of a Scene on the Stage. But the Imperial Palace of the *Cæsars* in *Rome* had no less than four Emperors in a shorter space, the Soldiers forcing an Exit upon the One, and giving an Entrance to the Other, as if they had been real Actors on the Theatre. It is true that the *Romans*, who were great Sufferers by their Changes, had at least this Consolation, that they wanted no other Vengeance upon the Authors of all their Miseries than what they executed upon Themselves. It must be some sort of Pleasure to behold them Butcher one another, and see Him fall the first, as he well deserved, who first seduced them, and made them hope for all he could promise by a Change, at the same time blackening and disgracing an Action so glorious in itself, as was the Revolt against *Nero*, which he debased into Treason by the Pay he received for it. For *Nymphidius Sabinus*, who, as we have observed before, was joined in Commission with *Tigellinus*, as Captain of the *Prætorian Cohorts*, observing the Affairs of *Nero* to be in a desperate Condition, and that *Nero* Himself was upon the point of flying into *Ægypt*, persuaded the Army to declare *Galba* Emperor,

peror, as if *Nero* had already abdicated, promised every Soldier of the *Prætorian* Cohorts seven thousand five hundred Drachmas, and to the rest of the Army that lay quartered up and down in the Provinces twelve hundred and fifty apiece. Which amounted to a Sum so immense that it would have been impossible to have raised it, without burdening the Subject infinitely more than even *Nero* had done during the whole Course of his Reign. This presently dispatched *Nero*, and soon after *Galba* too. They murdered the First, in Expectation of the promised Sum; and not long after the Other, because he did not make good what had been promised to them. Thus whilst they were in search after a Man, who would give them as much as they had been made to expect, they wasted themselves, and consumed away insensibly in Revolts and Treasons. But to relate in order every particular Fact and Incident as it happened is the Business of a Person who is writing a compleat History; but for Me, who am no other than a Biographer, it will suffice if I lay before the Reader some of the most remarkable Circumstances that occur in the Lives of these *Cæsars*.

It is a thing known, and confessed by all Historians, that *Sulpitius Galba* was, of a private Man, the most wealthy of any that ever aspired to the Imperial Dignity. And tho' he valued himself much upon his Birth, being descended from the Family of the *Servii*, yet he valued himself much more upon his Relation to *L. Catulus Capitolinus*, who was the first Man in his time for Virtue and Reputation, tho' he voluntarily resigned to Others the first Rank in Power and Authority.

Galba was somewhat akin to *Livia* the Wife of *Augustus*, by whose Interest he was preferred from the Station he held in the Palace to the Dignity of Consul. It is said of him that he honourably discharged his Command in *Germany*, and being made Proconsul in *Libya*, he distinguished himself even among Those who had gained the greatest Reputation in that Province. But his parsimonious Way of living, his Aversion to all Superfluity

perfluity and Excess, passed for Avarice as soon as he became Emperor, and the Pride he took in his Temperance and Oeconomy was unseasonable. He was intrusted by *Nero* with the Government of *Spain*, before that Prince had learnt to be jealous of Those who had the greatest Power and Authority in the City. And as *Galba* appeared naturally to be of a soft gentle Temper, it was expected from his old Years that he would distinguish himself no less by his Judgment and Prudence. The Emperor's Officers, a most pernicious Race of Men, oppressed the Provinces with the utmost Cruelty; and it was not in *Galba's* Power to redress them, but he gave them manifest Tokens of his tender Concern for their Sufferings, wherein he sympathised with them; and This at least was some sort of Comfort and Consolation to those poor Wretches, even when they were stripped of all they had, and sold into Slavery.

At that time when there were several bitter Lampoons handed about against *Nero*, and sung every where, *Galba* took no care to suppress them, or prosecute the Authors and Promoters of them, which those Officers did with great Severity. This made him still more beloved by the Natives, with Some of whom he had contracted a sort of Friendship and Familiarity during the time of his Government among them, which held for Eight Years, 'till *Junius Vindex*, who commanded in *Gaul*, revolted against *Nero*.

We are told that before the Design was thoroughly ripe, *Vindex* communicated it to *Galba*, who neither countenanced nor discovered it, as did several of the Governors in the other Provinces, to whom *Vindex* had likewise communicated it by his Letters, which They immediately sent to *Nero*, and so as much as in Them lay ruined the whole Undertaking, wherein they Themselves being afterwards proved Accomplices they were forced to confess that they had betrayed Themselves as well as *Vindex*.

But when *Vindex* had openly declared War against *Nero* he wrote once more to *Galba*, and exhorted him to
take

take the Government upon him, and place himself at the Head of the Gauls, who wanted a Leader, and were already a Body of a Hundred thousand armed Men, and were able to raise a greater Force upon Occasion.

Galba called a Council of his Friends, to advise with them upon this Overture; most of them were of Opinion that he ought to wait, and see how Rome stood inclined, before he declared. But Titus Vinus, Captain of one of the Prætorian Cohorts, stood up, and said, *What room is there here for Deliberation? It is the highest Act of Infidelity even to question whether we shall remain faithful to Nero. There is no Medium; you must either embrace the Proposition of Vindex, and look on Nero as your declared Enemy, or accuse him this Instant, and march to suppress him, since he had rather have Galba for Emperor of the Romans, than Nero for their Tyrant.* Thereupon Galba by an Edict appointed a certain Day for enfranchising all Those who requested it. The Rumour of this Publication soon brought together a great Crowd of Men so readily inclined to Innovations, that he could scarce mount the Tribunal before he was with an universal Acclamation saluted Emperor. He refused to take the Title upon him at first; but after he had bitterly inveighed against Nero, and bemoaned the loss of those brave Men who had been destroyed by him, he declared that he devoted himself to the Service of his Country, not under those specious Titles of Cæsar, or Emperor, but only as Lieutenant to the Senate and People.

Now that Vindex did wisely in inviting Galba to the Empire, Nero himself bore Testimony; for though he seemed to despise Him, and to be in no degree apprehensive of the Gauls, yet he no sooner heard of Galba's Motions, of which he happened to receive Intelligence just as he had bathed, and was sat down to Supper, but in great Fury he overturned the Table. But the Moment the Senate had declared Galba an Enemy to the State, he grew witty upon the Subject, and with an Air of Confidence said to his Friends, *This is what I wanted. I have been long at a loss for a Pretence of raising*

raising Money, and now I have it. I have no sooner conquered the Gauls, but all their Wealth is Mine; in the mean time I will lay my Hand upon Galba's Estate, since He is a declared Enemy, and dispose of it as I think fit. Accordingly he that instant commanded it to be put up to Auction.

The Moment *Galba* was informed of This He likewise exposed to Sale *Nero's* Estate in *Spain*, and found a greater Number of Buyers. *Nero* being thus forsaken by all the World, who declared for *Galba*, there was only *Clodius Macer*, who commanded in *Africa*, and *Virginius Rufus* General of the Army in *Germany*, who acted separately, and with different Views, for they were not Both determined to the same Point. *Clodius*, who was conscious of many Enormities, and knew himself guilty of Rapine and Murder, to which his unbounded Avarice and Cruelty had prompted him, knew not what Measures were fitting for him to take; wherefore in that Uncertainty he neither would accept, nor reject the Imperial Title: and *Virginius*, who had under his Command some of the best Legions in the Empire, and had been often pressed by them to take upon him the Title of Emperor, declared, that he would not only refuse it Himself, but suffer no one else to assume it, who was not elected to it by the Senate.

These Things at first exceedingly perplexed *Galba*; but after the two Armies of *Virginius* and *Vindex* had forced their Chiefs, like two Charioteers who have no longer the Reins at their Command, to come to a Battle, and *Vindex* after the Loss of twenty thousand Gauls, who were killed upon the Spot, had laid violent Hands on Himself, it was reported that the victorious Army importuned *Virginius* to accept of the Empire, threatening in case of a Refusal to return to *Nero*.

Galba, who was terribly alarmed at this Report, wrote to him, exhorting him to join with Him for the Preservation of the Empire, and the Liberty of the Romans. At the same time he retired with his Friends to
a City

a City in *Spain* called *Colonia*, where he resided for some days, rather repenting of what he had already done, and desiring a Life of Ease and Privacy, to which he had been accustomed, than considering what was fit to be done for the future. It was now in the Summer Season, when one day one of his Freedmen, a Native of *Sicily*, arrived in seven days from *Rome* at *Colonia*, and learning at his Arrival where *Galba* was reposing himself, he went up to the Room, opened the Door, and entering in spite of the Grooms, who would have opposed him, he told him, that tho' *Nero* was then living, yet upon his not appearing, first the Army, and after Them the Senate, and the People, had declared Him Emperor, and that some time after the News was current of the Tyrant's Death. He added, that He would not trust to common Report, but went Himself to see where he lay, and with his own Eyes beheld him a lifeless lump extended on the Ground, and then hastened away to bring Him an Account of it.

Galba was extremely revived at this Intelligence. At the same time his Door was crowded with a Number of People, to whom he communicated the News he had received, and assured them of the Truth of it, tho' the Expedition used by the Messenger made it seem almost incredible. But two days after *Titus Vinus* arrived with several Others from the Camp, and gave him a particular Account of the whole Proceedings. For this good News, *Titus* was advanced to a very honourable Employment, and on the Freedman was conferred the Privilege of wearing a Gold Ring, instead of *ICellius* he was named *Martianus*, and from that time he had more Credit and Authority with *Galba* than all his Brethren.

In the mean time *Nymphidius Sabinus* usurped all the Authority at *Rome*, not leisurely and by Degrees, but all on a sudden, looking on *Galba* as an infirm Man, and who by reason of his extreme Age (for he was seventy three years old) was unfit for such a Journey, and would never be able to reach *Rome*. Besides, the *Prætorian* Cohorts had of a long time been well-affected to him,

him, and now especially they were at His Beck, and placed all their Hopes in him, looking on Him as their Benefactor, by reason of the immense Sums he had promised them, whilst they considered *Galba* only as their Debtor.

In the first Place, presuming upon his Interest, he commanded *Tigellinus*, who was joined in Command with him, to lay down his Commission. After This he made several magnificent Feasts for the Entertainment of Those who had been Consuls, or had commanded in the Army, who were all invited in the Name of *Galba*. At the same time he prevailed upon Many in the Camp to address *Galba* that *Nymphidius* might be sole Commander.

Moreover what the Senate acted, out of Respect to him, styling him their Benefactor, attending daily at his Gates, and giving him the Compliment of confirming their Acts, carried him on to a greater degree of Arrogance, so that in a short time he became not only to be envied, but even dreaded by his very Adorers. Once when the Consuls had made use of the State Messengers to convey the Decrees of the Senate to the Emperor, and had sealed the Dispatches with their own Signets, upon sight of which the Magistrates in the several Towns through which they were to pass were obliged to furnish them with Post Chaises to quicken their speed, he highly resented it because His Seal was not made use of, and none of His Soldiers employed in the Service. Nay, it is farther said, that he once had it in his Head to depose the Consuls for that Affront, but upon their Apology and Submission he was appeased. To ingratiate himself with the People he suffered them to knock out the Brains of as many of *Nero's* Party as fell into their Hands. Among Others, they fastened *Spicillus* a Gladiator under *Nero's* Statues, which they dragged along the Streets, and crushed him to Pieces in the *Forum*. They laid a celebrated Informer named *Aponius* flat on the Ground, and drove Carts heavy-loaden with Stones

over

over him. Many Others they seized, and tore in Pieces, among whom were several who were innocent. Inso-much that *Mauriscus*, who was deservedly esteemed one of the best Men in the City, declared in full Senate, *that he was afraid they should soon have Cause to wish for Nero.*

Thus *Nymphidius* advancing every day nearer to the Completion of his Hopes, suffered it to be reported that he was the Son of *Caius Caesar*, who succeeded *Tiberius*. For that Prince in his Youth had some Correspondence with the Mother of *Nymphidius*, a Woman beautiful enough, the Daughter of *Callistus*, *Cæsar's* Freeman, by a Sempstress who was his kept Mistress. But it is evident that *Cæsar's* Commerce with his Mother was posterior to the Birth of *Nymphidius*; it is more likely that he was the Son of a Gladiator named *Martianus*, with whom his Mother *Nymphidia* was enamoured, upon the Report of his great Performances; and the perfect Resemblance there was between Him and that Gladiator is a strong Proof of that Conjecture. However he acknowledged that he was the Son of *Nymphidia*, and valuing himself as the only Author of *Nero's* Death, he did not think he was sufficiently rewarded in the Honours he received, and the Wealth he enjoyed, and not content with having *Sporus* to gratify his infamous Pleasures, that Minion of *Nero's*, whom he took from the Funeral Pile whilst his Master's Corps was still a burning, used him as his Wife, and called him *Poppæa*, but he aspired to the Empire also, and to that end carried on his Cabals in *Rome* by the help of his Friends, a parcel of intriguing Women, and some Persons of Senatorial Dignity who were won over to his Interest. He likewise sent one of his Creatures named *Gellianus* into *Spain* to be a Spy upon *Galba's* Motions, and send Him an Account of Affairs there.

Every thing succeeded to *Galba's* Wish after the Death of *Nero*; only *Virginus Rufus* remaining undetermined gave him some Uneasiness. He was afraid that

that finding himself at the Head of so powerful an Army, having acquired great Honour in the Defeat of *Vindex*, and commanding so considerable a Part of the Roman Empire, as *Gaul* was esteemed, which was then fluctuating, and ripe for a Revolt, he might give Ear to Those who invited him to the Empire. And no Man surely had a greater Name and Reputation than *Virginus*, no Man had acted a greater Part in those Revolutions, or contributed so much to deliver the Romans from Tyranny, and at the same time preserve them from a Gallick War. But He continuing firm to his first Resolutions, reserved to the Senate the power of electing an Emperor; and even after there was a certainty in the Army of the Death of *Nero*, tho' the Soldiers crowded about his Tent, and pressed him to assume the Title, tho' one of the Tribunes forced his way into his Tent with his Sword drawn, requiring him to receive That, or the Empire, he still persisted in a Denial.

But as soon as *Fabius Valens*, who commanded one of the Legions, had taken the Oath of Fidelity to *Galba*, and they had received Letters from Rome containing an Account of the Resolutions of the Senate, it was with much Difficulty that he then persuaded the Army to acknowledge *Galba* for Emperor. And *Galba* having soon after sent *Flaccus Hordeonius* to succeed him in the Command, he received him with great Respect, and as soon as he had resigned the Army to him, he went to meet *Galba*, and attended on him in his Journey to Rome, without receiving from him the least Mark of Thanks on the one side, or Resentment on the Other. *Galba* did not shew him any Marks of Resentment for what had been done, because he had a personal Value and Esteem for him; nor on the contrary did he countenance and caress him, because he was diverted from it by his Friends, especially by *Titus Vinus*, who was jealous of him, and endeavoured to put a stop to his Promotion. Herein he was more his Friend than he intended, and contributed to that Happiness, which he thought he was opposing.

opposing. For by keeping him out of the Way of Preferment, he preserved him from all the Hardships and Calamities, in which the other Officers of the Army were afterwards involved, and secured to him a quiet serene state of Life, which he lived to enjoy to a good old Age.

The Ambassadors sent to *Galba* from the Senate met him near *Narbon*, a City in *Gaul*, where they made their Compliments to him, and beseeched him to make what haste he could to shew himself to the People, who impatiently longed for his Presence. *Galba* received them very graciously, discoursed them with great Openness and Familiarity, and invited them to an Entertainment; where tho' *Nymphidius* had sent him many Services of Plate, both of Gold and Silver, and other costly Furniture, which belonged to *Nero*, he never used any of it, but contented himself with his Own, wherein he appeared truly Great, and shewed he had a Soul above those Fopperies. But *Titus Vinus* soon made him believe that that Magnanimity, that Meekness, and Simplicity, was a way of courting the People beneath his Grandeur and Dignity, and persuaded him to make use of *Nero's* Riches, without sparing for any thing that might serve to make his Feasts appear truly royal and magnificent. Infomuch that the old Man soon made it appear that he was entirely governed by *Vinus*, the most covetous of all Men, and the most addicted to Women. For when he was but young, and making his first Campaign under *Calvisius Sabinus*, he had one Night the Impudence to bring into the Camp disguised in a Soldier's Habit his General's own Wife, a Woman of a wanton Appetite, and lay with her in that Part of the Camp which the Romans call *Principia*. For this infamous Fact he was imprisoned by *Caius Caesar*, but was fortunately delivered by his Death: And being one Night invited to Supper by the Emperor *Claudius*, he stole a Silver Cup; when the Emperor came to be informed of it, he sent to invite him to Supper the next day, and commanded

manded the Officers who waited at the Table to serve *Vinius* in nothing but earthen Ware: By This mild Reproof the Emperor made it appear he thought the Fact deserved to be laughed at, rather than punished. But the Robberies he committed afterwards, when he governed *Galba* as he pleased, and made every thing truckle to his private Profit and Interest, were the Occasion of many tragical Events, and a Pretence for More. For when *Nymphidius* was informed by *Gellianus*, upon his Return out of *Spain*, whither he had sent him as a Spy upon *Galba*, that *Cornelius Laco* was declared *Prætorian* *Præfect*, and that *Vinius* was prime Favourite at Court, and when he saw there was no opportunity for Him to get near the Emperor, and discourse with him in private, but was continually watched by the Favourite, and His Creatures, he found Himself under the greatest Perplexity. Hereupon he summoned all the Officers of the *Prætorian* Cohorts, and told them that *Galba* of Himself was an honest harmless old Man, full of Moderation and Humanity, but that he did not make use of his own Reason, but suffered himself to be guided by *Vinius*, and *Laco*, who made an ill Use of the Power they had over him: His Opinion therefore was, that without giving them time to establish themselves, and acquire the same Power and Authority which had been usurped by *Tigellinus*, they ought to send Ambassadors to the Emperor, in the Name of the whole Army, and remonstrate to him that if he only removed those Two from his Service his Presence would be much more acceptable to the *Romans*, than if he continued them near his Person. But when he saw the Officers did not relish the Motion, but that on the contrary they thought it strange and absurd to prescribe Rules to an Emperor of his Age and Experience, as if he had been a Boy just come to taste the Sovereignty, and tell him who of his Friends were to be trusted, and who to be discarded, he changed his Measures. He wrote to *Galba*, to terrify him, by advising him sometimes that a pestilent Spirit prevailed in the

the City tending to a Revolt; at Others, that *Clodius Mæcer* was providing large Magazines in *Africa*; Now, the Armies in *Germany* were mutinying; and Now, the Troops in *Syria* and *Judæa* were in the same Disposition. But when he found that *Galba* slighted this Intelligence, and gave no credit to what he had written, he resolved to be beforehand with him, and seize the Imperial Dignity to Himself, contrary to all the Remonstrances that could be made him by *Clodius Celsus* of *Antioch*, a Man of good Understanding, and his intimate Friend, who continually represented to him that there was not one Ward, or Company in *Rome*, who would ever be brought to give *Nymphidius* the Title of *Cæsar*. Notwithstanding This, most People despised and derided *Galba*, among the rest *Mitbridates* of *Pontus*, who making himself merry with his withered Face and bald Pate, said, *At present whilst he is at some Distance the Romans entertain mighty Expectations of him, but the Moment he arrives, and they cast their Eyes upon him, they will own it a Scandal and Disgrace to the present Age that ever He was named Cæsar.*

At last it was resolved to convey *Nymphidius* by Night into the Camp, and there proclaim him *Cæsar*; but *Antonius Honoratus*, first of the Tribunes, assembling in the Evening the Soldiers under his Command, condemned Himself, and condemned Them, forasmuch as in so short a time they had changed Hands so often, not upon any Dictates of Reason, or to make a Change for the better, but because they were agitated by some evil Genius, which hurried them on from one Treason to Another; that indeed there was some colourable Pretence for what they had done against *Nero*, who had provoked them to it by his Cruelty and Tyranny; But now, said he, *what is it prompts you to abandon and betray Galba? Can you reproach Him with the Murder of his Wife, and Mother? Did He ever disgrace the Imperial Dignity by exposing himself, and acting the Fool's Part on the Stage? Nay, notwithstanding all the Provocations he had given*

us, we thought it not fit to abandon even that Monster 'till we were persuaded by Nymphidius that he had abandoned Us first, and was fled into Ægypt. What therefore are we a doing? Must Galba fall a Victim to appease the Ghost of Nero? Must we remove One of Livia's Family, as we have already cut off the Son of Agrippina, on purpose to make way for the Son of Nymphidia? Shall we not rather in the first Place call Him to an Account for the Death of Nero; and in the next approve ourselves the faithful Soldiers of Galba?

This Discourse of the Tribune brought All that heard him over to His Sentiments, so that they immediately went to their Companions, and exhorting them to maintain inviolably the Oath they had taken to the Emperor, a great Number joined with them. At the same time *Nymphidius* hearing a loud Shout, which seemed to proceed from the whole Army in general, and either imagining, as Some conceive, that he was then called upon to be proclaimed Emperor, or rather to prevent an Insurrection, and fix Those who might still be wavering, he hastened thither attended by a great Number of Lights, and holding a Speech in his Hand composed by *Ciconius Varro*, which he had got by Heart in order to pronounce it to the Army. But when he found the Gates of the Camp shut upon him, and observed the Walls manned with armed Soldiers, he began to be afraid; however advancing nearer, he asked them, *what they were about, and by whose Direction they were thus under their Arms?* They answered One and All, *We acknowledge no other Person for Emperor but Galba.* He pretending to be of the same Sentiment commended them for their Fidelity, and commanded Those who accompanied him to follow his Example.

They who were posted at the Gates admitting Him and some Few of his Followers into the Camp, he was immediately saluted with a Dart, which *Septimius*, who was marching before him, received on his Shield. But when several Others began to attack him with their
drawn

drawn Swords he took to his Heels, and was followed into a Soldier's Hut, where they massacred him. His Body was dragged through the Camp, where they made a sort of Inclosure for it, and exposed it to publick View the next Morning.

Nymphidius being in this manner removed, *Galba*, as soon as he was informed of it, commanded all his Accomplices, who had not prevented him by killing Themselves, to be put to Death. Among These was *Ciconius Varro*, who had composed his Speech for him, and *Mithridates* of *Pontus*. But This Proceeding seemed to be arbitrary and illegal, and though it might be just, yet was it by no means popular, to take off Men of their Rank and Quality without a fair hearing. Every one expected another Scheme of Government, being deceived, as it is usual, by the first plausible Pretences; but That which concerned them more than all the rest was his Usage of *Petronius Turpilianus*, a Person of Consular Dignity, who was commanded to dispatch Himself, because he had been faithful to *Nero*. Indeed there was some Colour of Pretence for the Death of *Macro*, who was slain in *Africa* by *Trebonianus*, and for That of *Fonteius Capito*, who fell by the Hands of *Valens* in *Germany*, because They were in Arms, at the Head of Legions, and might for that Reason be dangerous. But a Man in *Turpilianus's* Circumstances, broken with Age, naked and defenceless, He surely might have expected at least to have been heard by a Prince who resolved to observe that Moderation in his Actions, which he had promised in his Speeches. These Things reflected much upon *Galba*.

When he was come within five and twenty Furlongs of the City he was accosted by a disorderly Rabble of Seamen, who beset him in his Passage. These were Sailors whom *Nero* had enrolled in the Army, and formed into a Legion. And now they addressed themselves in a very tumultuous manner to *Galba*, requiring to have their Establishment confirmed, stopping up the Way to all Others, who came to wait upon the Emperor, not

suffering them to approach his Person, see him or salute him, but with a licentious Noise insisted upon having Colours and Legionary Quarters assigned to them. *Galba* put them off to another time, which They taking for a Denial grew enraged and mutinous, and Some of them having the Insolence to draw their Swords, *Galba* commanded the Horse to charge them. They made no manner of Resistance, but were routed at the first Onset, Many of them being killed upon the Spot, and the Rest in their Flight. This could not but be looked upon as an ill Omen for *Galba*, who thus made his Entrance into the Capital City of the Roman Empire, through so much Blood and Slaughter. And if he was before contemned for his Age and Infirmities by Some, he now appeared to All most horrid and terrible.

Besides, whilst he was endeavouring to reform the profuse Donatives and prodigious Expences that had prevailed in the Reign of *Nero*, he ran into the other Extreme, and fell so short of State that he came not within the Compass of Decency. When *Canus* an excellent Musician had entertained him once all Supper-time with his Flute, and he could not but highly commend the Excellence of the Performance, he sent for his Purse, and made him a Present of a few Pieces of Gold, telling him that he had made him That Present out of his own Privy-Purse, and not out of the Money which belonged to the Publick. He caused a strict Enquiry to be made into all the Money *Nero* had lavishly bestowed upon Players, Wrestlers, and such sort of Cattle, and resumed it, suffering them to enjoy only a Tenth. But as they were a dissolute Set of People, living from Hand to Mouth, and spending as fast as it came in, he was no great Gainer by that Act of Resumption; wherefore he extended his Inquiry even to Those who had trafficked with them, and bought or received any thing from them, and forced Them to refund. And forasmuch as This was an Affair without Bounds, and Many were affected by it, the Ignominy of All fell upon the Emperor, and the Ill-will and Resentment upon *Vinius*. For

it was evident that He made the Emperor stingy and close-fisted to others, that He might have an Opportunity of feathering his own Nest, and gratify his insatiate Avarice by taking with both Hands, and putting every thing up to Sale. In short, according to *Hesiod's* Precept, *whilst the Vessel is up to the Brim, or when it is going towards the Bottom, be sure to drink your Fill*, *Vinius* being sensible that the Emperor was old and broken, determined to make Hay whilst the Sun of his Fortune shined, which he beheld in the same Instant both rising and setting. In all those Proceedings he wonderfully imposed upon the aged Emperor; for on the one hand he was a most corrupt Steward in the Management of the Revenue, and on the other he either condemned or defeated his best Intentions, particularly in calling Those to Account who had been employed by *Nero* in the Administration. The Emperor had caused several of those Miscreants to be put to Death as they deserved, among whom was *Elius*, *Polycletus*, *Petinus*, and *Patrobis*. The People were in a Rapture when they beheld them led through the *Forum* to the Place of Execution, calling it a most beautiful and holy Procession; but then they added, that both the Gods and Men demanded that grand Author, and Promoter of the Tyranny, *Tigellinus*. But that worthy Minister had been before-hand with them; he had purchased the Grace and Favour of *Vinius* by most extravagant Bribes, which he would have him consider as no other than Pledges of more substantial Acknowledgements. *Turpilianus*, who was hated only because he could neither hate nor betray so wicked a Master, without having been guilty of any notorious Iniquity, or been polluted with the Crimes of *Nero*, was nevertheless put to Death; whereas He, who first plunged his Prince into that Guilt, for which he deserved to die, and afterwards forsook and betrayed him, was not only suffered to enjoy his Life, but a very considerable Fortune with it into the Bargain, by which it was evident that no Man had reason to despair whilst he had Money to give *Vinius*. For there was nothing the

People of Rome desired with so much Passion as to behold *Tigellinus* led to Execution. It was what they daily insisted upon in the Theatre and Circus, which at last constrained the Emperor to check them by the Publication of an Edict, wherein he assured them that *Tigellinus* could not live long, being much wasted with a Consumption, and desired that they would not make his Government appear Cruel and Tyrannical.

This Proceeding very much displeased the People, who were only laughed at for their Pains; both by *Tigellinus*, who that very day made a Sacrifice to the Gods for his Recovery, which was followed by a magnificent Entertainment; and by *Vinius*, who when he had supped with the Emperor went to revel it with *Tigellinus*, carrying with him his Daughter, who was then a Widow. As soon as *Tigellinus* saw him he called for a Cup, and drinking the Lady's Health he at the same time made her a Present of two hundred and fifty thousand Drachmas, and commanding the chief of his Concubines to take from her own Neck a Necklace valued at a hundred and fifty thousand more, he ordered her to present That likewise to the Widow.

From that very Moment every thing the Emperor did, though never so mild and moderate, was condemned and censured; such was his Lenity to the *Gauls*, who had been in the Conspiracy with *Vindex*; for the People looked upon their being made free of the City, and the Abatement of their Taxes, not to proceed from the Clemency of the Prince, but to have been purchased at a high rate of *Vinius*. Hence Many began to malign the Government. But the Soldiers were kept quiet a while, in Expectation of the Donative which had been promised them, supposing that if they did not receive the full, yet at least they should receive as much as had been given them by *Nero*; but when *Galba* was told that they began to murmur and complain, he replied, as a truly heroick Prince ought to do; that His Custom was to choose, and not buy his Soldiers. This Saying made them conceive an implacable Hatred against him; for they would

would have it that he did not only defraud them Himself, and blast their present Expectations, but gave an ill Precedent to his Successors, and instructed Them to do the like.

There was a Tendency to a Revolt among the *Prætorian Bands* at *Rome*, but the Reverence they bore *Galba*, who was present among them, somewhat retarded their Motions, and abated of their Edge, and finding no probable Ground for Disturbance, they curbed their Discontents for the present. But the Armies, which had served formerly under *Verginius*, and were then commanded by *Flaccus* in *Germany*, presuming upon their late Victory over *Vindex*, for which they had received no Recompence, would not suffer themselves to be restrained by their Officers, nor paid any Respect to that General Himself, who was rendered infirm by the Gout, and was at the best a Person of no great Experience in military Affairs.

At one of their solemn Festivals, when it was customary for the Officers of the Army to wish all Health and Happiness to the Emperor, the common Soldiers began to Mutiny; but when the Officers repeated their good Wishes, they had the Impudence to add, as a Burden to the Song, *provided he be worthy*.

The Legions under the Command of *Tigillinus* were all of them guilty of the like Insolence, of which *Galba* was fully informed by his Procurators; whereupon suspecting that he might be despised, not only for his old Age, but also for want of Issue, he determined to adopt some young Man of Quality, and declare Him his Successor.

There was at that time in *Rome* a young Man called *Otho*, a Person of no mean Extraction, but who from his Infancy had been so thoroughly addicted to Lewdness and Debauchery, that few or none of the *Romans* could excel him in those Articles. And as *Homer* often calls *Paris*, fair *Helen's Husband*, because he had nothing in Himself to recommend him, so was *Otho* talked of at *Rome* chiefly for being the Husband of *Poppæa*,

Poppæa, with whom *Nero* fell in love whilst she was the Wife of *Crispinus*, but having not then thrown off all the Respect due to his own Consort, and being under some Fear of offending his Mother, he concealed his Passion, and engaged *Otho* under-hand to solicit her in his Behalf. For *Otho*'s Debauchery had recommended him to *Nero*, who was so much taken with his Conversation that he received a sensible Delight in his drolling Humour, and suffered him with Pleasure to ridicule Him for his Niggardlinefs and Avarice.

We are told that one day when *Nero* was perfuming himself with an Essence of extraordinary Value, he sprinkled a little of it upon *Otho*. The next day *Otho* invited the Emperor to Supper, and as soon as he was entered, some gold and silver Pipes he had prepared for that Purpose dispersed an Essence of as great a Value throughout the whole Room, and that in so great Abundance that it fell like a Mist upon all that were present. Having therefore first debauched *Poppæa* in the Name of *Nero*, by making her hope to have that Prince for her Gallant, he at last persuaded her to part with her Husband, and took her home as his own Wife. But he was not so well pleased that he enjoyed her, as he was uneasy at his having her only by Halves, and sharing her with so powerful a Rival. It is said *Poppæa* was so far from being concerned at this Jealousy in *Otho*, that she refused even to admit *Nero* when *Otho* was absent; whether it was with a Design to keep *Nero*'s Appetite sharp and eager, which might otherwise be blunted by too easy an Access, or for that, as Some say, she had no Inclination for *Nero* as a Husband, but chose rather to keep him as a Galant, which Quality was most agreeable to her wanton Appetite. *Otho*'s Life was in great Danger upon his marrying this Woman; and it was something astonishing that *Nero*, who had sacrificed his Wife and Sister for the Sake of *Poppæa*, would spare *Otho*, who was a greater Obstacle to his Designs than both the Former. But *Seneca* had a Friendship for *Otho*, and it was *Seneca* who importuned and prevailed with *Nero* to send his

his Friend Pro-Prætor to the Sea-Coast in *Lusitania*, where he behaved himself with so much Prudence and Moderation in his Government, that he was neither burdensom nor disagreeable to the Inhabitants, being sensible that this Command was conferred upon him as a more honourable Exile.

Upon *Galba's* Revolt from *Nero* He was the First of all the Governors in the Provinces who declared for him, and taking with him all the Plate he had, whether of Gold or Silver, he presented it to him, in order to have it coined for his Service. At the same time he made him a Present of such of the Officers of his Household, as were best qualified to serve a Prince in a manner suitable to his Dignity. In every thing else he acted with great Fidelity to *Galba*, and soon made it appear that no one about him had more Experience, or was better qualified to serve him in the Administration. He accompanied him during the whole Journey to *Rome*, travelling with him sometimes in the same Chariot for many days together; in all which time he was zealous in his Courtship to *Vinius*, recommending himself to him by his Assiduity and Presents, but in nothing more than in yielding to him the first Degree in his Prince's Favour; by which means He Himself got possessed of the Second, with this Advantage over *Vinius*, that he was neither envied nor hated by any Man, but was free of his good Offices, without any Benefit or Reward; being affable, and easy of Access to All, who had any Business with him. But above all he was a sure Friend to the Officers in the Army, many of whom he got preferred to the highest Posts, some by the Emperor Himself, and the rest by the means of *Vinius*, and *Galba's* freed-men *Icculus* and *Asiaticus*, for They were the Persons of the greatest Credit and Authority in the Court. As often as he entertained *Galba* at his own House he worked himself into the Favour and Good-will of the Cohort upon Guard, by presenting every Soldier with a Piece of Gold. Thus under a Pretence of doing Honour to his Prince by these Donations, he established his Interest in the *Præ-*

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torian Bands, to be made use of by him upon Occasion.

Whilst *Galba* was deliberating upon the Choice of a Successor, *Vinius* proposed *Otho*, which he did for his own private Ends, because *Otho* had promised to marry his Daughter whenever he should be adopted by *Galba*, and declared his Successor. But *Galba* made it appear very visibly that He preferred the Interest of the Publick to his own private Views and Inclinations, and desired to adopt not the Person who was most agreeable to Him, but such a One as was likely to be most serviceable to the Romans. Besides it is very plain that he had no Thoughts of declaring *Otho* Heir to his Paternal Estate, for he knew him to be so dissolute, debauched and extravagant, and so dipped in Debt, that he owed no less than five Millions of Drachmas. Wherefore after having given *Vinius* a favourable Hearing, without returning any decisive Answer, he referred the farther Consideration of the Affair to another time, only at present he appointed *Otho* and *Vinius* Consuls for the Year ensuing. This made it generally believed that *Otho* would be declared Successor in the beginning of the Year, which was exceeding grateful to All, especially to the Gentlemen of the Army.

But whilst *Galba* was deliberating upon the Choice he was to make, and put it off from day to day without coming to any final Determination, he received Intelligence that the German Forces had mutinied. It is true that all the Forces throughout the Empire had to a Man an Aversion to *Galba*, because they had not received the Donatives that had been promised them; but the Troops in Germany urged farther in their Justification, That *Verginius Rufus* had been removed with Disgrace and Ignominy; that the Gauls, who had fought against them, were the only People who were rewarded; that all Those who had not declared for *Vindex* had been punished; and that *Vindex* only was the Person to whom *Galba* seemed to have the greatest Obligation, continuing to honour his Memory with funeral Oblations, and other publick

publick Solemnities, as if he owed it to Vindex only that he was created Emperor.

Whilst these Discourses were held with Impunity throughout the Camp, on the first day of the Year, called by the Romans the Calends of *January*, *Flaccus* summoned them to appear according to custom, and take the anniversary Oath of Fidelity to the Emperor; but They, having first demolished the Statues of *Galba*, instead of taking the Oath to the Emperor, swore to be true and faithful to the Senate and People, and then retired. Upon This their Officers, who dreaded Anarchy as a greater Evil than Rebellion, endeavoured to reclaim them, and one of them delivered himself to them in the manner following: *What are We about now, Fellow-Soldiers? We are not appointing another Emperor, tho' We are resolved not to retain Him we have at present; as if our Intention was not so much to rescue ourselves from Galba, as to decline all Subjection, and be under no Command. As for Hordeonius Flaccus, who is no better than a Cypber, a mere Shadow, and Image of Galba, let us use Him as such. But Vitellius, chief Commander of the lower Germany, is but one Day's March distant, whose Father was Censor, and thrice Consul, and as I may say, in a manner Co-Emperor with Claudius Cæsar. The Poverty of this Man, for which he is so unworthily reproached by Some, is however a generous Proof of his Bounty and Magnanimity. For Him, my Fellow-Soldiers, let us All declare, and make it appear to the whole World that we know how to choose an Emperor, better than either the Spaniards or Lusitanians.*

Whilst this Motion was approved by Some, and rejected by Others, an Ensign slipt out of the Camp, and that very Night went and carried an Account of it to *Vitellius*, who received it at a time when he was treating a great Number of his Officers. News of this Importance could not but spread apace, and was soon communicated to the whole Army; whereupon *Fabius Valens*, who commanded one of the Legions, went the next day at the Head of a strong Body of Horse, and saluted *Vitellius*

vitellius Emperor. He had some days before refused to accept of the Empire, as of a Burden too weighty for his Shoulders, but being now over-fed, and full of Wine, which he had been guzzling from Noon 'till that time, he received the News joyfully, appeared in Publick, and accepted of the Title of *Germanicus*, conferred upon him by the Troops, instead of That of *Cæsar*, which he had rejected. At the same time the Soldiers under *Flaccus*, notwithstanding their Professions of Obedience to the Senate, which favoured so strong of a Democracy, took the Oath of Allegiance to *Vitellius*, and obliged themselves faithfully to obey His Orders. In this Manner was *Vitellius* proclaimed Emperor in *Germany*.

When *Galba* came to be informed of this Revolt he no longer delayed to name a Successor, and knowing that his Friends were divided upon the Point, that Many of them were for *Dolabella*, but More for *Otho*, neither of which he approved, all on a sudden, without communicating his Design to Any, he sent for *Piso*, the Son of *Crassus*, and Grandson of *Piso* who was slain by *Nero*, a Youth virtuously inclined by Nature, and who to that natural Disposition had joined a Modesty, and Chastity of Manners, becoming the most illustrious of the ancient *Romans*. This Youth he took immediately with him to the Camp, named him *Cæsar*, and declared him his Successor. But many Signs and Prodigies accompanied him in his Passage thither. And in the Camp, just as he was beginning a Speech to the Soldiers, part of which he was to read, and the other part repeat by Heart, the frequent Claps of Thunder and Flashes of Lightning, and a dismal black Storm which covered both the Camp and the City, were plain Discoveries that the Heavens did not favour this Adoption. The Soldiers also seemed dissatisfied by their sullen Looks; seeing nothing of the wonted Distributions on such Occasions. Those who were present, and observed *Piso's* Countenance and Voice, admired to see him no more surprised, though he seemed not insensible of so great a Favour.

On the other hand, *Otbo* appeared full of Sadness and Disturbance at his Disappointment, as being once thought worthy, and even ready to be invested in his good Fortune, and now to be put by, was a shrewd sign of the Displeasure and Ill-will of *Galba* towards him. This filled him with Fears and Jealousies, and grievously perplexed his Mind, whilst he dreaded *Piso*, hated *Galba*, and was full of Wrath and Indignation against *Vinius*. But the *Chaldeans* and Soothsayers about him would not permit him to lay aside his Hopes, or quit his Design, chiefly *Ptolomæus*; relying much upon a Prediction of His, implying that *Nero* should not murder Him, but He Himself should die first, and that *Otbo* should not only survive him, but be in time advanced to the Empire. Now the Event having justified the first Part of this Prediction, he thought he ought not to distrust the rest; but none exasperated him more, than those who seemed privately to pity his hard Fate, to be so ungratefully dealt with by *Galba*; especially the Creatures of *Nymphidius* and *Tigillinus*, who were now cast off, and reduced to their former state, These seemed highly to resent the Indignity put upon him, and egged him on to a Spirit of Resentment.

In the Number of These were *Veturius*, and *Barburius Proculus*, of whom the First was Serjeant of a Company, and the other *Tesserarius*, that is one of those Inferior Officers who receive the Word from the Tribune taken down in Writing, and carry it to the Tents of the Soldiers. *Onomastus*, one of *Otbo's* Freedmen, joined himself to them, and all Three of them corrupted as many as they could, Some by Bribes, and Some by mighty Promises of future Rewards and Advantages. They found it no difficult Point to gain, so ripe were they All in general for a Revolt, waiting only for a fair Opportunity to declare themselves: For if the Army had been well-inclined, so sudden a Change could not have been easily effected, for there was no more than the Space of four days between the Adoption, and Assassination, *Piso* and *Galba* being both murdered the Sixth day after.

which happened to be on the fifteenth of *January*. That day in the Morning *Galba* offered a Sacrifice in the Palace, at which several of his Friends assisted. *Umbricius* the Diviner had no sooner taken the Entrails of the Victim into his Hands, but he declared that the Tokens did not obscurely and enigmatically, but clearly and positively denounce that Treason was afoot, and the Emperor threatned with some imminent Danger. Thus *Otho* hardly escaped being delivered as it were by the Finger of God into the Hands of *Galba*, for he was close behind him, diligently listening to *Umbricius* his Lecture. He was strangely disconcerted at the Discovery, so that his Countenance changed, and he was in the utmost Confusion, when *Onomastus* told him the Master-Builders were at home, and waited for him. Now that was the Signal, by which *Otho* was to understand that the Soldiers were ready, and every thing ripe for Execution. He retired therefore, pretending to the Emperor that he had been purchasing an old House, which he was going to survey, that a Report might be made of its Defects to Those of whom he had bought it; and passing by that which was called the Palace of *Tiberius*, he proceeded to the *Forum*, near the Golden Column where all the several Highways in *Italy* terminate. There the first Party of the Guards to whom he presented himself, received him, and proclaimed him Emperor. They were not above three and twenty in all; and tho' he was neither so weak or effeminate as might reasonably be expected from the Delicacy of his Constitution; but on the contrary resolute and determined in all hazardous Adventures, yet he was so discouraged at the Smallness of their Number, that he desired to recede, and drop his Pretensions. This the Soldiers would not suffer, but with their drawn Swords surrounded the Chair, and commanded the Bearers to march on, at the same time He pressed them to make all the haste they could, crying out every Moment *I am a lost Man*. This was overheard by Many, who seemed rather to be in Admiration, than concerned when the

saw how Few they were who had engaged in so desperate an Undertaking.

As they carried him cross the *Forum*, much such another Party came up, and joined him. These were followed by Others, who came in, Three and Four at a time; 'till at last they made up a considerable Body, and then drawing their Swords, and saluting him *Cæsar*, they conducted him to the Camp. *Julius Martialis*, who happened that day to be upon Guard, and was not, as it is reported, let into the Secret, surpris'd at an Event so unexpected, and seized with Fear, suffered him to enter. When he was got into the Camp he met with no Resistance, for the Strangers to the Design being purposely mingled with the Contrivers of it, who scatter'd themselves by One and Two together, among them, followed the rest at first out of Fear, and at last out of Choice, and by Persuasion.

This News was soon carried to *Galba* in the Palace, and he received it whilst *Umbricius* was still standing by him, and as yet holding the Entrails in his Hand; so that even They, who were the most incredulous in Matters of this Nature, and, for want of knowing better, despis'd the Gift of Divination, were now completely convinc'd, and acknowledged the Efficacy of it, which whom wonderfully appeared in so sudden an Accomplishment. Immediately upon this Report the People throng'd together in the *Forum*, and hurried up to the Palace; where *Vinius*, *Laco*, and some of *Galba's* Freedmen stood with their Swords drawn near his Person, in readiness to prevent or deter him. *Piso* hastened to the Life-guard, to prompt them to their Duty; and *Marius Celsus*, a Person of great Worth and Bravery, was sent to secure the *Ægyptian* Cohort, which was quartered in the *Vipsanian* Camp.

Whilst *Galba* was hesitating whether he should go forth and shew himself to the Troops, or remain in the Palace, *Vinius* was positive for remaining where he was, who seem'd *Celsus* and *Laco* as positive to the contrary, bitterly weighing against *Vinius*, for opposing them. In the

mean time it was buzzed about that *Otho* was slain in the Camp, and that very instant appeared *Julius Atticius* one of the Guards, a Person of great Reputation, who came posting in, and proclaimed aloud that *He was the Man who had killed great Cæsar's Enemy*, and pressing through the Crowd presented himself with his bloody Sword to the Emperor. *Galba* looking earnestly upon him, demanded to know who commanded him to do it? to which he instantly replied, *My Fidelity, and the Oath I have taken to be true to the Emperor*. Whereupon all the People cried out *It was bravely done*, and clapped their Hands in token of Approbation.

Soon after This *Galba* went forth in his Chair, to offer up a Sacrifice to *Jupiter*, and shew himself to the People; but he was scarce got into the *Forum* before the Tide turned, and on a sudden it was noised every where that *Otho* was become Master of the Camp, and the Army. Upon This, as it always happens in a confused Multitude, Some were for having *Galba* return, and Others insisted that he should proceed; These encouraged him to be bold, and to fear nothing, whilst Those cautioned him to be circumspect and weary. In this Contest, as in a Storm, his Chair was born sometimes one way, and sometimes another, always in danger of being overturned; when on a sudden appeared first a Party of Horse, and then a Body of Foot issuing from the Hall of *Paulus*, and crying out with one Voice *Away with this no-Emperor*. On every side were to be seen People running, not with design to disperse, but to possess themselves of the *Porticos*, and other eminent Places about the *Forum*, as if some Shews were to be exhibited. *Attilius Vergilius* having given the Signal, by demolishing the Statues of *Galba*, they immediately fell to open Hostilities, and Darts poured like Hail upon the Chair of *Galba*; but when they found none of them had wounded him, they fell on him with their Swords whilst no one stood by him, or had the Courage to offer himself in his Defence. Among so many Millions the Sun that day beheld One only whose Bravery de-

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clared him a Person truly worthy of the *Röman* Empire. That was a Centurion named *Sempronius Indistrus*, who, without having received any particular Favour from *Galba*, but only from a Principle of Honour, and in Obedience to the Law, and the Oath he had taken to him, placed himself before the Chair, and raising aloft the Vine Branch with which the Centurions correct the Soldiers when they deserve to be punished, he cried out, and commanded them who were attacking *Galba* to spare the Emperor; and when, instead of obeying his Orders, he found Himself assaulted by them, he drew out his Sword, and made a glorious Defence 'till he received a Wound in the Ham, upon which he fell flat to the Ground. When they had overturned *Galba's* Chair near the *Curtian* Lake, and beheld Him tumbling in the Mud, they fell at once upon him, and wounded him in many Places. At the same time he presented his Throat to them, and said, *Strike, if it be for the Good of the Publick*. He had a Cuirass on, which preserved his Body, so that the Wounds he received were in his Arms and Legs, which were run thorough in many Places. Some say *Camurius*, a Soldier in the fifteenth Legion, was the Person who cut his Throat; Some ascribe it to *Terentius*, Some to *Arcadius*, and Others to *Fabius Fabulus*. The last say farther that when *Fabius* had cut off his Head he was forced to wrap it up in the Skirt of his Garment, because it was so bald that he could take no hold of it; but his Associates not suffering him to conceal so brave an Action, he fixed it upon the Point of his Spear, and marched on, twirling the Head of a venerable old Man, a meek and gracious Prince, Chief Priest, and Consul, and like the Priests of *Bacchus* bearing the Head of *Pentheus*, he brandished his Spear discoloured with the Blood, which trickled from it.

When the Head was presented to *Otho* he cried out, *This is nothing, my Fellow-Soldiers, unless you shew me That of Piso too*. The Head of *Piso* was likewise presented to him soon after, for that Prince having received

a Wound retreated towards the Temple of *Vesta*, whither he was pursued by *Statius Marcus*, who slew him near the Gate of the Temple. At the same time they massacred *Vinius*, who protested that He was in the Conspiracy, and cried out that if they killed Him it was contrary to *Otho's* Order. They cut off his Head, as they did likewise that of *Laco*, and presenting them to *Otho*, required of him to be rewarded for their Service; for, as *Archilochus* saith, *Seven Men lie dead upon the Spot, who were overtaken and slain, and no fewer than a thousand of us claim the Honour of the Action*; so Many, who had not the least Share in this Murder, shewed their bloody Hands and Swords to *Otho*, and petitioned for a Gratiuity. *Vitellius* found out afterwards among the *Archives* a Hundred and twenty Petitions of this Nature, presented in one day to the new Emperor; and causing a diligent Search to be made after the Authors, he punished them with Death, as they deserved. *Marius Celsus* found a means of getting into the Camp, where the Cry immediately ran strong against him; for he was accused of having encouraged the Soldiers to assist *Galba*, and the Rabble bawled out for Justice, tho' *Otho* was desirous to save him, but not daring to refuse them in plain terms, he pretended it was not for his Interest to take him off so soon, because he had many things to sift out of him. He therefore commanded him to be clapt in Irons, and committed him to the Custody of Some in whom he had an intire Confidence.

Immediately after This the Senate was convened, and as if they were not now the same Men, or had other Gods to swear by, they took the same Oath to *Otho*, which *Otho* Himself had not long before taken to *Galba*, and had just then violated; and conferred on him the Title of *Cæsar* and *Augustus*; even whilst the headless Carcases of the Slain lay yet in their Robes of State in the *Forum*. As for their Heads, when they could make no other use of them, they sold That of *Vinius* to his Daughter for two thousand five hundred Drachmas. *Piso's* was begged by his Wife *Verania*, *Galba's* was given

given to the Servants of *Patrobius* and *Vitellius*, who, after they had used it with the utmost Disgrace and Ignominy, flung it into the Place where they throw the Bodies of Those who are slain by order of Emperors, called *Sestertium*.

Galba's Corps was conveyed away by *Priscus Helvidius*, with the Allowance of *Otbo*, and buried in the Night by his Freeman *Argius*. Thus have I laid before you the History of *Galba*, who in Point either of Wealth, or Nobility, came behind few of the *Romans* his Contemporaries, and in Both together surpassed them All; who had lived under the Reign of five Emperors with great Honour and Reputation, insomuch that he got the better of *Nero* by the Strength of That rather than by the Force of Arms. Of all Those, who conspired against that Tyrant, Some could find out no one whom they thought worthy to succeed, and Others thought Themselves only worthy. But *Galba* was invited, and called upon to accept of the Empire, and did no more than yield an Obedience to Those who proclaimed him. *Vindex* borrowing only the Name of *Galba* to colour his Rashness, it so happened that That which in *Vindex* passed for a Revolt, was considered no other than as a Civil War when such a Man as *Galba*, a Man fit to govern, was at the Head of it. Wherefore it could not be said of him that he seized the Empire to Himself, but resigned Himself up to the Empire; and in that View vainly hoped to reclaim and reduce those *Romans*, who had been corrupted by the Flatteries of *Tigellinus* and *Nymphidius*, as *Scipio*, *Fabricius*, and *Camillus* did the Armies in their days. And tho' he was despised for his Age, he nevertheless shewed himself an Emperor truly worthy of ancient *Rome* in every thing relating to Armies, and military Operations. It is true that by giving Himself blindly up to *Vinius*, *Laco*, and his Freemen, who made Sale of every thing, as *Nero* had done before him to His insatiable Leeches, he lost himself to that Degree that tho' Many pitied his Fate, no one desired to live under his Government.



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HIS new Emperor went early in the Morning to the Capitol, and sacrificed; and having commanded *Marius Celsus* to be brought, he saluted him, and with obliging Language desired him, rather to forget his Confinement than remember his Release; to which *Celsus* answered, neither meanly nor ungratefully, that his very Crime ought to recommend his Integrity, since he had been true to *Galba*, from whom he had never received any personal Obligations. Upon which they were Both of them admired by all who were present, and applauded by the Soldiers.

In the Senate *Otho* made many obliging and popular Harangues; and the time which still remained unexpired of his Consulship he shared with *Verginius Rufus*, and displaced none who had been preferred to that Dignity by *Nero* or *Galba*. Those who were remarkable for their Age and Gravity, he promoted to the Priesthood; and restored

restored the Remains of their Fortune, to all those Senators who had been banished by *Nero*, and recalled by *Galba*: So that the Nobility and chief of the People, who were at first apprehensive that no human Creature, but some Fury or *Dæmon*, had seized the Empire, begun now to flatter themselves with the hopes of an auspicious Government.

Besides; nothing gratified or gained the People more than his Justice in relation to *Tigellinus*, who was a Person not only actually punished by the very apprehension of that Punishment, which the whole City required as a just Debt; but with several Diseases too which he had contracted by conversing with lewd Woman; And tho' the ill Consequences to which this course of Life exposed him, were generally looked upon as Punishment enough; yet the People thought Life itself too great a Benefit for Him to enjoy, who had occasioned the Death of so Many.

Wherefore *Otho* order'd him to be sent for, just as he was contriving his Escape by means of some Vessels that lay ready on the Coast near *Sinoessa*. At first he endeavoured to corrupt the Messenger to favour his Design; but when he found it was to no purpose, he made him as considerable a Present, as if he had really connived at it; only intreating him to stay 'till he had shaved; so took that Opportunity, and with his Razor dispatched himself.

By this Management *Cæsar* endeared himself to the People, without seeming to have any regard to his own private Injuries. Besides, that he might be more popular, he refused not to be called *Nero* in the Theatre, and encouraged the exposing of that Emperor's Statues to publick view. *Claudius Rufus* saith, he dispatched Letters Patents into *Spain*, with the celebrated Name of *Nero* affixed to That of *Otho*; but as soon as he perceived this gave Offence to the Nobility, it was omitted.

After he had modelled the Government in this manner, the *Prætorian Bands* endeavoured to make him sus-
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pect and discountenance the Nobility ; which they did either out of a concern for his Safety, or to involve the Publick in confusion. One time when the Emperor Himself had sent Orders to *Crispinus* to march the seventeenth Cohort from *Ostia* where it then lay in Garrison, *Crispinus*, that he might with more ease put the Emperor's Order in Execution, began as soon as it grew dark to pack up the Arms in the Baggage Waggon. Upon This Some of the most turbulent cry'd out that *Crispinus* was disaffected, that the Senate was practising something against the Emperor, and that those Arms were to be employed Against him, and not For him.

When the Report began to spread, many of the Guards mutinied ; some seized the Waggon, and others slew *Crispinus* and two Centurions that opposed them ; and encouraging one another to stand by the Emperor, they marched to *Rome* with Sword in hand.

As soon as they heard that Eighty of the Senators were at Supper with *Otbo*, they flew to the Palace, and declared it was a fair Opportunity to take off *Cæsar's* Enemies at one stroke. This alarmed the City with the expectation of an approaching Desolation. All were in Confusion about the Palace, and the Emperor Himself was in no small Consternation, being not only concerned for the Senators (some of whom had brought their Wives to Supper thither) but also afraid for Himself, perceiving their Eyes fixed on Him in Silence and Confusion. Whereupon he gave Orders to some of the superior Officers to compose the Tumult, and then privately dismissed his Guests.

They were no sooner gone, but the Soldiers rushed into the Room, and inquired what was become of the Emperor's Enemies : Then *Otbo* rising from his Couch, and making use both of Arguments and Intreaties, and even of Tears at last with great Difficulty persuaded them to desist.

The next Day he went to the Camp, and distributed a Bounty of fifteen hundred and fifty *Denarii* a Man amongst them ; then he commended them for the re-
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gard they had to his Safety, but named some that were disaffected towards him, and had not only abused his Clemency, but had also misrepresented Their Loyal Intentions and Fidelity, and therefore he desired their Assistance in doing Justice upon them: To which they all consented, and his Resentment was satisfied with the Execution of Two only, who were unlamented by the whole Army. Some who were inclined to think favourably of him, and to put a Confidence in his Actions, rejoiced at so unexpected a change; Others looked upon his Behaviour as a Stratagem to gain the Inclinations of the People towards the Support of the War. For now it was believed that *Vitellius* had assumed the Sovereign Authority, and frequent Expresses brought an Account of Parties going over to him; but that the *Pannonian*, *Dalmatian*, and *Myssian* Legions, with their Officers, adhered to *Otho*.

About this Juncture, Letters were sent from *Mucianus* and *Vespasian*, both of them Generals of two formidable Armies, the One in *Syria*, the Other in *Judaea*, to assure him of their Firmness to his Interest: In confidence whereof he was so exalted, that he advised *Vitellius* by Letter, not to attempt any thing beyond his Post; and offered him a Sum of Money and a City, where he might end his Days in Ease and Security.

These Overtures at first were returned with equivocating Civilities, which ended after in ridiculous Reproaches; upbraiding each other with the Follies of which they were Both too guilty. For it was hard to determine which of them had been most profuse, most effeminate, which of them was most raw in Military Affairs, and most involved in Poverty and Debt.

As to the Prodigies and Apparitions that happened about this time, there are many differing and doubtful Accounts, tho' it be agreed that the Statue of *Victory Triumphant* in the Capitol let the Reins of her Chariot fall out of her Hands, as if she were grown too weak to hold them any longer. That *Julius Caesar's* Statue, in the Island of *Tiber*, about the time that *Vespasian* publicly

publickly assumed the Government, turn'd from West to East, tho' there was no Earthquake nor any Con-
cussion in the Air to occasion it. But That Omen which
the People were most apprehensive of, was an Inunda-
tion of the *Tiber*, which, tho' it happened at the time
when Rivers usually overflow, yet it then so far swelled
above its Banks, and made such a waste (great part of
the City being under Water, and especially the Corn-
Market) that it occasioned a Dearth for several Days.

As soon as it was known that *Cecina* and *Valens*, two
Captains belonging to *Vitellius*, had possessed themselves
of the *Alps*, *Dolabella* a Patrician, who was suspected
by the Guards of some ill Design (the Emperor also hav-
ing a Jealousy of Him and some Others) was sent to
Aquinum, with Assurances of *Otbo's* friendly Intentions.
Cæsar then chose some of the Magistrates to go with
him to the War, and amongst the rest, *Lucius*, the
Brother of *Vitellius*, without distinguishing him by any
new Marks either of his Favour or Displeasure. He
also shewed a tender Regard to the Mother and Wife of
Vitellius, thereby to take off all colour of Jealousy and
Suspicion. He made *Flavius Sabinus*, *Vespasian's* Bro-
ther, Governor of *Rome*, either in honour to the Me-
mory of *Nero*, who had advanced him formerly to
that Command, which *Galba* had taken away; or else
to shew his Confidence in *Vespasian*, by his Favour to his
Brother.

After he came to *Brixillum*, an Italian Town near
the River *Eridanus*, he halted Himself, but order-
ed the Army to march under the Conduct of *Ma-
rius Celsus*, *Suetonius Paulinus*, *Gallus* and *Spurina*, all
Men of Experience and Reputation, but unable to in-
force their Orders by reason of the ungovernable Obsti-
nacy of the Army, which was resolved to be command-
ed by none but the Emperor Himself. Nor was the
Enemy under better Discipline, being stubborn and dis-
obedient upon the same account, tho' they were more
experienced and patient of Labour: For *Otbo's* Men
were totally dissolved in Sloth, minding nothing but
Shows and Stage-plays, and so insolently arrogant, that
they

they would often refuse to obey Orders, not because they were unable to do the thing commanded, but because they thought themselves above it; so that *Spurina* had like to have been cut in pieces for attempting to force them to their Duty; for they went so far as to treat him with insolent Language, accusing him of a Design to betray *Cæsar's* Interest; nay, some of them who were in drink forced his Tent, and demanded a Pass, telling him they must go to the Emperor to complain of him.

However the contemptuous Treatment the Garrison met with at *Placentia*, did no Dis-service to *Spurina*, nor the present posture of Affairs; for *Vitellius's* Men marched up to the Walls, and upbraided *Otbo's* upon the Ramparts, calling them Players, Dancers, idle Spectators of *Pythian* and *Olympick* Games; but Novices, and unpractised in the Art of War; mean Souls, that triumphed in the Beheading of *Galba*, a naked old Man, but were not very forward to look their Enemies bravely in the Face. Which Reproaches so inflamed them, that they fell at *Spurina's* Feet, intreated him to head them, and assured him no Enterprize should be too difficult for them. Whereupon when *Vitellius's* Forces gave a vigorous Attack to the Town, the besieged bravely repulsed them, and by a mighty Slaughter kept Possession of one of the most flourishing Cities in *Italy*.

Besides, it was observed, that *Otbo's* Officers were much more inoffensive, both towards the Publick and every private Man, than Those of *Vitellius*; among whom was *Cecina*, a Man not only disagreeable in Speech and Address, but monstrous and singular, of a Gigantick Stature, and always dressed in Tunick and Breeches, after the Manner of the *Gauls*, even whilst he conversed with the *Romans*. His Wife too with a magnificent Equipage of Attendants on Horseback, moved with the Army. On the other hand, *Fabius Valens*, the other General, was so covetous, that neither the Spoil of his Enemies, nor the Contributions of his

first Onset they should carry all before them. But *Otho* Himself seemed doubtful and irresolute, being bred up effeminately, and not used even to the thoughts of Danger; and therefore he was so uneasy at the apprehension of it, that he shut his Eyes, and, like one going to leap from a Precipice, left every thing to Fortune.

This is the Account *Secundus* the Orator, his Secretary, gives of the Matter; but Others say it was proposed that the Armies on both sides should meet, and if there was any probability of their being Unanimous, they should proceed to chuse one of the most experienced Officers that was present; if not, they should convene a Senate, and invest Them solely with the Power of Election. And it is not improbable that neither of these reputed Emperors had Interest enough among the more thinking and intelligent part of the Soldiers to prevent such a Design.

For what could be more odious and unreasonable, than that a civilized People should fall out and destroy one another, as in the time of *Sylla* and *Marius*, and *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and sacrifice the Empire for no other reason than to satisfy the Gluttony and Intemperance of *Vitellius*, or the Looseness and Effeminacy of *Otho*? It is thought that *Cælius*, upon such Reflexions, protracted the time in order to an Accommodation; and that *Otho* pushed on things to an extremity to prevent it. He indeed returned to *Brixillum*, but very indiscreetly, both because he withdrew himself from Those who were cordially his Friends, and because he weakened the Army, by detaching some of his best Troops for his Horse and Foot Guards.

About this Juncture there happened a Skirmish on the *Po*. As *Cecina* was laying a Bridge over it, the Emperor's Forces fell upon him, and where they could not advance, they threw some certain Composition of Wild-fire into his Boats, which, by the help of the Wind, much annoyed his Men; for the Smoke rising, and the Flame breaking out upon it, they leaped into the River, overset their

their Boats, and were shamefully at the Mercy of their Enemies.

In the mean time the *Germans* charged *Otbo's* Gladiators upon a small Island in the River, and routed them. Whereupon the Emperor's Forces, in Quarters at *Bebriacum*, marched under *Proculus*, to a Place fifty Furlongs off, where a Camp was marked out; but so unadvisedly, that the Soldiers suffered extremely for want of Water, tho' it was in the Spring time, and in a Country full of running Streams. The next Day there was a Design of moving about a hundred Furlongs nearer the Enemy, but This was contradicted by *Paulinus*, who thought it more advisable to keep their Post, than upon a Fatigue to engage Those who had leisure to draw up in Order, whilst They Themselves were encumber'd with their Train and Baggage.

As the Generals were arguing about this Matter, a *Numidian* Courier came from *Otbo*, with Orders immediately to give Battle; and accordingly they all consented and moved. As soon as *Cecina* had notice that *Otbo's* troops were pouring down upon him, he was confounded and quitted his Post on the River to hasten to the Camp. In the mean time *Valens* ordered his Men to their Arms, and gave the Signal to Engage, posting his best Horse in the Front 'till they were all drawn up. At first *Otbo's* foremost Troops were of Opinion, upon a groundless Rumour, that the Officers on the other side would come over; and accordingly upon their first approach, they saluted them by the familiar Title of Fellow-Soldiers; but the Others returned the Compliments with Anger and disdainful Words, which not only disheartened them, but also gave occasion to the rest to suspect their Fidelity.

This caused a Confusion at the very first Onset; immediately all manner of Order was at an end, and the lumber of the Baggage, as well as the Nature of the Ground, did very much contribute towards it; the Ditches and Inequalities were so many, that they were forced to break their Ranks, and Fight without Order, and in small Parties. There were but two Legions, one

of *Vitellius's*, called *The Ravenous*, and another of *Otho's*, called *The Assistant*, that kept the Plain, and fought it out. The Latter were sinewy and vigorous, but raw in the Trade of War; the Former were experienced, but battered and declining. Wherefore *Otho's* Legion charged briskly, broke the first Rank, with great Slaughter, and took an Eagle; whilst the Other full of Rage and Shame, returned the Charge, slew *Orphidius*, an old and experienced Officer, and took several Standards. *Varus Alphenus*, with his *Belgians*, who are the Natives of the Isle of the *Rhine*, and are esteemed the best of the German Horse, fell upon the Gladiators, who had a great Reputation for their Valour and manner of Fighting hand to hand. Some of the latter did their Duty, but the greatest part of them made towards the River, and falling in with the Cohorts, were cut off. But none of them behaved so ill as the *Prætorian* Bands; who, without ever Facing the Enemy, ran away, broke through their own Body that stood, and put them into Disorder. Notwithstanding This, many of them bore down all that stood before them, and forced their way to the Camp through the very middle of their Conquerors.

But neither *Proculus* nor *Paulinus* durst take the same way, out of an apprehension of the Soldiers, who had already charged the Miscalriage upon their Commanders.

Anius Gallus received into the City and rallied the scattered Parties, and encouraged them with an assurance that the Defeat was not total, but that on the contrary, the Victory was, in some measure, on their side. *Marius Celsus* called a Council of War, and proposed, That Regard should be had to the Publick Safety; pretending that if *Otho* had the least Humanity, he would not, after such an Expence of Roman Blood, attempt any thing further; and especially since *Cato* and *Scipio* (though the Liberty of Rome was at Stake), were accused of being too prodigal of so many brave Mens Lives as were lost in Africa, rather than submit to *Cæsar*; after the Battle of *Pharsalia* had gone against them. For though all Persons are equally subject to the Caprice of Fortune; yet all good Men have one

Advantage

Advantage ſhe cannot deny, which is This, To aſt reaſonably under Miſfortunes.

Theſe Propoſals were accepted of amongſt the Officers, who ſounded the private Soldiers, and found them deſirous of a Ceſſation; therefore *Titianus* urged that Commissioners ſhould be named in order to a Treaty; and accordingly it was agreed that the Conference ſhould be managed by *Celfus* and *Gallus* on one part, and *Valens* with *Cecina* on the Other. As the two firſt were upon their Expedition, they met ſome Centurions, who told them the Army of the Enemy was marching for *Bebriacum*, and that They Themſelves were deputed by their Generals to carry Propoſals for an Accommodation. *Celfus* approved of the matter, and prevailed upon them to return with him to *Cecina*. Upon his Approach he was in ſome danger from the Out-Guards, who were ſome of the Horſe that had ſuffered at the Ambuſh: For as ſoon as they ſaw him they hollowed, and were coming down upon him; but the Centurions interpoſed, and ſome of the Officers commanded them to deſiſt. In the mean time *Cecina* came up to inform himſelf of the Tumult, which he diſperſed; and after a Compliment to *Celfus*, went with him to *Bebriacum*.

Titianus grew diſſatisfied he had propoſed a Mediation, and therefore poſted his beſt Men upon the Walls, requiring their Fellow-Soldiers to ſtand by them; but when *Cecina* appeared, and offered his Hand, there was a total Suspension of Arms; his Men were ſaluted from the Wall, the Gates opened, both Parties united, and inſtead of Acts of Hoſtility, there was nothing but mutual Congratulations, every one taking the Oaths, and ſubmitting to *Vitellius*.

This is the Account which Many that were preſent at the Battle give of it, yet own, the Diſorder they were in would not give them leave to be clear in every Particular.

As I went afterward over the Field of Battle, *Meftrius Florus*, a Perſon of Conſular Dignity, ſhewed me an old Man who in his Youth had, with many Others of the ſame Age with Himſelf, been forced to bear Arms under

der *Otho*: He likewise told me, that as he went that way after the Battle, he observed a vast heap of Bodies piled up after an odd and unusual manner; but could not guess at the meaning of it Himself, nor hear any Other give a tolerable Account of it. Indeed in Civil Wars it generally happens, that fewer are taken Prisoners than are killed in Fight; for such Captives are of no Advantage to the Conquerors: But why the Carcasses should be heaped up after that manner is not easy to determine.

At first *Otho* (as it frequently happens) met with uncertain Accounts of the Issue of the Battle. But when some of the wounded Soldiers, who returned from the Field, informed him rightly of it, it is not to be imagined what Pains his Friends took to support him under his Concern. But the Fidelity of some of the Soldiers exceeds all belief; they would neither go over to the Conqueror to make Terms for themselves, nor quit the Conquered in his extremity of ill Fortune; but, on the contrary, crowded his Gates, and gave him the Title of Emperor. As soon as he appeared, their Acclamations were such as if he had triumphed. They kissed his Hand, fell at his Feet, and with all the moving Language of Tears and Persuasion, intreated him to stand by them, and to accept of that Duty and Fidelity which could never expire but with their last Breath; so urgent was their zealous Importunity: But above all, the affectionate Resolution of an obscure and private Soldier is most memorable, who, after he had drawn his Sword, addressed himself thus to *Otho*: *By This, Cæsar, judge our Fidelity; for there's not a Man amongst us but would strike thus to serve Thee; and so stabbed himself.* Notwithstanding This, *Otho* stood serene and unshaken, and with Looks full of Constancy and Composure, spake thus:

This Day, my Fellow-Soldiers, which gives me such Proofs of your Affection, is preferable even to That on which you saluted me Emperor; deny me not therefore the satisfaction of laying down my Life for the Preservation of so many brave Men; in This at least let me be worthy of the Empire, that is, to die for it. I am of Opinion the
Enemy

Enemy has neither gained an entire nor a decisive Victory; I have Advice that the Mysian Army is not far off; that the Asian, Syrian, and the Ægyptian Forces are near the Adriatick; that the Legions in Judæa declare for us; the Senate is also in our Power, as well as the Wives and Children of our Enemies: But alas! it is not with Hannibal, with Pyrrhus, with the Cimbri we fight; but it is Eagle against Eagle, and Rome against Rome; and Italy bleeds both through the Victors and the Vanquished, whilst even He that Triumphs ought to Mourn: Believe me therefore, I think it not so glorious to Reign, as to die for my Country; nor can I see how Rome can gain so much by my Victory, as by my Death, since it is That must seal our Peace, and secure Italy from such another unhappy Day.

As soon as he had done, he resolved against all manner of Persuasion, and taking leave of his Friends and the Senators that were present, he writ to Those who were absent, and sent them Passports, ordering that they should not be stopped at any Place in their Journey: Then he sent for young Cocceius, his Brother's Son, and bid him be in no apprehension of Vitellius, whose Family he had hitherto treated with the same Tendernefs as his Own; and also told him that his Adoption was deferred in regard to his Safety, since Cæsar could have been glad his Nephew had shared with him the good Fortune of a Conqueror, but not in the Infamy and Disgrace of one that was Vanquished: Then said he, Take notice, my Son, of these my last Words, *That you neither too negligently forget, nor too zealously remember, that Cæsar was your Uncle.* By and by he heard a Tumult amongst the Soldiers at the Door, who were treating the Senators with Menaces, for offering to withdraw themselves from the Emperor's Presence; upon which, out of regard to their Safety, he appeared again, but not with a gentle Aspect, and in a persuading manner as before; but with a Countenance that discovered Indignation and Authority, he commanded such as were disorderly to leave the Place.

After he had quenched his Thirst in the Evening with a little Water, he took two Daggers, and when he had sufficiently

sufficiently examined their Points, he laid one of them down and hid the other in his Sleeve; then called his Servants, and graciously distributed some Money amongst them, but not inconsiderately, nor like one too lavish of what was not his Own; for to Some he gave more, to Others less, most judiciously distinguishing every one's particular Merit. When This was done he dismissed them, and passed the rest of the Night in so profound a Sleep, that the Officers of his Bed-chamber heard him snore. In the Morning he called for one he had enfranchised, whom he had appointed to attend the Senators, and bid him bring him an account if they were safe; being informed they were all well, and wanted nothing, *Go then, said he, and shew yourself to the Soldiers, lest they should cut you to pieces for being accessory to my Death.* As soon as he was gone, *Otho* directed his Dagger with both his Hands to his Breast, killed himself at one Stroke, and with one Groan expired.

Those who waited without heard him groan, and lamented him in so passionate a manner, that neither Soldiers nor Citizens could forbear weeping; the mournful Cries of the Former were immediately heard at the Gates, accusing themselves with the deepest Concern that they had been so negligent in looking after that Life which was laid down to preserve Theirs. Nor would a Man of them quit the Body to secure themselves against the approaching Enemy; but having raised the Funeral Pile, and magnificently attired the Imperial Relicks, they bore them thither with the satisfactory Pride of doing their last Duty. Some of them kneeled and kissed his Wound, Others grasped his Hand, and many who were at a distance paid him Divine Honours. Several, after the Pile was lighted, sacrificed their Lives, tho' neither (as it is believed) in return of personal Obligations from Him, nor out of Apprehension of ill Usage from *Vitellius*; for certainly no Tyrant did ever so violently contend to command Others, as These coveted to obey *Otho*. Nor was their Love greater to the Me-

mory

mory of the Dead Emperor, than their Hate to the Living one, as will be shown in its proper place.

They built him a Tomb, which was not to be envied either for the Stateliness of its Structure, or the Pomp of its Inscription. I myself have seen it at *Brixillum*; it seemed very plain, and the Epitaph was only this:

To the Memory of Marcus Otho.

He died in his thirty seventh Year, after a short Reign of about three Months; his Death being as much applauded as his Life was censured; for He who in some things lived like *Nero*, has left this Character behind him, *None ever died like Otho*. The Soldiers could never forgive *Pollio*, an Officer of the Guards, for advising them to swear Allegiance immediately to *Vitellius*; but when they understood that some of the Senators were upon the spot, they only addressed *Verginus Rufus* with an Offer of the Government; and moving in one Body to his House in Arms, they first intreated him, and then urged him to accept of the Empire, or at least to be their Mediator. But He that refused to Command them when Conquerors, thought it ridiculous to pretend to it now they were defeated; besides, he was unwilling to treat with the *Germans*, with whom he had no good Correspondence, and therefore slipped away through a private Door. As soon as the Soldiers perceived This, they owned *Vitellius*, so got their Pardon, and served under *Cecina*.

F I N I S.